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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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AUTHORS DIGEST

VOLUME XII

FANNY LEWALD

TO

She was surrounded by his gay friends, who watched the fascinating *gitana* dance (*Carmen*, p. 320)

Hand-colored photogravure on French Plate Paper after a drawing by Adrien Moreau

Issued under the auspices of the
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FANNY LEWALD
TO
LOUISA MUHLBACH

Issued under the auspices of the
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FANNY LEWALD

(Germany, 1811–1889)

HULDA (1875)

The peasants of Lithuania are peculiarly superstitious. They believe in a race of little people, who never cross seas nor move from the places they have made their homes so long as they are unmolested. They are supposed to assist the house in which they have taken up their abode, and those who believe in them set out saucers of milk and morsels of fruit or grain to show that their food is not begrudged them. In this story the consequences of their ill will are supposed to be visited upon an ancient family, though no heed is paid to the superstition by the upper classes.

HULDA was the only child of the pastor of a poor little village in East Prussia. As she was accustomed only to the quiet parsonage and the dismal sound of the billows of the Baltic, it was a great event to her when Ma'amselle Ulrika, the bailiff's sister, brought news of the death of the Count and the consequent coming of his family to the castle. Shortly before their arrival Hulda and her mother called at the bailiff's to see how preparations progressed. Ulrika took her guests from room to room till at last they came to the family portraits, and here Hulda remained while the others went on. A small head in an oval frame held her attention, and her curiosity finally forced her to climb up and read the name. It was Baron Emanuel, the Countess's youngest brother. She continued to gaze, and could hardly tear herself away from those wonderful eyes before the return of her mother.

One evening, a little later, as Hulda was gathering cornflowers for her father, a loud neigh attracted her attention, and a horse and rider came toward her. In the slightly deformed figure and in the face marked with smallpox she recognized

Baron Emanuel, and became at once confused. The man dismounted and accompanied her to the parsonage, trying in vain to draw the shy little maiden into conversation. Finally he said kindly:

"Do you know anything of me to make you afraid?"

"Oh, no, nothing," she said, and her eyes filled with tears. "It is nothing, only I had seen your picture at the castle."

The Baron became sad, but soon recovered himself and chatted merrily the rest of the way.

After the solemnities of the burial were over, the Countess called at the parsonage and suggested placing Hulda with Ulrika to learn the ways of a large household and entrusting her further education to Miss Kenney, her own companion and former governess.

Though her parents disliked parting with her, and the Baron saw no advantage in transplanting a simple country girl into gayer circles, the Countess persisted, and Hulda's life at the castle began.

Ulrika, besides other things, taught the girl her superstitious belief in "the little people," who for some sin of an ancestor had doomed this family to have always one deformed son till some fair creature, born of the people, should deliver them by her love.

Hulda's beauty soon won her much attention, and Clarissa, the young daughter, with her *fiancé*, Prince Severin, took great pleasure in hearing her sing the old Lithuanian songs. Ulrika was much annoyed at Hulda's popularity and complained to the Countess, but she received no satisfaction and, much enraged, ordered Hulda out of her house. The girl fled to Miss Kenney, who gladly took her into her own rooms.

Though her tasks made it difficult, Hulda was constant in her visits to her parents. One evening, when she was returning alone from one of these visits, she met the Prince's valet and secretary, Michael. As she started with terror, he laughed.

"What, timid? And yet out so late, Mademoiselle Hulda? Where have you been?"

Indignant at his interference, she explained briefly and hurried on. He continued by her side, making insulting remarks, and finally hinted boldly at Prince Severin's admiration.

When they reached the gardener's he attempted to press her hand to his lips, but Hulda screamed and hurried in. She gave an excuse to the startled inmates that she had slipped and fallen, and made haste to reach the apartments of Miss Kenney, who had not yet returned from the Countess. The agitated girl tried to occupy herself with copying some Lithuanian melodies for the Baron, but her misery overcame her and she began to cry. Emanuel, coming in just then to see the old governess, noticed the tears and tried to learn the cause, but not till she was alone with her kind friend did she divulge the experience of the evening with Michael. Miss Kenney, after talking over the matter with the Countess, wrote a full account to Baron Emanuel. When Emanuel had read the letter he went at once to the Prince, whose anger knew no bounds. Calling his valet, he forced a confession from him and, striking him across the face, dismissed him from his service.

Michael's departure made little difference to anyone, yet life did not go on the same. Hulda was not sent for to amuse Clarissa, the Baron came in no more, and when Hulda met Ulrika or any of the maids she was conscious of a hostile feeling. One day as some consternation was being expressed over the girl's altered appearance, an express arrived, which drove her entirely out of their minds. Prince Severin's father was dying, and all must come at once to his bedside.

When the carriages were at the door, Emanuel alone thought of poor Hulda and ran back to take leave of her. As he told her of his going, her look and voice agitated him greatly.

"What does this mean?" he asked, with a sudden bewildering joy.

"I shall die if you go," she gasped, and fell upon his breast.

She could make no further reply to his questions, but it was enough for the Baron that at last he had found a love that was pure and disinterested. Their lips met in a long first kiss.

"Now I belong to you," he said, "and my place is here."

Emanuel returned to the impatient travelers and announced that he was not going with them. When he told the reason they were greatly astonished and refused to believe, but he remained firm.

When he returned to Hulda and Miss Kenney he found the

girl in such a state that he proposed to take her home at once. While he was gone to order the carriage Hulda seemed in positive terror.

"I must go home!" she cried. "Something at my heart is drawing me to my home." Suddenly she opened the casement and looking wildly asked: "Did you hear it? I heard my mother call me! Oh, such a despairing call for help!"

Miss Kenney was frightened lest the girl had become delirious, and, though disapproving the journey on so wild a night, she was relieved when the carriage drove to the door.

As they approached the village the sexton came up to their carriage, held in the lantern, and said: "Thank God, you are here at last! There is someone for the Herr Pastor to talk to!"

To Hulda's eager inquiries he replied that her mother had gone away that morning to see a sick woman and had not come back. At the parsonage her father came out, and Hulda threw herself into his arms.

"She set out at three o'clock in broad daylight," wailed the pastor. "There is no hope; they got upon the quicksands. She is gone!"

Hulda uttered an agonized cry.

"Then you really did not know it?" said the pastor.

"Yes," cried Hulda, "I knew it. She cried once, twice, so loud that I ran to the window, but I did not see her. Now I see her. Oh, mother!" and with outstretched arms she fell fainting to the floor.

It was a terrible night, and day brought only sad certainty. No traces were found of the pastor's wife, horse, vehicle, or driver. All were gone forever. The doctor pronounced Hulda's attack a severe nervous fever, likely to be of long duration. Emanuel returned to the castle, and Miss Kenney prepared at once to establish herself at the parsonage.

Emanuel now passed his life with no variation beyond the daily visit to the sick girl and the letters from his sister. The old Prince had died shortly after his son's arrival and marriage, and the Countess was now at the capital. She continued to reproach her brother for contemplating a marriage so far beneath him.

Christmas was past and the year had only a few more hours

to live when the Baron's loneliness was broken in upon by a messenger bearing a note from Frau von Wildernau, who had met with an accident to her coach while traveling in his vicinity. She and her daughter Konradine proposed to ask for his hospitality and spend New Year's Eve with their old friend. When they were all seated at the table, Frau von Wildernau and Konradine expressed their curiosity at finding Emanuel in the north alone, and were not a little surprised when he told them of his engagement. Frau von Wildernau bewailed the loss of the entailed estate, which by such a marriage must go to his sister's sons, but her arguments had no weight with Emanuel.

The Baron continued his visits to the parsonage, and the first time he found Hulda returned to consciousness he gave her a ring with the inscription: *Thee and me shall no one sever.*

Konradine proved a delightful companion, and her own unhappy love-affair was a bond of sympathy. She had been engaged to a prince, but an offer had come to him from a fair young princess, which he had not been strong enough to decline. On hearing her sad story Emanuel could not refuse the favor she asked of being allowed to accompany him on his daily visit to Hulda; but he regretted it sorely when the poor child, at sight of a stranger by the side of her lover, screamed out with pain. When his friends left they did their best to persuade Emanuel to go with them; but though he was sorry to be separated from Konradine, he steadily refused.

The next day, before he could set out for his usual visit, the pastor was announced. He had come to ask Emanuel to listen to his sister's wishes, the pastor's patroness, and to give up all idea of Hulda.

"You have persuaded Hulda to renounce me," said the Baron.

"I simply reminded her that I was old and lonely," replied the father, "and I asked her not to leave me, and she promised not to do so."

When Emanuel saw Hulda, the next day, she told him she had taken the sacrament and had vowed to God not to leave her father. She wished to give the ring back to him.

"No," he said, "this parting is not forever! The ring is yours, a pledge that we shall meet again." And, kissing her,

he went away to seek what comfort he could find in his southern villa.

Hulda slowly improved, but her aged father was growing very feeble; and finally, at the suggestion of the Countess, he and his daughter went with Miss Kenney to the town house. Hulda was very happy in the new life, and Miss Kenney gave her every opportunity of meeting her cultivated friends. Under her escort Hulda also saw the best theatrical performances and was introduced to the famous Gabrielle, who called upon her old friend and read with Hulda from Shakespeare till the girl was ready to fall at her feet. She asked Hulda to come to her rooms for tickets, and there she met Herr Holm, a director, who was at once struck with Hulda's resemblance to Gabrielle and suggested that she try the stage. Hulda went home in a maze, but her dreams soon vanished, as Miss Kenney was called south to take charge of Clarissa's infant son, and the pastor became impatient to see his old home.

The kind bailiff and the young curate gave them a cordial welcome, but Ulrika's bitter tongue was still the same. The curate, in his daily life with Hulda and her father at the parsonage, became very fond of her and tried in vain to win some encouragement, but she still loved Emanuel with all her heart. One day on his return from the bailiff's the young man brought news of Miss Kenney's death and of the illness of the Countess's elder brother. He also told them of a prospective visit of the Countess and Konradine to Baron Emanuel. Hulda heard it all with composure, but as she left her father hot tears fell upon his hand. She tried to forget, but it was impossible; and now jealousy destroyed the calm that her religious submission had created. She resolved to send back the ring. When she told her father he said:

"You have done well, my child, to send it back before the Baron could demand it, which he was sure to do at some future time. His brother's approaching death imposes new obligations, and I think, as you do, that his choice is made." That night the pastor died as gently as he had lived.

Emanuel was now expecting the arrival of his guests and had received a letter from Konradine urging a complete reconciliation with his sister. In the letter she mentioned one the Countess

had received from the bailiff recommending an increase in the salary of the new pastor, who was shortly to marry Hulda. The Baron was much moved, and resolved to go at once to Hulda; but while he was weighing the matter a servant came in with the packet containing Hulda's ring. He looked in vain for a scrap of writing; all seemed at an end for him. "May happier stars shine o'er her head!" he murmured, as he put the ring on his own finger. The arrival of his sister and her friend was now most welcome.

By her father's death Hulda was left entirely alone. The bailiff tried to comfort her and took her to his home, where he innocently endeavored to foster her interest in the curate; but it was of no use. The future looked dark and aimless, and in despair Hulda despatched a note to the celebrated actress.

As soon as the Countess's letter granting him the living had come, the curate rushed over to share the good news with his friends. He found the bailiff in receipt of a like communication, to which was added the announcement of the engagement of Konradine and the Baron. When Hulda heard this she left the room, followed by the curate. When he returned he said gravely to the bailiff:

"It is not to be. Such happiness is not for me."

"Is the girl beside herself?" exclaimed the bailiff, going hastily to the door and summoning Hulda. In vain he tried to bring her to change her mind, and seeing that it was useless he finally consented to her leaving the next day to earn her living.

Hulda was still holding unread the letter from Gabrielle. Its contents justified her in making the trial, but warned her of the pitfalls of a professional life. She found that Gabrielle's introduction to Manager Holm cleared the way, and her aptness for the work placed her at once in a position left vacant by a retiring favorite in a large old commercial town.

After his brother's death Emanuel went to his ancestral estates. It was decided, out of respect to the memory of the brother, to postpone the public announcement of the betrothal. Frau von Wildernau and Konradine remained with the Countess, and the elder lady continued to enjoy the brilliant balls of the season. After one of these functions she announced the end of all festivities on account of a death in the royal family.

The wife and child of Prince Frederick, to whom Konradine had been engaged, had died; and as she was the niece of the sovereign the court was much affected.

Konradine received the news apparently unmoved, and was pleasantly surprised when Emanuel paid the family a visit at New Year's. During his stay the bailiff came to render his accounts, and they learned for the first time that Hulda's marriage with the curate never had taken place. He told them she had left his house ostensibly to become a governess, but had "joined the play-actors."

Shortly after Emanuel's departure the Countess, accompanied by her two guests, attended a reception where, to the surprise of all, they met Prince Frederick. With great ease he extricated himself from an admiring crowd and addressed himself to Konradine. The next day he called and, thanking her for allowing him to see her, said: "I am come to fulfil a commission"; and with that he handed her a token from his dead wife. She had known of his love for Konradine, and instead of resenting it expressed deep sympathy and on her death-bed asked him to give her this ring. As Konradine put the ring on her finger he kissed her hand, saying: "Forgive me for making you sad." After this incident Konradine and the Prince met often, but she refused to listen to his entreaties to take up the past, and remained true to her vows to Emanuel.

The Baron came again, and met with an even warmer welcome than usual. Konradine had written to him of the Prince, and he had read his note to the Countess, wishing Konradine joy in the future, adding: "May she enjoy that happiness which I now know can never be mine." Somehow the words planted a thorn in Emanuel's breast.

The day before the wedding someone announced that Prince Frederick had fallen from his horse and was fatally injured, whereupon Konradine fainted. As soon as she recovered, Emanuel went to her and insisted upon releasing her from her engagement, and, finding protest was useless, she accepted his decision. He whispered, "Be happy," and was gone to his lonely castle.

When Hulda had been three years upon the stage she was called upon to act with Michael Lippow in *Faust*. To her

astonishment he proved to be the Michael whom she had known in the castle as Prince Severin's valet. As soon as he recognized Hulda he repeated his former advances, which were no less repulsive to her now that they also recalled sad memories. While she took every pains to conceal in what capacity she had previously known him, Michael soon spread unpleasant stories concerning her. A jealousy for her success also drove him to devise further mischief. It was too much for his pride when one night Clarissa and her husband, his former master, were in a box, to know their plaudits were all for Hulda as Marguerite, while his own performance of Mephisto went by almost unnoticed. Thus Prince Severin's call upon Hulda was made a subject for gossip for which Clarissa's joyous reception of her old-time favorite could hardly atone.

The Prince and Clarissa were even then on their way to visit Emanuel in his distant castle. As this was their first meeting since the night of their sudden departure from the Countess's castle, the days passed quickly in the enjoyment of a companionship long debarred. Clarissa talked frankly of their pleasure in again seeing Hulda. Emanuel asked many questions, and when Clarissa left she observed that he was again wearing the little ring with the blue stone.

For Hulda there was now a time of depression; the good effects of Prince Severin's approbation could not outlast the seed sown by the crafty Michael, and the poor girl found herself deserted by her friends. In these circumstances she determined to give up her career, and replied to an advertisement for a governess. When the letter was posted she said to herself: "Alone, then, and forgotten, forgotten and uncared-for forever, but true to myself and worthy of my father and mother and of his love." Unknown to Hulda, the family to whom she wrote lived on an estate adjoining the Baron's. In their dilemma as to a governess they referred to Emanuel, who took the letter and offered to see the applicant himself. A few hours later he was on his way to Hulda, and in the afternoon of the second day he was at his journey's end. From the landlord of the hotel he learned that Hulda had suffered much from a clique formed against her by a rejected admirer, but since his departure her popularity had been greater than ever and the Royal

Theater was doing its best to get her away from her present engagement.

The next morning he called with the governess's letter in his hand. Hulda was holding the contract with the Royal Theater for consideration.

"Hulda," he said, "you have become a great artist. What can I offer you? How can I—how dare I ask, when I failed to keep what I once possessed?"

"Is this real?" she replied, in a barely audible voice. "In my childish fancy I imagined that I should be your deliverer, and now you deliver me from this hateful life. What have I done but love you all these long years?"

"Yes, Hulda," he said, "you are my deliverer from all remorse and unhappiness."

In an instant she was in his arms. He took the little ring from his finger, and again Hulda was wearing what was her own.

This time the Countess saw the advantages to accrue to her grandson by Emanuel's loss of the entailed estates, and her objections were silenced.

Konradine, now Princess Frederick, wrote: "All that was wanting to our happiness was the knowledge of yours. We send you our warmest wishes for the future."

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS

(England, 1775–1818)

THE MONK (1795)

This novel was first published when the author was but twenty years of age; but it was so frank, so candid in the expression of details usually left to the reader's fancy, that it was found necessary to suppress the first edition. In its amended form it met with immense success, and it is still read with breathless interest by many who would rarely read a story in vogue a century ago, so powerful is the style, so profound is the nature of the plot.

HARDLY had the abbey bell tolled for five minutes, and already was the church of the Capuchins thronged with auditors. It was not only the seekers after piety that formed the vast assembly. They were drawn thither for the most part by various worldly and selfish motives, of which not the least important was that the women were present to see the men, and the men to see the women. But the ostensible purpose of all was to listen to a celebrated, fashionable preacher, Ambrosio, Abbot of the Capuchins, surnamed "The Man of Holiness." His appearance in the pulpit produced a great sensation and at the same time a deep hush. He was a man of commanding presence, in the prime of life. His stature was lofty, his eyes large, deep, and sparkling. The tranquillity of his features announced a man unacquainted with cares and crimes. But while he bowed with humility to his audience, there was a certain severity in his look and manner, a lack of tolerance and human sympathy in his speech and sentiments, that suggested little actual experience and contact with suffering and temptation. His fiery oratory was of a kind not so much to win sinners as to make them quail. But whatever the men might feel as they listened, these qualities exercised a mysterious influence over the women.

Among these none was more overcome by the eloquent preacher than the fair Antonia, an innocent and exquisitely lovely maiden of a family well connected but in reduced circumstances, consisting, besides her, of a prudish Aunt Sianella, and a pious mother named Donna Elvira. Antonia's companion, Don Lorenzo, a hidalgo of good blood, showed, on the other hand, the cooler, masculine estimation of the monk when he replied to her enthusiasm:

"Ambrosio's character is without reproach. I admit that a man who has passed his whole life within the walls of a convent cannot have found the opportunity to be guilty, even were he possessed of the inclination. But now, when obliged by the duties of his situation, he must enter occasionally into the world, and be thrown into the way of temptation, it behooves him to show the brilliance of his virtue."

On returning from his pulpit to his room or cell, Ambrosio yielded to an expression of vanity which was perhaps pardonable, but while it lasted was an evidence of a dangerous weakness that boded ill for the continuance of his purity and piety. The flattery of Rosario, a young disciple and warm admirer of Ambrosio, was received by him with an affectation of humility that savored highly of hypocrisy. And yet it is probable that at this period the Abbot was still impelled by sincere motives of what he believed to be genuine piety. Ambrosio urged his pupil, who in a few days was to ask for permanent admission to the brotherhood, to desist from praise of which he was unworthy. At that moment the bell rang for vespers in the small chapel of the abbey, used by the sisters of the adjoining nunnery.

"Father, your benediction, and I leave you," pleaded the saintly young Rosario, on his knees, then pressed his lips to the Abbot's hand, who was at a loss to understand the singularity of the youth's behavior.

Vespers being over, the Abbot alone remained in the chapel, seated in the confessional chair to absolve the nuns of St. Claire of their sins—as if there could be any sinning in a retreat so holy as a nunnery! After confessing and absolving Sister Agnes, who, as the result showed, had kept back all mention of one of her most important sins, he noticed that she had dropped

a letter from her bosom. He picked it up to restore it to her, when he observed that it was open, and perceived enough to make it his duty to read it entirely, in spite of her entreaties. He learned with horror that she was corresponding with a lover and already bore the fruit of illicit love. In vain she pleaded that she was betrothed to him, when by a dreadful accident they were separated, and, supposing he had abandoned her, she, on the impulse of the moment, had taken the irrevocable vows. The Abbot closed the door of sympathy to the suffering sister, and sternly turned her over to the diabolical power of the implacable Abbess, Mother St. Agatha.

"Shall I conceal your crime—I, whom you deceived by your feigned confession? No, daughter, no. Penance and severity shall force you back to the paths of holiness. Release me, I will not hear you. What ho, Mother Saint Agatha!"

The Abbess (or Domina) heard, returned with her nuns, and dragged the poor, trembling, shrieking Agnes to a doom that one shudders to contemplate and describe. When Ambrosio saw the foretaste of what Sister Agnes was about to endure, a spark of regret and compassion touched his bosom, and he ventured to pronounce a few words in favor of the delinquent. The Abbess's only reply was: "No mercy for her! She has disgraced our order, and the rigor of our laws shall be felt to the very letter. Father, farewell!"

Strangely moved by the various emotions of the day, Ambrosio resorted after supper to the holy grounds of the abbey, adapted to the pious musings of the monks, and leading, as well, to the subterranean cemetery and dark passages and secret dungeons of the institution. Seating himself in a grotto, he found Rosario there, as if awaiting him. In the quiet conversation that ensued Ambrosio gave expression to the longing he often felt for congenial talk with some sympathetic soul that would relieve the burdens he often felt. The youth at his side asked, in his low, sweet voice, why he could confide in him, who so sincerely admired and loved him, and who had also suffered. One thing led to another, until Ambrosio acknowledged that he could not live without his faithful friend Rosario, and urged him to reveal the secret source of his sorrow.

"Swear that, whatever be my secret," said Rosario, "you

will not oblige me to quit the monastery till my novitiate shall expire."

"I promise it faithfully, as Christ may keep His word to mankind."

"I obey you. Know then—oh! how I tremble to name the word, listen to me with pity, revered Ambrosio. Father, Father," he continued, pressing his hand to his lips with choking agitation, "Father—I am a woman!"

The Abbot started. Astonishment and apprehension chained them both. At last the Abbot sprang to his feet and left the arbor. She darted after him, overtook him, and embraced his knees. He could not disengage himself, while with anguished pleadings, she exclaimed:

"Religion alone deserves you. Far be it from your Matilda to draw you from the path of virtue. What I feel for you is love, not licentiousness. I sigh to be possessor of your heart, not your person. Deign to listen to my vindication."

She seated herself, and Ambrosio, hardly aware of what he was doing, sat down by her and listened to her story. Then to her fresh plea not to be driven from the abbey and from him he mustered resolution to announce that on the morrow at the farthest she must depart from the abbey and his presence forever.

She swore that if he persisted she would slay herself with a dagger she drew from her bosom.

"Tell me that I shall remain your friend and companion, or this poniard drinks my blood."

Thus saying, she lifted her arm, as if to stab herself. She had torn open her habit, and her bosom was exposed. A thousand sweet and terrible emotions rent his soul.

"Hold!" he cried in a hurried, faltering voice. "I can resist no longer. Stay then, enchantress! stay for my destruction!"

He rushed back to his cell in an agony of remorse, love, duty, and desire. Again and again he bade her depart. Again she promised to go, and again she reminded him of his vow to allow her to remain. In a spasm of agony he moaned, "Agnes, Agnes, I begin to feel thy curse!" referring to the poor nun he had ruthlessly driven to the tender mercy of the cruel Prioress.

At last Matilda agreed to go, but first she asked him to pluck a flower from the garden as a last keepsake from him. As he

stooped to pluck it a deadly reptile stung his hand. She wrung her hands, she rent her hair, and her cries brought the friars and their doctor apparently in vain. After they had abandoned the case she sucked the poison out of his arm, and his life was saved. And now for the first time Matilda gave her lover a full view of her beautiful face, hitherto partly hidden by her cowl. All scruple was now thrown to the winds, and for days the monk and Matilda abandoned themselves to every variety of sensuous rapture. Satiety and coolness followed on his part. With surprising calmness she accepted the change and offered by magic arts to assist him in any new pursuit that his now depraved appetite might demand. He was surprised; his vanity, at least, resented the indifference Matilda displayed, but he accepted her proffered aid for the ruin of Antonia, already mentioned on a previous page. During these extraordinary changes in the life, character, and pursuits of Father Ambrosio, his clerical duties in the pulpit and the confessional were continued as usual.

Donna Elvira, mother of Antonia, continued depressed in body and soul. It occurred to Antonia that if she could obtain for her mother the ghostly ministrations of the godly monk, it might prove of the utmost benefit. She visited him at the confessional and asked whether, owing to her feeble state, he could see her at her house. His passion—which he flattered himself was in this case pure, exalted love—took fire when he beheld this trustful being actually in the confessional cell alone with him. He saw at once certain possibilities in the plan she suggested, and readily agreed to it, although, as he alleged, it was contrary to his invariable custom of not going abroad. But the distance was short, and he would conceal his face so that none might claim a similar privilege.

Donna Elvira was charmed with the great preacher, and rallied under his pious influence. After retiring from her apartment he saw Antonia seated in her own room. Relying on the faith reposed in his sacred office and his own personal repute, he ventured to enter. Antonia expressed no surprise, but on the other hand displayed such enthusiasm, not unusual for innocent young women who have an admiration for their pastors, that he mistook it for a warmer feeling. His visits became more

pronounced in speech and action, until they alarmed both mother and daughter. To bring open accusation against a member of the clergy so prominent as Father Ambrosio was imprudent; and Donna Elvira was obliged to be content, therefore, with expressing her acknowledgments for his visits, which had been so beneficial that his services were no longer required. He saw her meaning, but was enraged at being thus baffled when his unholy passion seemed on the eve of gratification. But he still had one resource. As she had promised, in case he should need her aid, Matilda now gave her former paramour a sprig of silver leaves procured by fearful enchantments, which would cause every object to open when touched. With this magical wand, the monk entered the lodgings of Donna Elvira, proceeded to the apartment of Antonia, hypnotized her as directed by Matilda, and was on the point of accomplishing his purpose when, to his unspeakable concern, Donna Elvira appeared on the scene. He had forgotten to close the door, and her maternal watchfulness, aroused by a terrible dream, had led her to suspect that some stranger was prowling about the bed of her dear child.

This time Donna Elvira did not content herself with conventional phrases, but in the most emphatic terms declared that she would publish his iniquities and hypocrisy to the world. She did not delay to accomplish her threat, and in piercing shrieks called her servant. Ambrosio rushed to the door; but she had already bolted it; and she held back his arm as he tried to move the bolt. In his desperation, and with the recollection of Agnes flashing through his mind, he seized the distracted woman, flung her on the floor, and with his knee on her stomach, and a pillow on her face, he smothered out of her the breath of life. Before leaving Ambrosio arranged the corpse to give the impression of apoplexy, and then by the aid of his myrtle wand returned to the abbey unobserved, flung himself on his bed, and endured all the horrors of remorse and dread of inevitable doom. He shuddered at his rapid advance in iniquity.

While these events were occurring Don Raymondo was vainly striving to obtain an interview with his sister Agnes at the convent. He little knew what dreadful tortures she was enduring, although he knew enough of such institutions not to believe the stories invariably told him by the Prioress that his

sister was ill, then worse, then dead. At last he obtained a Papal order commanding her to be released from her vows and restored to her family. To this mandate the Prioress gave formal reply that what he asked was simply impossible, for Agnes was dead, irrevocably dead. By means of a faithful young spy, who as a mendicant musician was introduced to sing to the nuns, he received a secret intimation from Sister Ursula, one of those who opposed the punishment of Agnes, definite news was obtained that Agnes was still alive, although enduring horrible sufferings at the command of the Prioress, and that her end could not be far off.

The various scenes in the drama of the fallen monk were fast approaching a crisis. But up to this time, as often as he seemed to be baffled in one direction the needed aid came to him from the apparent fidelity and friendship of Matilda.

Antonia was so prostrated by her mother's sudden fate that she was forced to take to her bed. But entirely unsuspicious of the cause of that tragedy, and as yet not fully realizing the character of her spiritual adviser and apparent friend, Ambrosio, she still received his calls of consolation with ill-concealed pleasure. But one irritating obstacle interfered with the gratification of his unholy passion. Flora, the duenna of Donna Elvira, had been warned by her mistress as to the nature of the monk, and as she was herself suspicious, he was closely watched. And here Matilda came to his aid with a powerful potion. Three drops of this, mixed with her doctor's medicine when Flora's back was turned, put Antonia into a sleep like that of death. She was then hastened to the underground vaults of the convent of St. Claire, where her mother was already laid, and there Ambrosio intended to gratify his insatiable lust.

But as the monk entered that somber institution and descended to those awful vaults—he who had fallen from such heights of honor to such depths of infamy—other horrors were gathering around him. A troop of archers and swordsmen, led by Raymondo, the brother of Agnes, demanded admission to the convent of St. Claire in the name of his Holiness the Pope. When this was denied them they burst in the doors, and the vast crowd that had gathered there, infuriated by what had already transpired of the iniquities wrought there in the name

of religion, followed with wild execration and a demand for blood. The Prioress was slain, and the building was soon in flames. Not finding Agnes there, a number of heroes, led by Don Raymondo, flew down the winding stairs and through the dark vaults and damp, winding recesses and noisome odors underground, searching high and low, until a low wailing sound was heard. Directed by this, they found poor Agnes chained to the wall of a small, unlighted cell, with the skeleton of her infant by her side.

But a new spectacle now attracted the attention of all. Antonia, awakened from her trance, sprang shrieking toward the entrance of the vault, flying from the embraces of the now almost insane monk. Anxious to arrest her flight before they were discovered, he drew a dagger from his bosom and plunged it twice into her back and her vitals.

The horror-stricken rescuers led Agnes with tender compassion to her friends, who nursed and restored her to life and health and to the arms of the father of her infant. On the other hand, the rescuers also seized Ambrosio and Matilda, who strangely happened to be there at this time, and turned them over to the tender mercies of the thrice Holy Inquisition. Very rarely was that institution so justified as it was on this occasion for the employment of the rack and the stake, which had drenched Spain with blood and tears for ages.

After being torn almost asunder by the rack and the pincers, Ambrosio and Matilda were again locked up in their cells. In a day or two they were again submitted to this horrible ordeal, which was hastened in order that they might suffer at the *auto da fé* of the succeeding Sabbath, to which, as might have been foreseen, they were condemned.

Ambrosio sat like one stupefied near the table on which his lamp was burning dimly.

"Look up, Ambrosio," said a voice too well known to him.

The monk started, and raised his melancholy eyes. Matilda stood before him, arrayed in woman's attire, elegant and magnificent, blazing with diamonds, and had a coronal of roses about her hair. In her right hand she held a small book, and pleasure beamed upon her countenance.

"Ambrosio," said she, "I have baffled the Inquisition's

fury, I am free. Yet I purchase my liberty, my enjoyment, at a fearful price. I have renounced God's service; I am aligned with his foes. How could I endure the fiery torment to which I was condemned? I shall now enjoy unrestrained gratification of my senses. Ambrosio, I still love you. Our mutual guilt and danger have made you dear to me. I come to urge you to abandon a God who has abandoned you."

"Matilda," said he, after a long silence, "what price did you give for this liberty?"

Firm and dauntless, she replied: "It was my soul!"

"I dare not. I do not despair of pardon."

Then she urged him to read four lines backward in her little book. He refused.

"No?" she exclaimed, as the book fell to the ground. "Then farewell forever!" Fire encircled her, and she vanished.

In his transports of rage and despair, his eyes fell on the little book. He picked it up, and, hardly aware of what he was doing, read four lines backward. A loud burst of thunder was heard, a blaze of lightning flashed, and in a second Lucifer stood before him with a roll of parchment and a pen.

A long colloquy followed, in which the evil spirit urged Ambrosio to sign away his soul, in return for which he would be instantly transported from his dungeon and saved from the fearful doom of the morrow. Ambrosio vacillating in his agony, assented, and then refused to do the bidding of the fiend. But as the latter was about to leave him the jailer was heard coming to take the monk to the place of burning. The courage of Ambrosio was insufficient to sustain him at that awful crisis; he grasped the fatal parchment and placed his name on it. Instantly the demon snatched him through the ceiling of the cell, swooped him up into the gloom of the upper skies, and dropped him on an awful crag at the edge of a stupendous precipice.

"Was it for this fate you tore me from my prison?" he groaned to the archfiend.

"Look on the parchment again and you will see," replied the fiend with a hideous smile, "that I guaranteed to release you only from the special doom which you probably well merited."

There Ambrosio was left, and vultures and other obscene fowls of the air pecked his shorn head and tore out his vitals.

JONAS LAURITZ EDEMIL LIE

(Norway, 1833)

THE PILOT AND HIS WIFE (1874)

The author of *The Pilot and His Wife* has long been one of Norway's most popular novelists, although his books are not as well known in the United States as those of some of his contemporaries. He is a realist; his characters are never idealized and they are said to be absolutely true to native types. He is not averse to social problems, as the following story shows, but his fondness for psychological study never tempts him to portray the abnormal.

HEN first Salve Kristiansen met Elizabeth Raklev he was a sailor-apprentice whose handsome face and clever tongue had made him a favorite at all the dances in his native village; Elizabeth was merely a mop-haired girl who, he said, resembled a heron as she moved about with her red-checkered shawl tied back in a knot. She was not to blame for her appearance, for her sole companion was her grandfather and he was the only male inhabitant of the rocky island of Torung, where he cobbled shoes for the people of the mainland, kept his two windows lighted at night for the benefit of pilots, of whom he had been one, and was believed to be a go-between for smugglers and their customers.

When the boy and girl met a year later Elizabeth was full of questions about the world she had never seen, and especially about naval vessels, their officers, and their battles; for her grandfather had taken part in a sea-fight which was the one great affair of his life and conversation. Salve found her simplicity so amusing that he told her many strange stories, some of which were about himself; after he went away he could not keep her out of his mind. Later he brought her from Holland a pair of silver-buckled morocco shoes that cost him a half-month's pay;

but he did not regret the outlay, for her face had acquired a new and peculiar charm and he was sure that one would have to search far for another pair of eyes like hers. She had come by a shy manner, too, that was winning as well as baffling, and there was such delicious embarrassment when they parted that he could think of no one but her when again he went to sea. Although he was not imaginative he could at any time recall to his eyes the two windows of her home, from which the lights shone out over the waters every night.

The *Juno*, on which he sailed, was owned and commanded by Captain Beck, a sailor so successful that he had become rich, and his family was one of the most prominent in the city of Arendal. The ship was out for a long voyage, to America and elsewhere, so Salve had much time in which to think of Elizabeth, one result of which was that in Boston he bought her a costly gown and two gold rings which he would take out to Torung Island on his return and at the same time he would ask Elizabeth a question.

When the *Juno* approached her home port and was near a shore full of rocks and shoals she encountered storm and fog that threw Captain Beck entirely out of his reckoning. But when disaster was imminent, Salve, who was at the wheel, saved the ship from harm; for through the gloom he saw, dimly yet surely, the two lighted windows in Elizabeth's home. The Captain was so grateful that he gave the young sailor a handsome present and promised to make him second mate when he should have learned navigation.

Salve felt that a successful future was assured, and he longed for the day when the crew would be given shore leave and he could sail out to see Elizabeth. But while repairs were being made to the *Juno* he overheard some discomforting tales. Captain Beck's son, a young naval officer who was very popular with the fair sex—for what girl is there who does not admire a uniform with bright buttons and gold lace?—Captain Beck's son had frequently been out to Torung to shoot sea-fowl; Elizabeth's grandfather had died, the girl had become an inmate of the Beck home, and the lieutenant was on shore leave for a year. All this was said in a manner uncomplimentary to Elizabeth.

Although Salve was a decent youth he had youth's common

fault of believing whatever he heard. Yet he loved Elizabeth dearly; so after several days of misery through rage and suspicion he went to Elizabeth's aunt and begged her to save the girl. The good woman explained that her niece had been admired by all Arendal and befriended by the Becks for her fidelity to the lights while her grandfather lay dying, and her heroism in crossing drift-ice to the mainland to ask assistance in caring for the dead. She also berated Salve soundly for his suspicions, of which she threatened to inform the girl. So when Salve, loving and remorseful, visited Elizabeth and offered her the gown and rings he had brought from Boston she reproached him, refused his gifts and angrily sent him away.

Many months that followed were full of sorrow for Elizabeth and the humiliated yet loving Salvé. The girl, supposing she had lost Salve forever, realized that she had loved him dearly. Her position in Captain Beck's house was not a pleasant one, for she had not been reared in any of the customs of the town, and her mistress was exacting. She could not help noticing that the young lieutenant was more considerate of her than any other member of the family, yet she instinctively repelled his attempts at familiarity. The young man admired her beauty and imagined himself in love with her; the girl's self-respect, which compelled her to be cold to him, merely added ardor to his passion. He told her of his love, but she, although dazzled by his appearance and station, refused to accept his attentions unless he and she became formally betrothed. He promised, and at once wrote his father that he had asked Elizabeth to be his wife; meanwhile the girl, convinced that she never could love him, made a confidante of her mistress. That lady, glad to be spared the humiliation of having a sailor-shoemaker's granddaughter for a daughter-in-law, hastily shipped the girl to Holland to a stepsister who had asked for a Norse servant. Before embarking Elizabeth wrote as follows to Lieutenant Beck: "Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's."

When Captain Beck received his son's letter announcing his engagement to Elizabeth he was wild with rage. He told Salve of his son's downfall, as he regarded the affair; and the young man's reply was so sarcastic as to ruin his chance of becoming

second mate of the *Juno*. Indeed, Beck thereafter treated him so badly that at Rio the enraged Salve deserted the ship, and for months and years endured many cruel and hardening experiences ashore and afloat. As a rule, Norse seamen on Norse ships are a fine lot of men—simple, perhaps, but proud of their calling; crews of the vessels of many other nations are recruited from the ruffianly class of the world's seaports. Salve held himself aloof from sailors' vices and was able and masterful enough to make himself feared by his shipmates, but he was deceived by everyone whom he befriended, so that he lost faith in humanity. His wandering, homeless, self-centered life might have gone on indefinitely had he not one day overheard some sailors talk of a beautiful, self-respecting Elizabeth at the "Star" lodging-house for sailors in Amsterdam.

To Salve's simple mind there could be but one Elizabeth in the world; he afterward laughed at himself for his foolishness, yet the magic of the name drove him to Norway and to the house of Elizabeth's aunt. He learned from her that the girl had not married Lieutenant Beck; she had promised reluctantly, but broke her word because she found that she still loved Salve. The husband of her Holland employer had been impoverished by the loss of a ship, and had transformed his home into a lodging-house for sailors, from all of whom Elizabeth exacted respect.

Salve's heart danced when he learned that his sweetheart had not married Beck; but five years of experience among bad characters had made him doubtful and suspicious of everybody; and he answered Elizabeth's aunt slowly and sarcastically:

"The Becks would not have her for a daughter-in-law; so they shuffled her out of the house and over to Holland, and—you want me to believe it was for my sake that she went away? God will witness that I would gladly believe it with all my heart, but I cannot. You are her aunt, and would—"

"Salve!" the aunt exclaimed indignantly. "It is your misfortune not to believe in anyone on earth; so you will cling to the gossip and doubts of others. You can no longer be within my doors; but one thing I pray of you—do not seek to win Elizabeth while you have a vestige of doubt in your heart against her. It would only lead to misfortune to both of you. Remember! It is an old woman who has seen much of life who says this."

Salve, who had saved so much money that he was now owner of an old brig, went to sea with his doubts for company; but the happiness of a member of his crew, who talked continually of his home and wife and children, roused his ever-smoldering love for Elizabeth; so he went to Holland for a cargo and made his way to Amsterdam and the "Star" lodging-house. While he sat in the refreshment-room and wondered how he might see his old sweetheart without asking for her, Elizabeth entered and saw him. She passed out, but soon reëntered, with very red cheeks and downcast eyes and inclined her head slightly, as if in greeting, as she passed the table at which he sat. Hearing a low, bitter laugh behind her, she turned suddenly and proudly, stepped toward him and said coldly:

"Good day, Salve Kristiansen."

"Good day, Elizabeth," he answered, as he rose and betrayed embarrassment. They exchanged a few commonplace words, but Salve made no advances nor did his manner soften; and Elizabeth proudly turned her back upon him and left the room. After her first appearance Salve had been conscious of a lofty feeling of sitting in judgment; he would exact submission; then, while she stood crushed and humble before him, he would forgive her with all his heart. It would never have occurred to him that he himself needed humility and forgiveness. But she had carried herself so nobly and spoken so coldly while her face expressed indignation, that he suddenly felt her to be farther from him than when he was at the other side of the earth. How straight and proud she was—and what a mean, wretched fellow was he!

He abruptly left the room and walked for hours, his heart hopeless and gloomy. He tried to think of other things; to be his old masterful self; to wait; but his feet persisted in finding the way back to Elizabeth's home. As he neared the house he saw her standing at an open window. He did not know that she had learned from her aunt of his shameful suspicions, so he exclaimed to himself:

"That blessed head is mine!" He dashed into the house and up the stair. The girl heard the door open; when Salve unexpectedly stood before her she sank into a chair, but rose quickly, as if to face an enemy.

"Elizabeth!" he said softly. "Will you send me out into the world again?"

She did not answer, but stood immovable, pale, and looked at him; it was as if she forgot to draw her breath and only waited for him to say something more.

"Be my wife, Elizabeth," he prayed; "then I will become a good man again. You had a glimpse this morning of what a wretch I have become without you."

"God knows, Salve," she answered, as she burst into tears, "that you alone have had my heart, even at the time when I did not know myself. But I must first know the whole truth as to what you think of me."

"The same that I think of God's angels, Elizabeth."

"And you have no doubt against me in your thoughts? For what has passed to-day I will not bear again. I cannot! Do you understand?" Her voice trembled but her eyes pierced his soul.

"Doubt?—against you?" He placed her hand on his heart. Into her face came a happy glow of content; and Salve threw his arms about her. The next day he gave her the rings he had brought from Boston five years before and she thought them the most beautiful she had ever seen. Before he was compelled to set sail again, to be gone all winter, the girl had five happy days; so had Salve, except for occasional moments of doubt, which anything might cause unexpectedly. He had many more in the long dark winter; even the only letter he received from her, which was like a message from heaven when it reached him, bred doubts that in time made it a worthless bit of paper.

Yet when he returned and was married he thought himself the happiest man in all Holland. He made a pleasant home for his wife in a Norwegian town where her beauty and character won for her the esteem of many people of the higher class. Within a year their son Gjert was born and both parents were very happy—except when doubts and jealousies and pride tormented Salve. He was not pleased with his wife's enjoyment of her new acquaintances; he was offended when, according to local custom, people sent Elizabeth presents in honor of the baby's birth. Although he liked Elizabeth to dress handsomely and was very proud of her in fine attire, he was annoyed by the

admiration she received from others when he and she walked to church together. Apparently she, although granddaughter of a poor islander, was regarded as the equal of the people who saluted her; he felt that he was not, although he was a well-to-do shipmaster. He was utterly destitute of adaptiveness and every other quality that enables a man to rise to the social level of a wife who is naturally his superior. He was a loyal, adoring husband, but his very virtues, goaded by his faults, combined to make him slowly but surely miserable, reserved and of uncertain temper. Elizabeth knew that something was wrong and sought to right it by being uniformly cheerful and loving; but in time her husband's manner chilled her heart; and she also became reserved and unhappy except when she could be absorbed in her child.

Salve took her and little Gjert to sea with him for a short trip, but when they passed a naval vessel and Elizabeth spoke admiringly of her appearance, her guns, her uniformed crew and officers, Salve became so enraged that in a storm that soon followed he wilfully wrecked his own ship, at the same time doing all for his wife and child that the most loving husband and parent could have done. His financial loss through the wreck compelled him to become a pilot instead of a shipmaster—a step downward which wounded his pride and increased his moroseness and his bitter feeling toward all classes higher than his own.

His wife endured much and bravely; but her severest blow fell one day when Gjert came home from a chance visit to a naval corvette. His heart and his tongue were so full of the glitter and glory of life in uniform that his father said:

"Undoubtedly you would like to become a naval cadet, Gjert?"

"Anyway," the boy replied, "mother thought the other day that if I could become one I could get on in the world much better than as a common simple seaman."

The boy's words were like a live coal thrown into a powder magazine. Salve gave his wife a scornful, cruel look; and when the boy unfortunately added, "Frederick Beck is going to be a cadet," his father knocked him down. Elizabeth sprang at her husband and cowed him with her eyes. But his heart was still

hard; he took his son and hurried to the sea, though not before Elizabeth had whispered to Gjert:

"My son, never let your father see that you are afraid of him!"

One of Elizabeth's friends was wife of Lieutenant Beck—a woman of wide acquaintance with people unhappily married; and she gave Elizabeth some practical advice, as well as the letter in which the girl had broken her promise to be Beck's wife. These helps came at an opportune time, for Elizabeth's endurance of her husband's doubts, suspicions, jealousies, moods, and coldnesses had almost reached its end. Could she have hated him she would have suffered less; but her love for him remained warm and constant. When next they disagreed she exclaimed:

"Had you loved me as I have loved you, we would not have come to this. Was it only I who should give? Was my happiness nothing? Have I no rights? Salve, speak the truth! You have loved yourself, and when you married me you merely took me to help you at it."

She followed with so grand a protestation of affection that Salve became unspeakably happy and opened his arms. But she stopped him and continued:

"Salve, you do not trust me! It is this that stands between us. Do you not see that it will never be well with us, so long as you cherish one particle of doubt? Don't you understand yet that it is the peace of our hearthstone that is at stake?—that it is this I have fought for all these years, and borne it all as—as you know I have not the inclination to endure? If you do not understand it yet, may God help you and us!" she concluded despairingly.

It was as if she held before Salve a mirror of their lives together and showed him how small and mean and self-loving he had been. Yet he answered despondently:

"Elizabeth, you know at heart that you have been everything to me. I know also in what my deepest wrong to you consists, and I shall now truly and freely acknowledge it to you, though it will make me insignificant before you. I have never been able to feel that I alone fully and wholly possessed your heart since that time—since that affair of yours with the naval officer."

Elizabeth hurried out of the room, but soon returned with a bit of paper which she gave to her husband as she said:

"There is a letter which I wrote that naval officer, the night I fled from the Becks. I got it back from Mrs. Beck. Read it, Salve!"

He spelled out the large, crooked letters and read slowly and aloud: "'Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's.'"

He raised his eyes; his wife looked fearlessly into them and asked: "Who was that other, Salve?"

"God bless you, it was I!" and he took her to his heart.

After that day there was no misunderstanding, no doubt, no gloom. Salve was so happy that his work, no matter how hard and dangerous, seemed mere play; and the humbleness of his social station did not trouble him in the least or make him hate his wife's acquaintances of the higher class. He even made peace with the Becks and allowed Gjert to become a naval cadet with the son of the officer to whom he had given years of bitter hatred. And Elizabeth's face became so sunny that every woman who saw her coveted her happiness.

JACK LONDON

(United States, 1876)

THE SEA-WOLF (1903)

None of this author's stories of wild out-of-door life has ever equaled the popularity of this romance of the seas.

ON the run between Sausalito and San Francisco the new ferry-steamer *Martinez* was stove in amidships and sunk one foggy January morning. Among the panic-stricken bedlam of passengers, I was soon struggling and gasping in the icy water, a life-preserver about my numb body, and practically helpless, for I could not swim a stroke. First a sort of madness seized me, and I shrieked, then blankness intervened, and when consciousness returned it was to see a vessel, with three triangular sails, passing by as I drifted out to sea. I tried to call, but no sound came forth. A man on the deck of the swiftly moving ship saw me, however, and due to his immediate action I was rescued. As I again slipped into blankness and darkness his angry voice rang in my ears: "Why in hell don't you sing out?" he cried.

Upon opening my eyes again I found myself in a decidedly dirty galley; two men were with me, one an awkward Scandinavian sailor, who had chafed my cheek till it bled, the other a slovenly cockney, who was the cook, and handed me a nauseous mess, called coffee, to drink. The latter, named Mugridge, also gave me some of his own ridiculous, sour-smelling garments to wear while mine dried out. Johnson, his companion, informed me that I was aboard the schooner *Ghost*, bound seal-hunting to Japan. Clad in an old cotton shirt, brogans, and a pair of washed-out overalls, of which one leg

was ten inches shorter than the other, I sought the Captain to arrange for being put ashore. He was the same man who had saved my life, and I caught a glimpse of him pacing the length of the hatchway, savagely chewing a cigar. As I watched him I noted every decisive move, and became aware of the tremendous strength lurking within the body of Wolf Larsen, as he was always called. Before I could get his attention, I witnessed a terrible scene, in which I figured conspicuously. The mate, surrounded by a group of seal-hunters and sailors, was breathing his last. His condition was due to a recent debauch before leaving San Francisco. He had hardly died ere Wolf Larsen let loose upon him a torrent of blasphemous abuse, and the oaths crisped and crackled like electric sparks. While the vividness of his metaphors appealed to my literary sense, I was inexpressibly shocked at this terrific denunciation.

But more was in store for me. Much to the general amusement, Wolf Larsen inquired whether I was a preacher, saying that if so I might recite the burial service. After I had declined the office, he asked me who and what I was, my business, and similar questions. Taken aback, I stammered that I was Humphrey Van Weyden, a gentleman, possessing an income. My fierce interlocutor sneered at this, and declared me a weakling, fit only to do scullion's work. In fact, he sent for the cabin-boy, told him he was promoted to the work of boat-puller, and assigned me his place. This boy, George Leach, did not relish the change and sullenly refused to obey. Wolf Larsen leaped upon the stalwart youth, felling him with a blow in the stomach. Offers of money being ineffectual with this brute, I attempted to hail a passing vessel bound for San Francisco. I shouted that I would give a thousand dollars to be taken to that city, but Wolf Larsen coolly told the men that I had taken too much drink. "Fancies sea-serpents and monkeys," he said significantly. I was doomed to remain on the *Ghost* as cabin-boy.

Meanwhile the body of the dead mate had been sewn up in canvas, with a sack of coal attached to the feet. In a trice the corpse was cast overboard with little or no ceremony. A fellow named Johansen was chosen by Larsen to fill the place of the deceased man. Leach, weak and cowed, went for'ard, as be-

fitted his promotion. And I, powerless among this crew of terrible men, dominated by a human monster, was borne into the expanse of the great and lonely Pacific, to peel potatoes and wash greasy dishes and pots. Humphrey Van Weyden, scholar and *dilettante*, a nasty cockney cook's menial!

I was allowed little time for reflection. Mugridge ordered me about in a domineering, bellicose fashion, and heaped insult upon me when anything went wrong. During a sou'easter, which almost immediately overtook the *Ghost*, I was buffeted about by a high wave, and my knee was badly dislocated. Though suffering excruciating pain, I was compelled to do my disagreeable duties to the tune of the cook's sarcasm. At this time also I received my nickname from Wolf Larsen—he called me "you Hump," and the term stuck fast. Thenceforth I was Hump, the cabin-boy, and not one of the cruel crew pitied my servile state any more than they sympathized with my crippled knee. Studying my companions, I came to the conclusion that they had become callous to everything, and especially to their own injuries, and in time I had plenty of proof of it.

Ere I had been long aboard the *Ghost* the tiny cabin state-room adjoining that of Wolf Larsen was given to me, and then to my astonishment I became aware of the Captain's literary side. His book-rack held volumes of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, De Quincey, and Browning, together with many scientific works. Naturally I was amazed to discover this, and more so when he and I finally arrived at an occasional truce, when we discussed life, literature, and immortality. Larsen was a rank materialist and pessimist, holding man in the greatest contempt; he believed in the body but denied existence of soul. He held life cheap. Among the crew of this brute-ship I liked the chap named Johnson, and found a fellow called "fat Louis" rather decent. The latter told me terrifying stories of the bloody careers of many of our companions, and I listened to his tales with fear and horror.

After three days of variable wind we caught the northeast trades, and the schooner verily sailed herself. I heard at length the contemptuous views of Wolf Larsen, and we argued about all things in the universe, while Mugridge was compelled to do both my work and his own. I was certainly getting on with the

strange skipper, but my idealistic point of view only served to bring out the strength of his antagonism to all spirituality. Once, in the midst of our controversy, he gripped my arm, crushing the biceps almost to pulp.

Thomas Mugridge hated me for my reprieve at his expense, and when I rejoined him in the galley he began sharpening a knife with every indication of intending to use it on me. Coward at heart, as he undoubtedly was, I intimidated and forever mastered him by coolly whetting a dirk whenever he tried a similar maneuver. "Hump runs the galley from now on," said one of the hunters, who had watched our absurd knife-whetting duel. And the opinion was verified by the Cockney's humble and slavish attitude toward me after that. Intimacy with Wolf Larsen continued, though I was only a toy in his hands—a jester called upon to amuse him. Two things I learned about my cruel master: that he was subject to terrible periodical headaches, and that he had a brother, known as Death Larsen, who was the master of the steamship *Macedonia*, and hunted seals off the coast we were bound for. From fat Louis I gleaned the information that the brothers hated each other. My informant told me also of several standing quarrels in the forecastle; he anticipated some rough deals, even murder, aboard this veritable hell-ship, before we should reach the sealing-grounds. Following the prediction, a carnival of brutality did break out. First Larsen and the mate, Johansen, administered a terrible beating to Johnson, who had spoken his mind too freely. Then young George Leach astounded us all by fiercely denouncing the Wolf to his teeth, hurling epithet and curse upon his head, but the skipper remained impassive under the fire. Leach, finding no satisfaction in the Captain's calmness, fell upon Mugridge and thrashed him, thereby settling an old grudge. Nor was that the end of our day's excitement, for two hunters exchanged shots, severely wounding each other, and Wolf Larsen punched them unmercifully because they had crippled themselves in advance of the hunting season. It took Mugridge several days to recover from his beating, and meanwhile I did his work. When he was able to crawl about, the Captain said he would get a tow over the side if he didn't mend his dirty ways. So much for the unhappy cook. Johnson's

spirit seemed broken, while Leach was like a tiger cub. He openly showed his hatred of Wolf Larsen and Johansen; one night he threw a heavy knife at the mate, but it just missed him. In spite of these feuds, I managed to keep in the good graces of the crew.

But there was a conspiracy hatching against Wolf Larsen and Johansen, and Leach and Johnson were at the bottom of it. Apparently both Captain and mate were thrown overboard one night. Johansen was never seen again, but Wolf Larsen, by means of his herculean strength, succeeded in climbing over the stern. He descended into the forecastle to seek the culprits. A fearful scrimmage resulted, and he barely escaped with his life. Gaining his cabin, he sent for me to doctor his wounds, and while I dressed them he announced that I should take the missing mate's place. Protest was in vain, and I was made second in command of that hell-ship. Thereafter I was "Mr. Van Weyden" fore and aft, and only Wolf Larsen addressed me as "Hump." The situation was fantastic in the extreme, but I soon learned my duties, and I may say that I took a secret pride in myself.

As for the seamen, and particularly Leach and Johnson, the Wolf gave them no rest or peace. He made them miserable. I often wondered why he did not kill the two men, but I was to learn more of the man's diabolic nature. We all knew they were doomed men, but how Larsen intended wreaking his vengeance was as yet a mystery. Both Leach and Johnson looked upon themselves as good as dead.

Nothing of especial moment happened on the *Ghost* till we approached the coast of Japan and picked up a great seal herd. Real work now began with the slaughter of the pretty sea-creatures. Wolf Larsen and I practically sailed the *Ghost* alone, while the men were out in their boats shooting the seals, and consequently I developed into quite a sailor. This was evident during a terrific storm, in which we two handled the *Ghost* almost unaided. But four men and a small boat were lost during the tempest. To replace these Wolf Larsen compelled men from another sealer to hunt for him—in a word, he stole them. He also kept pitiless watch over Johnson and Leach, working them like dogs. These miserable men finally attempted es-

cape to Yokohama in their little skiff. My prayers were with them, when Wolf Larsen, abandoning everything else, set out in pursuit of the deserters. We sighted a sail on the morning of the third day, and I actually had a gun in my hands, ready to shoot the Captain upon capturing his prey. But the boat held five persons, one of whom was a woman, and we discovered they had been shipwrecked while bound for Yokohama. We took them aboard the *Ghost*, and the girl, Maud Brewster, was given to my care. Not long after this we came upon Leach and Johnson, and the rough sea had ruined their tiny craft. I forced a promise from the Wolf that he would not lay hand upon them, but I fancied I saw a mocking devil in his eye as he gave me his word. It was not long before I understood his fiendish purpose. He kept the two men in sight for hours, yes, until their boat, unable to withstand the high sea then running, overturned, and Johnson and Leach were seen no more. Wolf Larsen had had his revenge. I think that even the coarsest sailor aboard felt appalled at witnessing this cold-blooded murder.

The four men picked up were promptly set to work by Wolf Larsen, despite all their opposition. Miss Brewster had to eat at the cabin table, much to my mortification, but our master was inexorable. He laughed at any delicacy in this direction. When our fair guest learned that she would have to remain on the *Ghost* until the sealing season was over, she was justly horrified. Inquiry proved her to be an author, whose works I had long admired—in fact, I had enthusiastically reviewed them. Therefore we were congenial spirits, and I rejoiced in her company, though I deplored her enforced association with Larsen and his bearish crew.

Maud Brewster was not long ignorant of the character of our companions. The episode of watching Leach and Johnson drown was sufficient. And then she witnessed the ducking given to Mugridge at the Captain's order. Our cook had failed to keep himself clean, and he was flung into the sea with a rope slipped under his arms. Not only was the poor wretch half-drowned, but a shark bit off his right foot before he could be dragged out of the water. Maud Brewster fainted as I helped her away from this sickening scene; then, as surgeon-general,

I had to leave her to fashion a tourniquet for the bleeding limb. We held earnest conversation after that, in which I advised her of the best course for her to pursue under all circumstances; and she unwillingly agreed not to cross Wolf Larsen, the monster without conscience, feeling, or morality. A short time sufficed to demonstrate that I was deeply in love with Maud Brewster, and I watched her jealously, especially in the company of Wolf Larsen, for I saw that she had kindled passion in him, and grew afraid. If I could have escaped with her then and there I should have tried it.

Meanwhile the seal-hunting was excellent, until the *Macedonia*, commanded by Death Larsen, made inroads upon our catch, sweeping the herd before its fourteen boats. Our hunters were an angry crowd of men, but perhaps Wolf Larsen was more furious than all combined. He swore he would like nothing better than to kill his brother. His fratricidal wish was not granted, but he did succeed in a bloody maneuver against Death Larsen. By stratagem and bullets he made himself master of five boats, with their men, belonging to his brother. When the *Macedonia* gave chase he eluded her by sailing into a fog-bank. Then he gave the men all the whisky they could hold. Pandemonium reigned, but Wolf Larsen, touching no liquor, dominated his crazed crew. That very night the triumphant beast embraced Maud Brewster. Maddened beyond control, I sprang upon him with a knife, and would have killed him had not the poor girl stayed my arm. I could not have been so successful in my defense, however, had not a greater power aided me, for as the Wolf clasped Maud Brewster to his heart one of his headache-strokes hit him, and he had staggered under the unseen blow, reduced to sudden weakness. Taking advantage of his helplessness, and of the condition of the drunken crew, Maud and I, taking plenty of provisions, escaped in one of the hunters' boats.

During the space of many days we were driven and drifted across the ocean. I knew little about small boats, and Maud knew nothing of navigation, though I taught her to steer our cockle-shell. Our suffering was intense. Storm and cold could not affect the bravery of my tender companion, however, and she faced every danger unflinchingly. After days of seeming

hopelessness we were landed on a little bleak patch of land, which we came to call Endeavor Island. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We had taken a considerable supply of food from the *Ghost*, and I contrived to produce fire by means of a shotgun shell. With the sail I improvised a temporary tent. Exploration of our island resulted in finding it uninhabited save for thousands of seals, which made it a breeding-place. These animals would afford us meat, I reflected, and when we had erected a hut of stones, we found that the skins of slain seals made a good roof. Killing them was at first a serious problem, but after some experimenting I learned how to club them to death. In this fashion we prepared against the coming winter. Busy hours were spent in building a second hut for my use, and in curing the seal-meat; Maud had also the happy idea of making mattresses out of moss. The seal-oil burned brightly at night, and we felt quite content, in spite of being castaways in a forbidding-looking land.

Could I be blamed for not believing my eyes when, one morning I saw the dismasted, black-hulled *Ghost* cast upon the beach? Not a soul appeared aboard her. Making sure of my knife and shotgun, I made an investigation of the hulk. Wolf Larsen was the only creature to be seen, but he was a changed man; his cheeks were sunken and his eyes had a strange strained look. Though I had him at my mercy, I could not shoot him, for which weakness he mocked me. When I asked him how the *Ghost* came to her present condition, he said that the crew had forsaken him to join forces with his brother on the *Macedonia*.

That morning Maud and I breakfasted on some of the good things I got from the larder of the abandoned ship. As for Wolf Larsen, he made no attempt to molest us, but remained alone upon the *Ghost*. A week passed before I again visited the stranded ship, and when I did it was to find its skipper blind as a bat. Never had I seen such despair depicted on a human countenance. Wolf Larsen, the indomitable man, was as helpless as a child!

Quite at random one morning Maud regretted that the *Ghost* had lost her masts, otherwise we might have sailed away from these barren parts. Her suggestion startled me into

planning a way to step the masts, which were afloat somewhere in our little cove. This task was a titanic undertaking, but for Maud I felt able to accomplish anything. Nothing was insurmountable. But Wolf Larsen forbade the work of repair on his property. "I intend dying here," he said. His gruff command and gloomy resolution did not deter me in my course of rehabilitating the wrecked vessel. Maud, the dear girl, helped me as much as her strength would permit, but all our preliminary labors went for naught, as Wolf Larsen destroyed by night what we had done by day. He had slashed right and left and had broken the windlass, upon which I counted so much. It was a lesson, however, and, though disheartened as well as disgusted, I kept constant watch over the blind villain, while we toiled on. Had it not been for Maud's bravery and encouragement I should have given up. To her be all the honor of our ultimate success. Wolf Larsen listened to the sound of our work. He tried to thwart us once more, but the click of my pistol halted him in his purpose. While Maud and I were considering how best to deal with the vindictive man, bent upon our destruction and his own, the problem solved itself in an unexpected way. He feigned one of his old attacks; the ruse succeeded in luring me to go to his assistance, and once within his gorilla-like clutch I was powerless to cope with him. He was throttling me when a genuine attack caught him, and he went to pieces ere he could carry out his devilish design. My sight returned to see Maud standing close by, a heavy seal-club in her hand. She would have fought for me, and that sweet knowledge made my heart surge with joy. Truly she was my mate. The next instant she was in my arms, weeping, and I was kissing the brown glory of her hair.

Wolf Larsen was now in my power. Without any scruples, I handcuffed him and bound his feet. But when he became conscious we found our shackles were unnecessary: he was paralyzed down the right side of his huge body. Maud, with all her womanly tenderness, was shocked and sorry at his plight, but he continued to mock at everything. Another stroke followed soon, and his voice came only at intervals. We pitied him, even though he tried to set the *Ghost* afire—that was his last hope.

Uniting our energy, enthusiasm, and ingenious efforts, Maud and I finally stepped the masts. The difficulties were enormous, but we overcame them. Love, purpose, and determination can do anything. At last dawned the day that was to witness our departure from Endeavor Island. We headed for the open sea toward Japan. I had not reckoned on the colossal task it would be for one man to reef three sails, but somehow I accomplished it, and with Maud's help at the wheel we pulled through a storm, during which we consigned to the sea the body of Wolf Larsen. His proud spirit had fled its useless tenement.

Almost at the same moment—a solemn one to us—we sighted a United States revenue cutter. Our crazy-looking craft was seen in turn. "We are saved!" I said, yet I was not sure of all the joy that should mean. I looked at Maud, and our eyes met in perfect understanding. My arms were about her as our lips sealed a sweet compact. The cutter came close and a boat was lowered.

"One kiss more before they come," I whispered.

"And rescue us from ourselves," she added, with an adorable smile.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(United States, 1807–1882)

HYPERION (1839)

This story, a romance, as the author has called it, is founded on his own travels and experiences after the death of his wife. It has a further historic interest as marking the transition between Longfellow's translations and sketches of historical persons and his original poems. It was received with much enthusiasm and had a wide circulation immediately after its publication.

THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. Paul Flemming had experienced this, though still young. The friend of his youth was dead, and he went abroad that the sea might be between him and the grave.

He had already passed many months in lonely wandering and was now pursuing his way southward, along the Rhine, where he had journeyed before in brighter days. He knew by heart every rock and ruin of that glorious river. Now he went his way listlessly—to Rolendseck, to Andernach, where they tell that strange yet beautiful legend of the wayside Christ who descended nightly from his cross to help the poor, and on to Coblentz and Mayence.

Flemming was in his early manhood. With fellow-travelers he talked of the wild imagination and the playfulness of Richter; and, in the ruined cloister of St. Willigis, he stood by the grave of the minnesinger, Meissen. At last he arrived at Heidelberg and the house of his heart's friend, the Baron of Hohenfels, who held him long by the hand, and kissed him on each cheek and upon the mouth, as a pledge of real German friendship. They sat late into the night, over their Johannisberger, conversing of the thoughts and feelings and delights which fill the hearts of young men who have already enjoyed and suffered.

"And what do you think of Heidelberg and the old castle up there?" asked the Baron, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table.

"That there is nothing finer in its way, excepting the Alhambra. Only I wish the stone were gray and not red. Pray, does anyone live up there nowadays?"

"Nobody," answered the Baron, "but the man who shows the Tun and Monsieur Charles de Grainberg, a Frenchman, who has been sketching ever since the year eighteen hundred and ten." Then Hohenfels told Flemming about the ghost of the Virgin Mary in Ruprecht's Tower and the Devil in the Dungeon.

In the days that followed they wandered about together, talking of the old University and of its scholars, of men of genius who walk in history; some like the sun, others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars; of the springtime song of the Rhodian children. So the spring came to them in Heidelberg.

In the gardens Flemming came to know men who spoke of philosophy and of dreams, nor did he fail of the tragedy that lurks everywhere. Here it was of the Frau von Ilmenau and her pale daughter Emma, who loved the handsome Polish libertine, until, one night, "a star fell from heaven."

The *studenten-kneipe* opened its doors to them, with its abandon of beer and song and duels with sword and stein that welcomed the "Foxes" to their student life.

"Take your weapons!" cried one of the seconds, and each of the combatants seized a goblet in his hand.

"Strike!"

And two glasses rang with a salutation like the crossing of swords.

"Set to!"

Each set the goblet to his lips.

"Out!"

And each poured the contents down his throat. The other glasses followed in quick succession, hardly a breath drawn between. The pale student was the first to drain the third goblet.

"Hit!" he said.

His antagonist stopped midway in his third glass and he sank and rolled together like a shot of lead. He was drunk.

"You complain of the skepticism of the age," said an old

professor to Bloomington, as they walked over there. "This is one more in which the philosophy of the age prevents truth. I am sure that you have another book in mind to present to that old fossil, Professor Hyde, and will make changes only in the vocabulary and chronology of this purely philosophic."

A few days later Bloomington and Van Brunt left Stockbridge for Brookline. They were the same weary, forlorn men.

"Are you known," said Van Brunt, "I believe like the well-known. Are you aware that the confinement to bed is a commonly written of difficulty in the person deprived to concentrate the mind of the world, or to know one of the temptations of the human race, in the very worst and pernicious, perhaps of his life to appear well-known." "If you have, I think you will be pleased to the result and enjoyment whether with the rest for temporary existence."

"It is a pity," said Bloomington, "that his acquaintance had not a little of the philosophic experience."

[illegible]

"All things to all people," said Bloomington as he straightened the blanket and looked him by the hand. "Professor to use the word acquaintance and enjoy sleep in the existence of provide to the world of other persons and personages the same."

The waistcoat went on his way, treading the first time, [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] by the way with Professor. "The more I see of a human knowledge what a person he is. To [illegible] O [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

the window. He heard her speak, and her voice was so musical and so full of soul that it moved him like a whisper from heaven. He thought of Raphael's Madonna at Dresden; but her beauty was different from that of any Madonna Raphael ever painted. Later, he asked Berkley about her.

"She is the daughter of an English officer, who died not long ago at Naples," said he. "She is passing the summer here with her mother."

"What is her name?"

"Ashburton. A woman of genius, I should say."

Mary Ashburton was in her twentieth summer. Her face had a wonderful fascination. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness—of sorrow even. No wonder, then, that Flemming felt his heart drawn toward her.

Berkley presented his young friend to the Ashburtons, and the next day they drove together to the Grindelwald. The evening was writ in red letters in Flemming's history. It gave him a new revelation of the beauty and excellence of the feminine character and intellect.

Days passed pleasantly. He watched Mary Ashburton, he talked with her, and his love grew. He had looked through the young lady's sketch-book and had come upon a copy of the bust of Homer at Rome.

"Whenever I think of Homer," she said, "he walks before me, solemn and serene, as in the vision of the great Italian, in countenance neither sorrowful nor glad, followed by other bards, and holding in his right hand a sword!"

One morning they were sitting together on the green, flowery meadow under the ruins of Burg Unspunnen.

"What a pity it is," said the lady, "that there is no old tradition connected with this ruin!"

"I will make you one, if you wish," said Flemming.

"Delightful!"

"Listen, then, to the tradition of the Fountain of Oblivion."

He told her of a certain poor student named Hieronymus who, loving in vain the proud Hermione, sought, by the aid of a magic lamp, to find the Fountain of Oblivion, and how, at last, gazing into its water, he chose *not* to forget.

"Oh, scorn me as thou wilt, still, still will I love thee," concluded the narrator, "and thy name shall irradiate the gloom of my life, and make the waters of Oblivion smile! And the name he read in the fountain was no longer 'Hermione' but was changed to 'Mary,' and the student Hieronymus—is lying at your feet, O gentle lady!"

He watched her with sinking heart as she sat pale and stately, for her heart had remained unmoved by the presence of this stranger. Silently they walked homeward through the green meadow, her eyes full of tears; and the very sunshine was sad.

Flemming related the whole story to Berkley.

"This is a miserable piece of business!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Take my word for it, she is in love with somebody else. There must be some reason? No; women never have any reasons except their will. Are you sure the case is hopeless?"

"To show you that I cannot wish to cherish hope," replied Flemming, "I shall leave Interlachen to-morrow morning."

"You are right," said Berkley. "I, too, will go and do all I can to make you forget this untoward accident."

"Accident!" said Flemming. "This is no accident, but God's providence to punish me for my sins."

"Oh, my friend," interrupted Berkley, "if you see the finger of Providence so distinctly in every act of your life, you will end by thinking yourself an apostle. I see nothing so very uncommon in what has happened to you."

A week had passed. The mind of Flemming was distempered. One face was always before him; one voice always in his heart. Berkley tried to draw him from his misery. "We are," he said, "either happy men, lucky dogs, or miserable wretches," and he described the first two classes with pleasant humor.

"I suppose you will take me as a specimen of your third class," said Flemming, making an effort to enter into his friend's mood.

"By no means," replied Berkley. "He only is wretched who is the slave of his own passions, or those of others."

Theirs was a pleasant and soothing companionship, with its talk of men and books and old legends; and Berkley's gay humor

had proved healing even when it hurt. A fever, through which the Englishman had nursed the younger man back to health, drew them closer, but at last they parted, as do all wanderers.

Flemming was calm and strong now. He thought of his distant home beyond the sea. "Thither will I turn my footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men. Thenceforth be mine a life of action. This alone is health and happiness."

From Munich he passed through Augsberg and Ulm on to Stuttgart. And, on the night of his arrival, as he was sitting alone, having made his preparations to depart the following morning, his attention was arrested by the sound of a voice in the next room, a woman's voice reading the prayers of the English Church. It was Mary Ashburton; and all his wounds began to bleed afresh. Then his pride rose up and rebuked his weakness, and, toward morning, he slept.

Broad daylight woke him from many dreams. He heard the postilion and the stamping of horses' hoofs below. He did not dare to stay, but, throwing himself into the carriage, he cast one look at her window and left her forever.

"No more! Oh, how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines."

PIERRE LOTI

(LOUIS MARIE JULIEN VIAUD)

(France, 1850)

MADAME CHRYSANTHÈME (1887)

This story is a description of a summer which the author, an officer in the French navy, spent in Japan, and is frankly autobiographical. It was crowned by the French Academy soon after its publication and has been dramatized as a one-act play, under the name of *Madame Butterfly*. Its thread of narrative serves also as the basis of the grand opera bearing the same title, composed by the Italian *maestro*, Giacomo Puccini, and produced with great success in both Europe and the United States.

FTER a long voyage, we were nearing Japan, and my friend Yves and I were on deck one evening talking about the country we were approaching. I expressed my intention of marrying some pretty little Japanese doll and settling down in a dainty paper house in the center of a miniature garden; in short, to live the life I had seen so well represented in fantastic pictures.

When I landed as Nagasaki, I set out at once to find a celebrated tea-house. It rained so hard that one might almost think there was a cloudburst, and the wind seemed to blow from every point of the compass. I called one of the *djin-richisans* and directed him, in my best Japanese, to take me to the "Garden of the Flowers." Much to my surprise, he understood me.

After an hour's drive we reached the fashionable tea-house. Servants removed my boots, and then I entered and asked for Monsieur Kangourou, who is interpreter, laundryman, and matrimonial agent! I also ordered something to eat—and this is what was brought me: seaweed soup, fish dried in sugar, crabs in sugar, beans in sugar, and fruits in vinegar and pepper.

While I was eating, in came M. Kangourou. I told him I wanted a wife and he suggested several young women. At last we settled on Mademoiselle Jasmin, who was described as a very pretty girl of fifteen. Her parents will let her come to me for eighteen or twenty dollars a month, a comfortable home, and a few costumes.

It is now two days since this conversation took place and I am in my apartment, situated far up on a hill overlooking the city. It is dainty and pretty, just like those I have seen pictured on fans. Yves and I are looking out of the window. My bride is expected.

"Ah! at last, brother," said Yves.

"Yes, I really believe she is coming."

I see Mademoiselle Jasmin winding up the hill, accompanied by five or six persons.

I rush down-stairs, where I find my landlady, Madame Prune, and also her husband, praying before the altar of their ancestors.

"Here they are, Madame Prune!" I cry. "Bring the tea at once."

I return to my apartment. I listen. I hear the little bare feet walking up the stairs. Several old ladies enter, followed by middle-aged persons, and at last young women. After many ceremonious greetings have been exchanged, they all sit down in a circle. We remain standing, looking toward the staircase. At length we see my *fiancée*, a little doll, dressed in pearl-gray silk with a mauve sash, and a sprig of silver flowers in her ebony coiffure. How many times I have seen her on a fan!

She is young, and that is all that I can say in her favor.

"How do you like her?" said Kangourou.

"Not at all! I won't have that one. Never!"

Yves whispers to me to look over in the corner, at the pretty girl dressed in blue. I am much pleased with her and ask Kangourou her name. "She is Mademoiselle Chrysanthème," he says. "You can have her just as well; she is not married, Monsieur."

Yves and I are now told that we are in the way, and so we step out on the veranda while negotiations are going on inside.

At ten o'clock Kangourou tells us that arrangements have been made, and that Chrysanthème's parents will let me have her for twenty dollars a month. We return to the room and find Chrysanthème the center of the circle. We join hands.

Is she a woman or a doll?

Presently the families take their departure. I see them winding down the hill, carrying lanterns on the ends of sticks. Then Yves and I leave to go aboard our vessel. The scene of my marriage now seems to me a joke, and my new family a set of puppets.

Chrysanthème and I were married in the middle of a very hot day. We went through many tiresome official proceedings, after which we gave a wedding-reception.

We have now been married three days, and Chrysanthème spends her time playing on a long-necked guitar and watering the flowers in the bronze vases.

Most Japanese women are merry, laughing, little Nipponese dolls, but Chrysanthème is melancholy. What thoughts are running through that little brain?

Every evening we light two hanging lamps, of religious symbolism, which we leave burning all night before the gilded Buddha that stands at the end of our room. We sleep on a cotton mattress spread on the floor. Chrysanthème's pillow is a wooden block, cut out to fit the nape of her neck, so that her wonderful coiffure, which she seldom takes down, can remain undisturbed. My pillow is a little square drum covered with serpent-skin. Around our bed is a huge blue gauze mosquito-net.

Yves comes to see us whenever he is free. Our other visitors are Japanese. We lead a very quiet life. In the evening we often go out for a walk, winding our way down the hill to Nagasaki, and look in at the bazaars, or we go to some place of amusement. Yves and some officers who were married—like myself—with their wives, are often with us, and also two or three young Japanese girls, whom we take along to give them some diversion.

Yves, Chrysanthème, and my landlady's daughter have become very intimate. Chrysanthème is teaching Yves Japanese *pigeon-vole*, which brings forth peals of laughter.

One very hot day I returned to our room at noon, and there

I saw Chrysanthème sleeping, face down, upon the mat, her high head-dress and tortoise-shell pins standing out from the rest of her horizontal figure. The train of her tunic appeared to prolong her delicate little body like the tail of a bird; her arms were stretched crosswise, the sleeves spread out like wings, and her long guitar lay beside her.

She looked like a dead fairy, or a big blue dragon-fly pinned to the floor. Dainty little Chrysanthème! I stepped softly out on the veranda, and shortly I heard the sounds of her guitar.

Every morning my little doll eats two wild plums pickled in vinegar and rolled in powdered sugar, and drinks a cup of tea. During the day there are two dinners, consisting of hashed sparrow, a stuffed sprawn served with sauce, a salted sweetmeat, and sugared chili, followed by rice. Chrysanthème eats but sparingly of this feast until the rice is brought in; of this she takes an enormous bowlful.

At night my little doll takes off her fine robe, which she replaces with a more simple one of blue cotton, made after the same pattern as the day costume except that it has no train. Before retiring, and at least three times during the night, she smokes her little silver pipe.

I have not been home for five days, for we have had maneuvers on board our vessel; but, now that they are over, Yves and I return to my little house on the hill. As soon as I can see the house, I notice Chrysanthème on the veranda. She is looking for us. I see that she has put fresh flowers in the vases, spread out her hair, put on her best clothes, and lighted our lamps in my honor.

She does not reproach me for my absence. I am touched. To-night she is charming.

I learn that this evening there is to be a pilgrimage to the great temple of the Jumping Tortoise. Chrysanthème and I are going with others. We light our lanterns, swing them from the end of sticks, and set out for Nagasaki. The streets are crowded. Many people wear masks of the most hideous description. In these religious ceremonies it is impossible to tell where jesting stops and mystic fear steps in.

We climb up the hill to the temple, through the brilliant fairyland of lanterns and costumes, and sit down with our

mousmés (young girls) in one of the little improvised tea-houses in the courtyard. Above us is a huge monster, staring at us with big stony eyes and cruel smile.

The night is warm, and we order water-ices, which taste like flowers steeped in snow. Our *mousmés* are eating their favorite dish—beans mixed with real hailstones. After we finish eating, our *mousmés* pray to the idol, and deposit their alms; then we go to see the side-shows. It is one o'clock before we reach home. Yves is to stay all night with us, and sleep in the little paper room we made for him by shifting screens. After Chrysanthème and I are in bed we hear a kicking against our wall and a frightful noise. I wonder what is the matter with Yves. Chrysanthème listens in astonishment.

"*Ka!*" ("mosquitoes") she says.

We take a lantern and go to Yves's rescue. Around him we see an assembly of all the mosquitoes in the house, in the garden, and in fact in the entire neighborhood. They are swarming and buzzing.

Chrysanthème shakes him and invites him to sleep with us under our mosquito-net. After a little coaxing he consents.

I cannot object to this, for the mattress on which we sleep does not resemble a bed very closely, and we sleep in our clothes, Japanese fashion.

To-night Yves is off duty three hours sooner than I. He seems in a great hurry to go to my house, to see Chrysanthème.

When I reach home, about nine o'clock, I see him seated on the floor, in the middle of the room, with naked torso (this is not considered improper in private life) and Chrysanthème, my landlady's daughter, and the maid are rubbing his back with little blue towels decorated with storks. He has been fencing, has beaten his Japanese opponents, and is now bathed in perspiration, so the women are rubbing him down.

To-night about two o'clock, Chrysanthème awakes in terror, and I am also frightened, for I hear faint noises coming nearer.

I suggest to her: "*Neko-San?*" ("Is it messieurs the cats?")

"No!" she replies in alarm.

"*Bakemono-Sama?*" ("Is it my lords, the ghosts?") I express myself politely, as do the Japanese.

"No! *Dorobo!*" ("Thieves.")

I open a panel and look out. I see no thieves. It is probably messieurs the cats, or perhaps my ladies, the owls; but, to reassure Chrysanthème, we make a tour of the house, and when we open a closet Chrysanthème utters a fearful cry. A rat has dashed by her face.

For the third time we have Yves with us all night. He leaves early in the morning. Chrysanthème holds a lighted candle; she escorts him to the foot of the stairs. I fancy I hear a kiss exchanged. In Japan this is of no consequence; still I am uneasy about the hours they have spent together. I shall speak to Yves at once.

The opportunity soon occurs, and I venture this remark:

"You will perhaps be more sorry to leave little Chrysanthème than I."

He remains silent.

"You know, after all, if you have such a fancy for her, I have not really married her; I cannot really consider her my wife!"

He looked at me in great surprise. "Not your wife, you say! But, by Jove, though, that's it; she *is* your wife."

He considers her my wife, and therefore she is sacred to him. Yves is the same stanch friend as ever.

When I was taking my siesta in my cabin to-day, in came Yves to tell me that we are ordered to start for China to-morrow. I go to tell Chrysanthème. I find her on the floor asleep. I awaken her by tapping her with my fan, and then I tell my sleepy little doll that I am going away. There is a sad look in her eyes. Perhaps this is because she feels badly at parting with Yves.

We are to give a *fête* to-night, and the packers are ordered to pack my eighteen cases, or parcels, containing Buddhas, chimeras, and vases. After the company leaves, the *djins* draw my baggage down the hill in carts and I accompany them, Chrysanthème walking by my side. She has made me promise to return to say good-by to her to-morrow.

This is Yves's last time on shore; I watch his parting with Chrysanthème. It takes place in the most simple fashion. I cannot understand what it all means.

I go ashore once more. This is my last visit to Japan.

I climb to my apartment on the hill to see Chrysanthème, and I find her singing a cheerful song: I feel sorry I have taken the trouble to come. As she sings I hear a strange sound—*chink! chink! chink!* a clear, metallic ring as of coins flung on the floor. She has not heard me enter. There I see her, seated with her back to the door. She wears her street costume, and her rose-colored parasol lies beside her. On the floor I see all the silver dollars I gave her last night, according to the contract. She is throwing them on the floor, then she puts them to her ear, striking them with a little mallet, singing all the while.

"Hi! Chrysanthème!" I call.

She blushes because I have seen her counting and trying the coins, but I am better pleased, for I am glad that I leave no sorrow in that little heart; I prefer that this marriage should end, as it began, in a joke.

After remaining a few moments, I tell her that I must go, as I have several things to do in town.

Chrysanthème bows her head, then she rises to escort me.

At the outer gate I stop for the last adieu. Chrysanthème pouts in her sad little way.

Well, little *mousmé*, let us part good friends! One last kiss, if you like. I took you to amuse me; perhaps you have not succeeded very well, but you have done what you could. You have been pleasant enough in your Japanese way. And who knows? Perchance I may think of you sometimes when I recall this glorious summer.

She prostrates herself, touching her forehead to the ground, while I go down the hill to disappear from her gaze forever.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we set sail. By the shore are two or three sampans in which are the *mousmés*, lately our wives, peeping at us through the tiny windows in the cabins.

In a short time we are out on the deep ocean.

SAMUEL LOVER

(Ireland, 1797–1868)

HANDY ANDY (1842)

Samuel Lover wrote *Handy Andy* in twelve monthly instalments for a magazine, and the success of the sketches was so great that he made a book out of them. In the author's *Address* to the first edition he says that he has been accused of giving flattering portraits of his countrymen. "Against this charge I may plead that, being a portrait-painter by profession, the habit of taking the best view of my subject, so long prevalent in my eye, has gone deeper, and influenced my mind."

HANDY ROONEY was a happy-go-lucky Irish peasant boy so peculiarly capable of doing things the wrong way that the jeering jingle of "Handy Andy" was not long in fastening itself upon him.

To tell the truth, Andy was amiability itself and his intentions were always of the best; but his bad luck was proverbial and involved him in one scrape after another, amusing to those who were not directly concerned but provocative of punishment to the awkward gossoon.

During a temporary visit of the dame Good Fortune, Andy obtained a position as stable-boy at Squire Egan's; but when he entered the gates of the fine old place Trouble entered with him.

Not long after his engagement the Squire sent him to the post-office to see whether there was a letter for him.

"Yis, sir," said Andy; and straddling his hack he trotted to the post-office.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze," said he to the postmaster.

"And who do you want it for?"

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

"I can't give you a letter unless you tell me the direction."

"The directions I got was to get a letther here."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that of yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name how can I give you a letter?"

"You could if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Get out of this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"And is it Squire Egan you dare say goose to?"

"Oh, it's Squire Egan? And is there anyone in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It isn't everyone is as ignorant as you."

Here a bystander vouched for Andy and at the same time paid fourpence for a letter that had come for himself.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster. "You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a big letther for fourpence this minit, and is it elevenpence you want me to pay for this scrap of a thing? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, here's fourpence—"

"Go along, you stupid thief."

Andy waited around for a half-hour, vainly asking for the letter, and at last went back to the Squire, who was getting impatient for his return.

"Is there a letter for me?"

"There is, sir."

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir. He wouldn't give it to me, sir. He wanted to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, it's not above half the size of Mr. Durfy's and he paid only fourpence."

"Ride back for your life, you omadhaun, pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

Andy vanished and on being delayed by the postmaster, who was busy, took occasion to get the worth of his master's money for him by abstracting two letters from the heap; and after that he waited patiently enough until the postmaster gave him the letter for the Squire.

"Look at that!" said he, slapping them down before the Squire. "If he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money, anyhow!"

The letter that Andy had brought to his master was from Murtough Murphy, an attorney, and related to an election that would take place in the county in case of the expected demise of the then sitting member; it told Squire Egan that his own election to the expected vacancy was almost a foregone conclusion unless he was betrayed by Squire O'Grady, who had pecuniary reasons for supporting the Hon. Sackville Scatterbrain.

The Squire threw down the letter and then he noticed the two that Andy had purloined.

The upshot was that, noticing the coat of arms on the one addressed to Gustavus O'Grady, he decided that it had come from Dublin Castle and he itched to see what it could contain. Although he was an honest man, the temptation to pry into it was too strong to resist; and he squeezed it so that it gaped at its extremities and showed these lines: "As you properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a mere spoon."

In his rage at being called a spoon, he threw the letter in the fire, and when it was burned came to a realizing sense of what he had done; with Irish headlongness he threw its mate into the fire so as to avoid the necessity for explanations, and swore Andy to silence.

A few days later Murphy came to Merryvale Hall and Egan announced his intention of proceeding against O'Grady on account of his treachery. Murphy was surprised at his malignancy, not knowing that Egan had seen the humiliating expression used against him.

The attorney knew several ways in which O'Grady had

made himself amenable to the law; and Egan kept saying: "I'll blister him. I'll blister him for his treachery."

Murphy tried to convince Egan that it would be very hard to serve a process on him; but the man whose vanity had been so sorely wounded said that if Murphy sent him the "blister" he'd see that it was applied, bulldogs and barricades notwithstanding.

Andy was sent over to Murphy's for the law process in course of time, and was also asked to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that had been prescribed for one of the children.

But in going through the village, Andy forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's and pushed on to Murphy's, where he received the law process in a cover.

On the way back the boy stopped at the apothecary's and asked for the medicine without first showing the prescription; but at last he remembered the bit of paper and slapped it down with the remark: "That's the description."

He had taken various things from his pockets while hunting for the prescription and now, in restoring them, he blunderingly popped a real blister into his pocket and left the legal paper on the counter, then rode home with the medicine.

He had hardly left the apothecary's when another messenger came for "Squire O'Grady's things."

"There they are," said the innocent apothecary, and back to O'Grady went the messenger, little dreaming that the blister intended for his sick master O'Grady had been exchanged for a law process.

The medicine arrived at the time when O'Grady was in particularly bad humor at the nurse, at his wife, at everything that was his; and when the nurse recommended "a little blister just to go on your chest, if you plaze," he said:

"A *what*?"

"A warm plasther, dear."

"A *blister* you said, you old *divil*. Show me the infernal thing."

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag! that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear. Now just open the burst of your shirt and let me put it on you."

"Give it into my hand, and let me see it"; and the nurse handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady.

But it is only imagination, and imagination of the strongest kind, that can figure the tremendous rage of the sick man when he found that he, in his "impregnable castle," had been actually served with legal papers. Of course he suspected the complicity of the nurse and chased her out of the room, pelting her with bottles, gruel, anything he could lay his hands to.

Meanwhile a tempest was also brewing at Merryvale, thanks to the ingenuity in manufacturing disasters of the unfortunate Andy; for when Squire Egan read the following letter: "I send you the blister for O'Grady as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it," and opening the envelope, disclosed a veritable blister, his rage was as great as O'Grady's; and he immediately caught up a horse-whip, and mounting his horse, rode hard to Murphy's, and catching him in the street, gave him a severe whipping, to the intense astonishment, not to say pain, of the innocent attorney.

This led to Murphy's challenging the Squire, although there was considerable difference in their rank.

Meanwhile the infuriated O'Grady, in spite of his illness, rode to the village to avenge himself on the apothecary, and broke everything breakable in the place.

Some good resulted, however, for O'Grady was forced by the attorney to pay the apothecary two hundred pounds for the damage to his stock and to his peace of mind.

The duel came off without harm to either duelist; when things were explained they all saw that Handy Andy was the cause of the various commotions and he was chased by Dick Dawson, the Squire's brother-in-law, many a mile for the purpose of receiving a larruping. Andy took refuge at last under his mother's bed in her absence, and that night his mother and his cousin Oonah, a beautiful peasant girl, having spent the evening exchanging murder stories with a neighbor, were in such a state that when Andy, waking out of a sleep of exhaustion into which he had fallen after his run, began to crawl out from

under the bed, they were sure that he was a robber, and attacked him in such good earnest that he fared almost as badly as if Dick had caught him.

A few days after the events recorded here, a poor nincompoop named Furlong, engaged in the Castle, educated in England, and full of the average Englishman's disdain for the "poor Irish," was on his way to Squire O'Grady's to talk over matters connected with the coming election.

On the way to Neck-or-nothing Hall by jaunting-car, the driver of the car came across his brother lying drunk in the road; and Handy Andy happening along, the reins were given to him in order that the driver might take his brother home.

Handy being told to drive to "the Hall," thought of no Hall but Merryvale; and so Mr. Furlong was taken to the stronghold of his adversaries, Egan and Dawson, who, being great practical jokers, never told him of the mistake he had made, but let him think that Mr. and Mrs. Egan were Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady; pumped all the political information out of him that he contained, and soon learning his opinions concerning "the ignorant Iwish," made him their butt for a couple of days, taking him "salmon fishing" in a river where salmon had never been caught, and catching the same salmon (brought along for the occasion) five or six times.

Meanwhile, Mr. Furlong not having appeared at Neck-or-nothing Hall, it was ascertained that Andy had started to drive him there, and the poor boy was suspected of having murdered him. O'Grady, coming across him, seized him and taking him home detained him on his place pending an investigation.

There is no telling how long Furlong would have remained an innocent guest of his political enemies, if a clergyman who dropped in to dinner had not unconsciously revealed to him the mistake he had made. Mr. Furlong was as indignant as a popinjay can be; but he was reminded that he had received every hospitality and that no one had told him that he was at O'Grady's—that that had been his own idea.

He was soon deposited at Neck-or-nothing Hall and found himself in a bed of nettles; for O'Grady's short temper was exhausted when he realized that the fool had probably told all the political secrets that were in his otherwise empty head.

It turned out that Furlong had written an important letter to O'Grady which had not been received; and a hanger-on in the O'Grady kitchen, one Larry Hogan, surmising from a chance reference to this and a gesture of fear on the part of Andy that he knew something about the letter, contrived to so terrify him by saying suddenly, "*Who robbed the post-office?*" that he was quite certain Egan and Andy had been up to something which could be turned to purposes of political blackmail.

When, the next morning, Andy was summoned before Squire O'Grady, he made sure that he was about to be punished for robbing the post-office; and his heart was greatly lightened when it turned out that all the bother had been made on account of his having driven Mr. Furlong to the wrong house.

O'Grady expected a visit from Sackville Scatterbrain; and with delightful inconsequence Handy was engaged as an extra man.

When the day for the nomination came there were exciting times in the village: rival factions engaging in fisticuffs, rival bands outplaying each other, rival orators striving to talk each other down; and before the day was over Squire O'Grady and Egan's brother-in-law, Dick Dawson, had angry words which led to a bloodless duel the next day.

Election day was the occasion of more excitement; and the English soldiery were just about to fire on an unruly mob when Edward O'Connor, a gallant young man, galloped on horseback between the soldiers and the mob, crying: "Stop!—for God's sake, stop!"

His heroism caused the English officer, who had no desire to shed blood, to withhold his order, and then O'Connor, who was very popular, dispersed the mob.

This so enraged the wicked Squire O'Grady that he nearly went mad, and lost no time in "calling out" Edward O'Connor.

This duel was not bloodless. O'Grady tried his best to kill O'Connor, and the latter, not caring to kill him, disabled his wrist. O'Grady was plucky enough to wish to continue fighting; but his left-handed attempts to shoot O'Connor were not successful; and the crowd which had surged around the scene of the duel, rent the air with their cheers for O'Connor.

A few nights after this Andy, while on his way back to town

across country, came on Larry Hogan and another drunken carouser, and, without being discovered himself, overheard them plotting to carry off some pretty young girl, Larry boasting the while that he had Egan under his thumb.

Andy wished he could have caught the name of the girl who was to be abducted; and he was sincerely sorry that his old master was under the power of the blackguard, Hogan. He determined to speak to Father Blake about the matter.

The result of the election, thanks to undoubted bribery and corruption on the part of the O'Gradyites, was the return of the Hon. Sackville Scatterbrain as member for the county.

Andy sought out Father Blake one morning early when he had just finished reading mass at a little tumble-down chapel out in the country; and, although the good father, having celebrated three masses, was very hungry for his breakfast, which he intended eating at the house of a prosperous farmer, John Dwyer, and tried to put the boy off, yet when Andy intimated that the matter about which he wished to speak involved the interests of Squire Egan, he readily consented to listen and got Dwyer to invite the lad to breakfast.

Now this meal was no less than a wedding-breakfast, for Dwyer's daughter, Matty, was that day to wed James Casey, and many guests had assembled. And such a breakfast as they were to have! Roasted geese, boiled chickens and bacon, corned beef, potatoes, and cabbage, to say nothing of copious jugs of punch. Andy felt that luck was with him to bring him to such a place at such a time—and with such an appetite!

Now it seems that John Dwyer was not particularly fond of Casey, who, as he considered, had driven a rather hard bargain with him in the matter of dowry; and when Casey failed to put in an appearance, although Matty did not seem disturbed, her father grew more and more angry, swore that an insult had been put upon him, and that he would give the lease of the three-cornered field "below there" and a snug cottage on it to the man who would take his daughter.

The girl could not resist an exclamation of surprise; but she knew her father and wasted absolutely no remonstrances.

But there were no takers of the generous offer in spite of the good looks of the girl. In fact it was so sudden and so unusual

an offer that no one felt equal to making up his mind quite so quickly.

So Jack Dwyer cried: "Are yez all dumb? Faix, it's not every day a snug little field and cottage and a good-looking girl falls in a man's way. I say again, I'll give her and the l'ase to the man that will say the word."

And then, of all the men in that place, Handy Andy was the one who took heart of grace and said: "Would I do, sir?"

Everyone was taken by surprise, and Jack could have bitten his tongue out for having made such an offer. As for Matty, her looks expressed her disdain for the poor lout who stood in his rags before her. But Andy misinterpreted her looks and gestures, and fancied that she liked him and was merely coy.

Jack was a man of his word, and Father Phil said a good word for Andy, and the farmer called him who had sat at the foot to the very head of the table, amid clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

As for Matty, she said, to the surprise of all: "Oh, I'll take the boy with all my heart!" Upon which Andy threw his arms around her neck and gave her a sounding smack on the lips.

An hour later Father Phil had united the pair and they had been escorted to their new home and left to the enjoyment of their honeymoon.

But now, when Andy attempted to embrace his wife, Matty threatened him with a stool; and when he asked if they were not man and wife, she assured him that she had only married him because she was afraid of her father, and that she had no intention of allowing him any nearer than he was.

And then who should come in but James Casey and a hedge priest—and Matty was clasped in the arms of the man she loved. Events followed fast; for the priest married them and then Andy was set upon and kicked out of doors; and the wife and the little plot of ground were lost to the unlucky fellow. Not only that, but he was securely bound to a tree in a lonely place and left to pass his wedding-night in the tight embraces of hemp.

The news of Andy's marriage traveled fast, and reached the home of his mother, who was overjoyed that her son should have had such a piece of good fortune. Matty Dwyer was several degrees higher than the Rooneys, and at thought of it

the poor woman began to put on airs that would have befitted an empress and straight made off for the house of her son that she might congratulate the new Mrs. Rooney.

But if it was embraces that she intended giving Matty it was anything but embraces that she received from her when that young woman learned who she was and why she had come. From wondering questions, her talk proceeded to vigorous denunciations, which were returned with spirit by Mrs. Rooney, a past mistress in vituperative eloquence; and at last the two clenched and a fight between a virago and a shrew was soon in progress.

At last, bleeding and roaring, she who had set out so proudly retraced her steps the picture of wo.

Andy was rescued the next morning by the chance of the passing of Father Phil and Squire Egan, who were surprised enough to see the groom of the day before in such a plight. He was told to follow the Squire to Merryvale; and they two mounted their horses and went on their way.

Egan had confessed to Father Phil what he had done with the letters and he felt relieved of a load. Larry's power for evil was now gone, since he had learned that Hogan really knew nothing, as Andy had never borne witness against him. Father Phil's advice was to get Andy out of harm's way as soon as possible and then bid Larry defiance.

"By the way, Father," said Egan, "one of the letters that I destroyed was addressed to you."

"Faith, then, I forgive you that, Squire, for I hate letters."

When the Widow Rooney was forcibly ejected from the house of Mrs. James Casey she posted off to Neck-or-nothing Hall to get a true account from Andy himself, but found that Andy had left the Squire's service the day before and also that Squire O'Grady had suddenly died of fever indirectly brought on by his wound.

Back home Mrs. Rooney went, to find Andy there; and then the poor boy came in for a generous taste of his mother's sharp tongue.

While he was trying to defend himself for the meek part he had played, an old beggar woman came in to warn Mrs. Rooney that an attempt to abduct Oonah was to be made by some ruffians that night.

This reminded Andy of the talk he had overheard; and, as he was fond of the pretty colleen, he proposed that he should dress up in women's clothes and allow himself to be abducted, trusting to the drunkenness of the abductors to conceal his identity.

This was carried out with not a little amusement on the part of those who dressed him up, and then *he* was carried out by the young men, who rode up on horseback, and, despite Andy's well-simulated feminine shrieks and outcries, took him away to the den of their chief, where he passed the night in no less a place than the bed of the chief's sister, who took him for a woman, but who, on his attempted escape, finding out that he was a man, insisted upon his marrying her to "save her reputation." So for the second time within a few hours poor Andy was married to a woman he did not love.

This would not have happened if Shan More, the instigator of the abduction, had not been lying in a drunken stupor and badly injured by a fall he had had from a ladder that led into the cave where the ruffians lived.

The innocent fellow who had run into danger for the sake of his pretty cousin Oonah returned to his mother's house next day and was received with kisses from Oonah's ripe lips. A sudden pang shot through his heart, and he sickened at the thought of being married to Bridget More when he might have had Oonah.

But stranger things were in store for Andy.

Years before, a licentious roué, Lord Scatterbrain, although ostensibly a bachelor, had been driven to marry a woman in order to obtain her, and this woman was a pretty peasant girl whom he, passing himself off for a steward, married under the name of Rooney After living with her for a few months, he ran away, and left her to her own slender resources, and that, too, when the advent of a child was a matter of only a few weeks. The child was born, and the reader will have guessed that he was the unfortunate but lovable Handy Andy.

On his death-bed Lord Scatterbrain repented, and in his last will he avowed his marriage to Andy's mother and left a sum of money to be spent in hunting up her whereabouts (for she had moved from her native place when Andy was born).

The letter containing this news was the one addressed to Father Blake which Squire Egan had burned and the loss of which made the account of these adventures possible.

The Hon. Sackville Scatterbrain, nephew of the deceased Lord Scatterbrain, did not attempt to dispute the succession; and it was not long before Handy Andy became Lord Scatterbrain, with a seat in the House of Peers.

Fortune, having been kind to him, hunted up a husband for Bridget in the person of a returned convict; and this left Andy free to marry pretty Oonah, who in course of time became Lady Scatterbrain, and a very pretty lady, too.

JAMES MEEKER LUDLOW

(United States, 1841)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES (1886)

This romance involves the history of a great event and the life of a great man. The event was the fall of the Greek Empire at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. The author has wrought into his story vivid and accurate descriptions of the siege and sack of the city, portrayed the characters of Greek Emperor and Moslem Sultan as they stood out from their diverse civilizations, and revived in picture the strange life of that age. The hero of the book is Scanderbeg, whom Sir William Temple puts among the seven greatest uncrowned chieftains of the human family. Scanderbeg—the "Lord Alexander" as he was called by the Turks—was George Castriot, son of a Duke of Albania. When that land was overrun by the Turks the lad was captured, and was brought up in the famous Janizary corps. When he was hardly out of his youth, he became the "right hand of the Sultan," and the scourge of the enemies of his adopted faith. Later, reviewing his career, and contemplating the woes that the Moslem rule had brought upon his native Albanian land, he deserted from the Turkish standard, and raised the signal of revolt throughout the country bordering on the Adriatic. With a handful of mountaineers he withstood all the hosts of the Sultan, and for twenty-three years made Albania a buffer state, preventing the Turkish power from passing farther into Europe. Years after his death, as the author tells us, "no Scanderbeg succeeding Scanderbeg, the Turks possessed the land. They dug up his bones, and encasing them in silver and gold wore them as amulets. Pashas and viziers esteemed themselves happy if they might so much as touch a bone of Scanderbeg; 'for perchance,' they said, 'there may thus be imparted to us some of that valor and skill which in him were invincible by the might of men.'" We present here the author's own version of the story.

SCANDERBEG renounced his Turkish allegiance. He drew the sleeve of his left arm, and gazed at a little round spot tattooed just above the elbow—the indelible mark of the Janizary.

"They who put it there said that by it I should remember my vow to the Padishah. I swear by thee, little spot, that I shall never forget it; nor them that made my child-lips take it, and taught me to abjure my father's name and my country's faith, and broke my will to the bit and rein of their caprice. It may be that some day I shall wash thee out in

damned Moslem blood. But patience! Bide thy time, Castriot!"

The league with a company of Albanian patriots; the secret midnight understanding with Hunyades, commandant of the Christian army; the assassination of the secretary of the Sultan, and the affixing of the seal to a document assigning Scanderbeg to the command in Albania; the campaign of the Balkans, in which the Turks were driven back to Adrianople, and the flight to Albania, followed.

Among the hamlets destroyed by the fleeing Turks was one near the Pass of Slatiza, where lived the peasant Milosch with his two boys—"not children of the cherubic type; rather, tough little knots of humanity, with big bullet heads thatched with heavy growths of hair, which would have been red had it not been bleached to a light yellow by sunshine and cloud-mists." They had a little playmate, Morsinia, the presumptive child of old Kabilovitch, a neighbor. There was a mystery over her life and that of her reputed father. When, later, General Hunyades saw her, he exclaimed: "A peasant's child? No, by the cheek of Venus! It took more than one generation of noble culture, high thought, and pure blood to mold such a face as that."

When the tide of battle had passed, the older of the two boys, Michael, could not be found. He was regarded as dead, and Constantine and Morsinia were rescued after exciting experiences. But Michael lived. He was captured by the Turks, and in accordance with their custom, being a sturdy youth, was sent to the Janizary school at Adrianople. By a systematic education the mind of the child was there perverted from its natural or inherited tendencies of thought, his native conscience was supplanted by maxims of utmost bigotry, and his will was forged into a bolt to be wielded by others. In the Janizary school Michael, whose Christian name was changed to Ballaban, became the friend of young Prince Mahomet, afterward the conqueror of Constantinople. Ballaban was the favorite of the Sultan, who rapidly advanced him through the grades of service until he became the captain of the Janizaries.

In the mean time Constantine became a soldier of promise under Scanderbeg in Albania. His resemblance to his brother

led to many a strange episode. Things utterly unaccountable to either of them constantly occurred, ranging from comedies to treasons.

Morsinia grew to glorious womanhood, and was known to Scanderbeg as the daughter of a noted Albanian house, in feud with the Voivode Amesa, who massacred her parents and supposed that he had exterminated the children; but the girl was saved by a forester, who fled with her to the Pass of Slatiza, where he assumed the name of Kabilovitch, and changed hers from Mara de Streeses to Morsinia. The suspicion that the identity of Morsinia was suspected by Amesa led to the seclusion of the little family in a village hidden away in the northern mountains of Albania. Here they were raided by the Turks, and from an almost complete massacre of the household Constantine escaped only to find that Morsinia had been captured. Following upon the track of the raiders and spying into their very camp, Constantine learned that the company was commanded by a Captain Ballaban; that he had a red head, and was summoned suddenly away upon another expedition. The knowledge of these things was sufficient for Constantine's quick-witted plan for the woman's deliverance. In the darkness of the night he assumed the rôle of the Moslem leader, whom he resembled, commanded the soldiers as to the disposition of the captive, and escaped with her to the fortress of Sfetigrade.

But Captain Ballaban fared less fortunately. He was accused of having neglected his command for dalliance with his beautiful captive. Then followed a Janizary court-martial, with its swift decisions and remorseless penalties. All evidence was against Ballaban. When the judge turned to him for his defense, he remained speechless. A shudder of horror ran through the crowd. The executioner stepped to the side of the apparently convicted man, and a slight ringing sound, as the long curve of the well-tempered blade grazed the ground, sent to every heart the chilling announcement of his readiness. The chief Aga turned to the others, but sought in vain for any palliatory suggestion or appeal for mercy, except in the mute agony of their looks. The chief then raised his eyes as if for the customary invocation of Allah's confirmation of the sentence, and made this strange prayer: "O Allah, Thou hast given to this

man a wondrous spirit—a courage worthy of the soul of Othman himself. A word from his lips would have exonerated him, yet he would not speak the word lest he reveal the secrets of our service. I am his witness. Every moment of Ballaban's absence from his command is accounted for on my tablets"—tapping his forehead as he spoke.

This was but one of many instances in which one of the brothers was taken for the other, each of which pictured some phase of Christian superstition or the strange customs of the people in that country.

At last Scanderbeg determined to send Morsinia to Constantinople, where she might be under the protection of the last of the Greek emperors, the ill-fated Palæologus. His Majesty was smitten with the beauty of his ward, and proposed marriage; but she declined his proposal, and devoted herself to the care of the soldiers and the cheer of the beleaguered populace. Her heroism was so inspiring that the people believed that in her an ancient traditional prophecy was fulfilled, and they raised the cry: "The Virgin Mary has come to be our deliverer!"

Constantine, who had accompanied Morsinia to the city, was assigned to a naval command in the Bosporus. In a daring attack upon the Turkish ships he was reported to have lost his life; but he was picked up by the enemy and brought into their camp. He was there presumed to be Ballaban, and narrowly escaped with his life as a deserter from the Moslem service. The favoritism of the Sultan, Mahomet II, for his old boyhood comrade devised an excuse for his release.

Ballaban himself, who had entered the city as a spy, was the victim of a similar misunderstanding. The jealousy of some of the admirers of Morsinia at the palace led them to plan the kidnaping of Constantine, whose guardianship of the lady was an obstacle to their purposes. As Ballaban, in the disguise of a Greek soldier, was walking near the hippodrome he was seized and thrust into the old water-vault that underlies a portion of the city. He made his escape, and while spying out the fortifications got a glimpse of Morsinia. He recognized the face of his old playmate at the Pass of Slatiza, and thenceforth he was consumed with a double passion—for military renown and to possess the woman.

When the Turks captured Constantinople by assault, Morsinia found refuge behind the pulpit in the Church of St. Sophia. Rather than fall into the hands of the victors, she was about to take her own life, but her lifted hand was stayed by Ballaban. The falling stiletto caught in the folds of her garment and then rang upon the marble floor of the chancel. Morsinia uttered a shriek and fell as lifeless for the moment as if the blade had entered her heart. The Janizary stood astounded, while a tide of feeling strange to him poured through his soul. For the first time in his life he felt a horror of war. Not thousands writhing on the battle-field could blanch his cheek with pity. But this voice rang through and through him, and rent his heart. Her cry had become the cry of his own soul, too. For the first time the Janizary realized the dignity of a woman's character. She had fallen beneath the stroke of a thought, a sentiment. The man's brain reeled with the shock of these tenderer and deeper feelings, coming, as they did, after the rage of battle. He felt himself falling; he grasped the altar-rail; he thought he had fainted; yet when he opened his eyes a soldier near him was in the same attitude of dragging a nun by her wrists as when he last saw them. Time had stood still in his pulses.

Mahomet, the conqueror, entered. "Take her to a harem!" was his command.

In the revelry that followed the occupation of Constantinople, Mahomet arranged for an exhibition of his new harem. As Morsinia stood before the Sultan she appeared in contrast with her half-naked and bejeweled sisters like a prophetess—some female Elijah before Ahab, surrounded by a household of Jezebels. Throwing back the yashmak, or long veil—the one Moslem costume she had willingly assumed after her capture—she gazed upon the tyrant with a look of amazed inquiry as to his meaning in summoning her to such a place.

"Sire, I have obeyed," she said, making an obeisance which in form was obsequious, but which she executed with such dignity that even the dull wit of the drunken monarch saw that she had not humbled herself before him by so much as the shadow of a thought.

"Disrobe her!" cried the Sultan.

Morsinia uttered a shriek, and fell as lifeless as if the blade had entered her heart (The Captain of the Janizaries)

Photogravure after an original painting made for this edition by H. A. Mathes

Morsinia uttered a shriek, and fell as lifeless as if the blade had entered her heart (*The Captain of the Janizaries*)

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The woman stepped back, as if to avoid the contact of her person with that of the black eunuch; but she threw off the feridje herself. If she had seemed a gloomy prophetess before, her appearance now would have suggested the apparition of Pudicitia, the goddess of modesty. Her gown of rich pearl-tinted cloth covered her shoulders; and, though opened upon the bosom, it showed there the thick folds of white lace that embraced the throat in a ruffle, and was clasped with a single gem, the cameo presented to her by the Greek emperor.

The bearing of the woman gave a temporary check to the abominable rage of the royal wretch, and recalled him to his better judgment. For it was a peculiarity of Mahomet that no passion or debauch could completely divert him from carrying out any plan he had devised pertaining to his imperial ambition. As certain musicians perform without the sacrifice of a note the most difficult pieces when too drunk to hold a goblet steadily to their lips, and as certain noted generals have staggered through a battle without the slightest strategic mistake, so Mahomet never lost sight of a political or military purpose he had formed. Sleeping or waking, in the wildest revelry and in the privacy of his unspeakable sensuality, that project blazed before him like a strong firelight through a haze.

"Take her away! Take her away!" said he to the eunuch, as he recollected his design of using this woman in his negotiations with Scanderbeg, who was foiling his projects in the west. He covered his retreat from his original command with the remark: "She is the woman that thinks. I want none such to put her head against my heart. For, by the secrets of Allah! if a hair of my beard knew one of my thoughts I would tear it out."

Morsinia was well guarded in the harem. Though men's eyes were not upon her, her eyes detected in the person of a strange officer who passed the latticed window a resemblance to Constantine. Believing Constantine to be dead, she identified the stranger as his brother Michael, and by the use of various devices she communicated with him. Ballaban's childhood memories, aided by an occasional glimpse of the Albanian beauty, led him to risk his loyalty to the Sultan by aiding in a project for her escape. The Sultan had ordered a boat-race

among the women of the harem. Ballaban plotted that Morsinia should break from the course as the boats turned where the Golden Horn meets the current of the Bosporus, and, taking advantage of the strong rush of the water, should flee southward. Morsinia played her part heroically; but the letter that indicated the point at which she would meet her rescuer fell into the hands of Constantine, whom the messenger had mistaken for the Janizary.

As lightly as a fawn the girl leaped to the beach, and her rescuer was at her side in an instant.

"Thank Heaven! And you are Michael?"

"Michael?" exclaimed the astounded man. "I am Constantine!"

Then followed a hazardous flight across Macedonia into Albania. Ballaban had in the mean time been sent secretly to Albania, and had induced Amesa to desert the standard of Scanderbeg. In the battle of Pharsalia the vast armies of the Sultan, under the famed Isaac Pasha, aided by the renegade Amesa, were utterly overthrown by the Albanian chieftain.

Amesa had been captured by the Albanians, but was nearly rescued by Ballaban, though the Janizary was ultimately foiled by the desperate fighting of an Albanian captain. Both were in complete armor, their faces concealed by the closed helmets. The two men seemed evenly matched, the same in stature and build. There was, too, a surprising similarity of movement, the very tactics of the Janizary being repeated by the Albanian; their swords now flashing like interlacing flames, the sharp ring as the Albanian smote upon the polished metal of his antagonist's armor answered by a duller thud as the Janizary's blow fell upon the thick leather that encased the panoply of his opponent. Then both stood as if posing for a sculptor, their sword-points crossed, their eyes glaring from beneath the visors, the slightest movement of a muscle anticipated by the other; then again the crash. They fell together, the Janizary having the advantage at the fatal moment.

"I cannot slay so valiant a man as you," said Ballaban. "You surrender?"

"I must," was the laconic response.

The Albanian threw up his visor, and Ballaban stared at the

face. It was as familiar as his own which he saw daily in the polished brass mirror.

Constantine's captor, of course, connived at his escape.

After the Albanian victory at Pharsalia, Morsinia—Mara de Streeses—came into her rightful possession.

Scanderbeg one day addressed her: "My dear child, you cannot dwell alone in your castle in these rude times. You need a protector who is loyal to Albania and to you. My duties elsewhere will prevent my rendering that service. May I then exercise a father's privilege?"—and he put her hand into that of Captain Constantine.

Morsinia was joyously received by her own people when she reoccupied the ancient castle of the De Streeses. As the sun was setting, the huge mass of the citadel rose like a mighty altar from the bosom of the gloom that had settled about its base. Slowly the shadow climbed its side, crowding the last bright ray until it vanished from the top of the parapet. At this instant Morsinia appeared. The citadel beneath her was as somber as the coming night, but her form was radiant in the lingering splendor of the departing day. As she raised her hand in response to the grateful clamor of her people, she seemed the impersonation of a benediction from heaven. As the sun dropped behind the western hill, veiling the glory of this apparition, the crowd made the very sky resound with their shouts, and then in the quick-gathering darkness went their many ways.

At the marriage of Constantine and Morsinia, a man, apparently decrepit with the weight of years, assumed the privilege of a venerable stranger on such occasions, and bowed to utter a happy prophecy. His head was covered with a close-fitting fur cap, which concealed his upper features. Straggling gray locks hung partly over his face and down his neck. As he spoke, Constantine started with amazement. The bride seemed strangely fascinated. This was the stranger's blessing:

"Allah ordains that these walls, consecrated to Justice, and inhabited by Love, shall from this day be guarded by Peace. Even the Moslem sword shall here be stayed."

The visitor bowed to the floor, touching with his lips the spot where Morsinia had been standing. Then, before the guests could fully comprehend the scene, he was gone. But

lying on the floor where he had bowed was a silken case, elegantly wrought, and on a piece of parchment, as fine as the silk itself, was written:

"My pledge to give my life for thine shall be kept whenever need requires it. Meanwhile, know that the Great Padishah, the rightful owner of Albania, has bestowed this castle upon me, Ballaban Badera, Aga of the Janizaries, who now in turn bestows it upon Mara de Streeses.

"MICHAEL."

For eleven years more the genius of Scanderbeg withstood the Turkish armies directed against him by the most famous generals of the age. Only one of these commanders ventured a second campaign against the great chieftain. Old Latin chronicles assign this distinction to the Janizary Ballaban Badera. From Thessaly northward over the land, poured the Moslem tide, but it stayed itself at the waters of Skadar; for, as if Fate had approved the prophecy of the aged stranger at the nuptials, the castle of De Streeses during all these terrible years looked down upon bloodless fields.

EDNA LYALL

(ADA ELLEN BAYLY)

(England, 1857–1903)

DONOVAN (1882)

This novel, begun while the author was abroad and in correspondence with Charles Bradlaugh, the English social reformer and atheist, was strongly influenced by his convictions. It was well received by the public, but aroused such bitter comment and discussion in both the High Church and secularist magazines that its career was checked until, two years later, the publication of its sequel, *We Two*, again brought the almost proscribed romance into prominence, and it has continued to be in popular demand. Like all the rest of the author's books, this one was written with a purpose, and one which must have been particularly dear to her heart; for when, years later, she presented to St. Saviour's Church, at Eastbourne, where she lived, three bells, she gave them the names of the chief characters in this story, Donovan, Gladys, and Dot.

HY is Donovan Farrant expelled?" asked Reynolds.

"Oh," said his companion, "there was a big row; the doctor was told that some of the boys had gambled, and Donovan said it was his fault, so he was blamed hard."

Reynolds, convinced that the affair had been exaggerated, crossed the playground to speak to Donovan, but before either of them could say much word came that Colonel Farrant was awaiting his son.

"Surely he will be lenient, and understand," urged Reynolds.

"Do you think I care for his anger; it is the disgrace I have brought upon him," exclaimed Donovan, as he went to meet the Colonel, whose kind greeting of "Dono, my poor boy," increased his remorse. Was it for this his father had returned after years of absence in India?

When they left the school, the Colonel proposed a short

journey before returning home. Donovan looked pleased, but remembering that his sister Dot was expecting him objected to the delay.

"That is all arranged," replied the Colonel, giving the boy a comforting little note from her.

That evening, as the older man sat alone, he wondered why Donovan had grown so cold and hard. If he had known of his son's life he would have understood. The boy was but three years old when his parents went to India, sending him to England, where he was delivered to Mrs. Doery, his grandparents' housekeeper. All through his strange, unhappy childhood he was chided by her for his questions, and was punished whenever he got into mischief. After his grandfather's death his cousin, Ellis Farrant, had assumed charge of affairs, and the night before the funeral service the boy had played his first game of *vingt-et-un* with him. Later, when Mrs. Farrant and her baby returned, Dot absorbed all his affection, for his mother bewildered him with her indifference. As he grew older he became interested in their new home and in arguments with his tutor, who styled himself an agnostic; for Donovan had little patience with his mother's conventional religion. More than all else did he enjoy occasional games at cards with Ellis. Afterward came the temptation at school.

The Colonel would gladly have learned of all this past; but as they journeyed onward a storm arose and he became grievously ill. In vain did Dr. Tremain, who was summoned to attend him, endeavor to prolong his life. He had time, however, to make a will bequeathing the bulk of his property to his son. Giving the document to the doctor with strict injunctions of silence, he died.

The physician, anxious to befriend the lonely boy, sent his wife to him. Won by her sympathy, Donovan told her of his disgrace, but on the arrival of his mother his reserve returned, for she reproached him cruelly. Ellis Farrant also came to the funeral, appearing sorrowful, but really rejoicing over his knowledge of what he supposed was the Colonel's only will, in which he had left all to his wife. Great, therefore, was Ellis's amazement when the doctor handed him the second will. Were his plans to be thus thwarted? The will must be destroyed. The

doctor and a maid-servant were the only witnesses. He lighted a fire and burned the document.

Mrs. Farrant returned to Oakdene Manor, where Donovan joined her, bringing Dot a dog, which at once got into a quarrel with his mother's dog, whereupon she upbraided him. Indignant, he rode over to Greyshot and, attracted by an advertisement, listened to Luke Raeburn on "The Existence of a God." Though truth and self-sacrifice were upheld, the lecture made Donovan an atheist.

Ellis Farrant soon began on his series of maneuvers by making himself necessary to Mrs. Farrant and by helping Donovan in his plans to go abroad. But as the boy thought of Dot's dependence on him he rejected his purpose as unworthy, and their intimacy deepened as the intercourse between him and his mother grew slighter. She wished him to attend church, and he declined to be a hypocrite. With the arrival of Adela, Ellis's sister, his moody silence lessened, yet it was only in Dot's room that he seemed bright, where for her sake he had brought a piano and had learned to play upon it.

Still the neighbors avoided him as dangerous. Even when the squire of the place, pleased at the lad's kindliness to a cat, invited him to his skating-park, his wife called her niece away from the boy. Donovan had understood and gone off. Then the ice had parted. Quickly he rescued a girl, and was saved himself in turn, but no one had thanked him and, though an old man, Mr. Hayes, had brought him into his little home for warmth, Donovan was too proud to tell anybody but Dot what had happened.

Somehow his self-sacrifice for Dot's sake did not make him happy. His nature was formed for great good or great evil. Whatever he did—nightly card-playing at the club or caring for his sister—he did thoroughly. Nor was all going well at the Tremains', for Stephen Causton, who was studying in the doctor's office, was careless and also was in love with the daughter, Gladys.

On the removal of the Farrants to London for the season, Adela startled Donovan by speaking of her fears for Dot. Greater still was his amazement at being told by Ellis that he was the happiest man in the city, when unexpectedly Donovan

saw him kneeling beside his mother. Realizing the boy's bitterness, Ellis quickly went out of the room, leaving explanations to the widow and muttering: "Young viper! We'll have a different interview when you are of age."

Ellis gone, the son implored his mother not to let it be, telling her he was mean and treacherous. She would not listen to him and yet, as he was leaving, called him back with the childish name of Dono, asking him to kiss her. Then he hurried to Dot's room.

"Oh, Dono, have you heard? Has Cousin Ellis told you?" she asked.

"Yes; I have said all I can; it is of no use."

"What shall I do?" moaned the child.

"Show her that you love her," replied her brother. And as she reasoned that it was harder for Donovan than for her, as he would have to give up all sorts of things, she welcomed her mother.

Mrs. Farrant was soon quietly married while her children were at the seashore. There they became acquainted with two old ladies, who urged them to regard the soul before considering the body.

"What does soul mean?" Dot asked her brother. "When we die, shall I have to leave off loving you? What will you do, if I don't live to be old?"

He soothed her, and she forbore to question him more, as it pained him.

On their return to Oakdene, they found Mrs. Doery installed as housekeeper, and a new nurse for Dot, which meant to her the opening of a new life in learning about the unseen. To Donovan her present happiness brought pain; heretofore he had been first in her heart. Now the teaching superseded him.

It was an unsatisfactory household. Ellis was not a man to be trifled with, and Donovan was not sensible. At last the storm broke.

"Do you recollect who I am?" demanded the cousin.

"My father's executor, and my guardian," the boy answered.

The words stung Ellis. What a guardian he had made! But the lad must be pacified until of age.

It was Christmas time, and Donovan inwardly rebelled at

its customs, all the more because Dot was growing weaker. He had given her a little clock, and had led the choir-boys to her window, that she might hear them sing. Nestling close to him, she told him she knew how much he had given up for her sake, and that, just as his love could not leave her, so the greatest love of all would not forsake them.

For a while she grew better, and then, when a dance was given, she became worse. "Oh, Dono," she gasped, "sometimes I think I never shall be comfortable again."

The dance was stopped. "She is dying," Donovan told Ellis, as his cousin persuaded his wife to go to her child for a moment, and, forgetting himself, implored Donovan not to give way.

"Oh, if she were out of pain," he answered, seizing Ellis's arm. "Here, you who believe in God, pray that she may die," and turning to the window he uttered his own prayer that Dot might die. When he returned to her she bade him repeat "Lead, kindly Light," and then asked God to comfort Dono and to let her still be near him. "Kiss me, Dono"—and in another moment he was alone in the world.

His grief bordered on madness. The night before the funeral he threw himself on the rug beside her closed coffin and fell asleep. At the grave it was her dog's whine and soft touch upon his hands that gave him courage to continue in life.

On coming of age, Donovan decided to study for the bar, and demanded an allowance. Ellis objected, and his stepson called him a scoundrel.

"My mother will not suffer it," he declared, and insisted on seeing her alone.

Ellis refused. As they entered her room, she asked helplessly what had happened, imploring Ellis not to be hard on the only child left to her. Even in the boy's excitement he rejoiced at her words; but her husband bade him leave the house. Stooping down, he kissed her, and, though Mrs. Doery was as indignant as he, Waif, Dot's dog, alone followed him.

He took the train to London, and soon made a fourth at whist with some chance companions. Later, when in despair at not finding help from his father's city friends, he met again his partner on the train, who introduced himself as Frewin,

saying that he and his father were usually called *Rouge et Noir.* Donovan went home with him, where gradually Rouge told the story of their lives, good times once, hard times ever after, his father a drunkard, his own imprisonment for a crime to which another man finally confessed, and his present profession of a gambler. Would Donovan join him?

In after years Donovan never admitted that he had taken the step unconsciously, but for his father's sake he gave merely his Christian name. Not long after his bargain, he saw Gladys Tremain in the park, unknown to her, and heard her mention someone as a man to be trusted. Once before he had also seen her in a crowded train, separated from her aunt, and had changed places with the older lady, to the girl's relief. Moved by her words, he wandered into his mother's garden, where often he had stayed with Dot, and decided that never again would he go out with Noir, for whose sake he had made a compact, swearing off drink for three months.

Soon both Donovan and his dog showed signs of the wretched life they led, until he became desperately ill, Rouge and Noir and a little servant-girl nursing him. Longing to see his mother, he scrawled a message to her, and raved of Dot. At last Rouge brought him a new nurse, Mrs. Doery.

"Did my mother send you?" he asked.

"Master sent me with orders to say nothing about it to mistress. He had your letter; she had not seen it."

Thanks to Mrs. Doery's care, he slowly recovered, even reading in her Bible, haunted by the beauty of Christ's self-sacrifice. And then he told Noir of the decision he had made before his illness. Noir, suspecting he could not change Donovan's purpose, proposed that first they should go to Monaco. Thence they went to Paris, where he won a fortune at baccarat. While wondering whether he were really better off than Berrogain, who had lost, Noir told him the Frenchman had gone off to commit suicide, leaving his wife in despair. Donovan hastened to her aid, finally tracing her husband to Bordeaux, whereupon he gave the woman a piece of paper, bidding her hold it for Berrogain.

"No, Monsieur," she exclaimed, "that is too good. Take it back, I implore you."

"Madame asks what is impossible." Hurrying away, he informed Noir that Berrogain was not ruined.

"You have let him off! How can you live? you care only for cards!"

"I know that, but I will not play again."

He quickly found Berrogain, and then set out for Liverpool, where the click of the billiard-balls attracted him inside of a saloon. He took up a cue, and won, only to drop the cue, push back the money, and hurry off. He realized the failure of his will. He pawned Dot's clock. "Better do that than be so false to myself," he said aloud, as he looked at her miniature, which seemed to say to him that love cannot die.

Yet he could not obtain work. Because he was an atheist, no charitable institution wanted him; in that lay his doom. Should he return to Greyshot, or write Mr. Hayes? He decided to walk to Plymouth, where he remembered an old friend of his father's. The mist grew thicker, and he carried Waif, lest he lose him. Another step, and he was up to his knees in a Dartmoor bog. "Well, Waif, as you say, we'll have a try; go find a man." The dog, with his master's hat in his mouth, tore off like the wind, while Donovan sank still deeper. He felt strangely indifferent. He counted the three buttons on his waistcoat as a gage to show how fast he was sinking. He thought of Dot—she was safe. The third button disappeared. By and by came a faint light; Waif came nearer; and two men pulled him out of the bog and led him to their farmhouse.

The next morning he set forth, only to learn again that there was no chance for him, a card-sharp. He slept out of doors, and woke with the name of Porthkerran in his mind. What if the Tremains should be absent? On the road he asked leave to warm himself by a blacksmith's forge, where a carriage soon stopped, a girl saying she could hold the horses. He knew she was Gladys Tremain. Averting his face lest he be recognized, he offered to hold the animals for her. When they were shod she put a sixpence in his hand, and was surprised to find that it was not roughened by hard work.

"I beg your pardon, I did not see," she stammered.

"Thank you," he replied, keeping the sixpence.

Gladys asked herself where she had seen him before.

She drove off, and Donovan walked on till a turn in the road brought him in sight of Gladys on the cliff, searching for her hat. He clambered down and seized it. Coming up, he slipped backward. Declaring he still could manage the ascent, he crawled up, staggered into her carriage, and became unconscious. He was carried into her house, and revived, protesting that he must not stay, as he had no money.

The doctor gainsaid all his objections, even when Donovan said he had been a card-sharp and was an atheist.

"Mrs. Tremain, don't you remember me?" he said at last.

"Mr. Farrant?" she answered, perplexed. If so, why was he penniless?

Not till some time afterward did he tell them his story, which awoke the doctor's sense of responsibility. How should he lead the boy to God? Love must do that.

"Do you know, father," Gladys said to him, "that I have seen Mr. Farrant before? It was he who helped me in the train."

Then there must have been some good in him, mused the doctor.

At first Mrs. Farrant had shrunk from the boy as being an atheist. Now she loved him better for his poverty of soul and body. As he grew stronger, the doctor determined to reveal to him his stepfather's treachery.

"Are you sure that villain played me false?" gasped the young man, quickly planning what should be done, as Dr. Tremain set out for Oakdene.

Ellis listened quietly, but scorned the idea of producing the will. As the doctor still pleaded for the boy's illness and poverty, Adela entered, and, though she besought her brother to allow him three hundred pounds a year, she could not persuade him to send more than fifty half-yearly.

"Tell my boy how I love him," interposed his mother, drawing a ring from her finger for the doctor to give him.

Donovan listened without comment to the doctor's account until his mother's words were repeated and he held the ring. "Poor mother, I fear she is not happy; I need not accept the money."

"You had better do so," returned the doctor, "and try to enter the hospital."

And thus it was finally arranged, and that he should room with Stephen Causton. Speedily did Donovan redeem Dot's clock and once more go to Porthkerran, meeting on the way Gladys's brother. Fearing that his presence acted as a restraint on the family, he withdrew into the garden, where Gladys found him.

"Don't blame me for going off; I am always shut out of things," he told her.

Then did she know she loved him, but also that she had not betrayed herself.

"I hope there are not many Fedalmas in the world," she involuntarily exclaimed one afternoon as he read to her *The Spanish Gipsy*. Controlling himself, he answered calmly, but knew that for her sake he ought to leave, an invitation from Mr. Hayes giving him excuse for his sudden departure.

Afterward, in his lodgings, he and Stephen grew embittered toward each other; yet, wanting to protect Stephen, Donovan followed him into a saloon, where the marker's face reminded him of the blacksmith, who had urged him to find his son. Giving the man his card, he induced Stephen to leave with him. Soon afterward, for the same reason, he went with him to the races, where in meeting Rouge he lost sight of the boy, only to find him on the ground unconscious and hurt. He hurried him to the hospital, telegraphing Dr. Tremain.

Without telling a downright lie, Stephen allowed all the blame to fall on Donovan, and the case seemed against him, for the doctor had also found Rouge drunk in the boy's lodging, not knowing that Donovan was sheltering the old man for the sake of his son, who had been obliged to leave the country. Remembering, however, Gladys's faith in Donovan, the doctor asked him whether it was because he had misled Stephen that he did not go to Porthkerran in the summer.

"I can explain nothing," Donovan answered, as he already had answered Gladys.

For her sake he had been silent and had bidden her good-by that she might love Stephen. This he could not tell to her father. Better for her sake to persist in silence now.

Fortunately, at this crisis he had found a new friend in Brian Osmond, a fellow-student, who had become interested in him because Donovan, after consenting, had declined to play cards with him. And a little later, when Donovan attended a woman taken with a fit in church, he had found that the preacher was Brian's father. As an atheist, Donovan had been wronged by Christians, and this man had preached of forgiveness. Must he therefore forgive Stephen, who had just been in his room, meddling with his papers? Still later, Brian had guessed Donovan's secret by the change in his face on suddenly seeing Gladys at a meeting.

"Has she refused you?" he asked.

"Do you think I am fit to ask her to be my wife?" returned Donovan, ignorant that she already had refused Stephen, surprised and hurt that he should have asked her.

Returning home one evening not long afterward, the old Captain told Donovan that a child had been there asking for him. Soon she came again, saying that her father wanted him and had given her his address on a card, the one he had handed Trevethen's son. Donovan found him so sick that he took him to the hospital, while his little girl was sheltered at the Osmonds' until the father and child went home to the blacksmith's.

Adela, who also had sought Donovan at his rooms, realized as they chatted together that life had brought him a surprising knowledge of good and evil. How greatly he really had changed was evident that summer in his talks with Osmond as they walked through Wales. The rector insisted that forgiveness could have been taught by Christ only. Donovan asked for proof.

Thus discussing, Donovan suddenly met Ellis Farrant. Ellis recovered himself first, trying to appear easy. Donovan bade him be silent, and the man hurried away. Then came a struggle in Donovan's mind.

"What would Christ have done just now?" he asked Osmond.

"What would your father have done?" replied the rector.

Little time now intervened before Donovan's final examination, when his mother came to him, telling him her husband had smallpox and she could not remain with him. At once her son renounced his plans and assumed care of Ellis Farrant.

The man was delirious, talking of a paper which Donovan wanted but which Ellis had burned. As the fever abated, he grew dependent on Donovan and wondered at his goodness in coming to him. At last he gave him a paper, bidding him keep it, as without it he would not get his rights; and soon afterward, asking him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the man died.

The five years that had passed since Gladys and Donovan were together had wrought little change in her outwardly, for she still held to her faith in him, now strengthened by the recital of the blacksmith's son of what Donovan had done for him. This she told her father, who, in turn, closely questioned the man, bringing out a strange reversal of fact. Then he summoned Stephen, who confessed the truth, but laid all the blame for what had happened on Gladys's lack of love for him. The doctor, indignant, hastened to London, and craved Donovan's forgiveness for past suspicions, adding: "Can you tell me now why you did not come to us?"

"Now I can—because I loved your daughter—and if she had grown to love me—it was right for me to go away. I hoped you all would forget me."

"And Gladys was the one that told me from the first that I was wrong. Come back now," pleaded the doctor.

"If Gladys can love me, then I will come."

"She must speak for herself," said her father.

They set out together for Porthkerran, finding Gladys in the schoolroom. Donovan told her how he had come back, and she told him she had always loved him, sure that the light would come to him.

"Oh, Gladys, how glorious life is! What a grand old working-place the world is!"

"Home at last," said Mrs. Tremain, as the whole family gathered on the porch to welcome Donovan.

MAARTEN MAARTENS

(JOOST MARIUS WILLEM VAN DER POOTEN-SCHWARTZ)

(Holland, 1858)

GOD'S FOOL (1892)

This author writes either in Dutch or in English with equal ease. To this story, his masterpiece, he gives a motto unique and original: "There was a man once a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and the people came and stood about his corpse." "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said indignantly, "and he kicked it." The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the goal," he said.

HENDRIK LOSSELL'S brougham stood in front of a lonely house surrounded by gardens, just outside the town of Koopstad. The door of the house was thrown open and a man rushed out and into the dark carriage, and threw the word "home" at the coachman as he banged the door.

Chris, the coachman, on the way heard the carriage-latch softly drawn, and when he drew up to his master's lighted house, the carriage was empty. Scrambling to his seat, he drove back over the route, and when he was nearly opposite the house in front of which he had waited he met an excited crowd. When they recognized whose coachman he was they hung back. He demanded to know where his master was, and one of them told him that in the house yonder a man lay murdered.

Elias Lossell, the fool, blind and deaf, sat alone in his room. Thirty years before he was a little golden-haired boy of six, whose father was the great merchant prince and town councilor, Hendrik Lossell, who had married the only daughter and heiress of old Elias Volderdoes, of Koopstad, a place ten

minutes from Amsterdam. Hendrik Lossell was taken into the firm of Volderdoes Zonen, tea-merchants, incorporated; and when he had learned the mysteries of money-making wholesale old Volderdoes died, which fact his son-in-law accepted as a personal favor. When the little Lossell was born they called him Elias for his grandfather. He was a beautiful, strong, healthy child of two when his grandfather died, and when he was five years old his mother died. Within a year his father married again, and in the course of time twin boys were born, and the three children grew up fond of each other.

When Elias was nine years old, Hubert, one of the twins, in mischief pushed a heavy flower-pot from the edge of the nursery balcony down on his happy, upturned face. When Elias recovered he was incurably deaf. As soon as he was able he was taught the deaf-and-dumb alphabet; but the little boy appeared hopelessly stupid and shortly afterward he became suddenly blind, but not irretrievably so. The great specialists all agreed that the danger lay in the brain. So Elias was sent away with his old nurse Johanna, who learned to talk to him on her fingers, and for two months the boy lived in happiness, but then the light went out of his eyes once more, and it never returned.

Hendrik Lossell could not bring the poor little human wreck into his home. The boys fled in terror from the silent little figure, and their mother accepted his presence as something that must be borne, but should be of short duration. Lossell arranged that Elias, Johanna, and servants should all live together in a little villa out of the town, where his father went to see him daily, his stepmother often, and the twins occasionally.

By the sense of feeling, when the alphabet was spelled out against his cheek, Elias could understand everything that was said to him; and like all astute deaf and blind persons, he could feel at once and recognize the presence of those he loved. He grew to be six feet two, with a chest like a drum and a voice like a trumpet, but with a brain that refused to work. When he was twenty-five, his father died and Hendrik, Junior, though only nineteen, took his place. On the night of his father's death Hendrik went through his father's papers, and found, on reading the wills—his father's and Elias's grandfather's—that Elias was the only rich member of the family; that the whole

vast property belonged to him. The blind idiot was the head of the firm.

The capital had been divided, shortly before the old man's death, into one hundred shares of ten thousand florins each. Of these shares, five only had been allotted to Hendrik Lossell, while the remaining ninety-five had remained the property of Elias Volderdoes, the head of the firm. These ninety-five shares the old man left to his grandchild and godson Elias, with express stipulation that they were forthwith to be registered in his name. And it was directed that, if the boy's mother were to die while he was under age, all profits resulting from these shares were yearly to be invested to the said boy's advantage, after deduction of fifteen per cent. by the father. The money was to remain thus tied up as long as the child was under guardianship or curatorship of any kind, and alterations could only be made when he was able to make them of his own free will.

Hendrik sent at once for the notary and for Mynheer Alers, a lawyer. Mynheer Lossell's papers showed that he had not left enough money to pay his debts. Hendrik suggested that his mother repudiate the inheritance, but she knew Hubert never would consent. She reminded Hendrik that Elias was now of age and under no one's control, and could help them. Hendrik said that depended upon the question whether Elias was crazy or not.

Alers was a distant cousin (all Koopstad was related), and he reminded Hendrik of the will and how necessary it was that Elias should be considered sane, and the public made to believe that his brain was clear and well able to look after his business interests; and he left him with a suggestion to find out from Elias what price he would take for his business. Until then it never had occurred to Hendrik that it would be far simpler to let Elias give him the money, instead of taking it from him. He could be made to sell the business to his brothers for a mere song. Alers could draw up the new deed, which Elias would sign of his own free will.

Hendrik walked to his father's office and found Hubert already there, apparently expecting him. Hubert told Hendrik that they must save the old house; that Elias must pay his father's debts and support their mother, so that no one should

know that she had less money than formerly. Elias owed that to his father's memory. Hendrik, fearful of his brother's integrity, agreed, and Hubert persuaded Hendrik to swear with him to maintain the firm in its greatness, and to keep to the sacred trust of Elias. Hubert, in his earnestness, did not notice that he swore for both. They visited Elias and made the desired arrangements.

Meantime, Alers was spreading a report that Elias was quite capable of attending to his business; that blindness and deafness did not make a man idiotic.

According to the Dutch law, when the twins reached their twentieth birthday they were declared prematurely of age. The five shares belonging to the old merchant were sold to Elias at a good sum, and thus the twins were excluded from a share in the business, which now belonged exclusively to Elias, who was made by law a sleeping partner, the twins being taken into partnership and assuming all the responsibilities between them. A final agreement was made that the partners could buy up shares when they had money to pay for them, at a price to be fixed by consulting with experts. Elias had absolute control of his great wealth, which was invested in government securities, and the business was looked after by the notary and his brothers. His old friend and physician, Dr. Pillenaar, said he could be guided to sign his name and made to understand, at least for the time being, all that was said to him.

Elias's stepmother died shortly after the death of her husband, and Hubert went to Shanghai, in the interests of the house.

A few months later Hendrik announced his engagement to his cousin, Cornelia Alers, the lawyer's sister, who was several years older and several times larger than Hendrik. Marriage was for Cornelia a financial necessity; and her brother Thomas, by deceiving Hendrik into believing that Cornelia had drawn a lottery prize, brought about the engagement, although Cornelia never knew of the deception. When Hendrik learned how he had been tricked he repudiated Alers, but, convinced of Cornelia's innocence, he married her.

Cornelia insisted upon entertaining royally, and this occasioned heated family jars, as the aim and end of Hendrik's ex-

istence was to save sufficient money to buy out the shares of the sleeping partner and become head of the firm.

Thomas Alers was not a welcome visitor at his sister's house. He suggested many schemes of investment which Hendrik refused to consider. Immediately after one of these refusals Cornelia told her husband what she intended to spend. At first he accused her of being in league with her brother to have him take Elias's money and use it as his own. Hot words passed between them, but Hendrik became convinced that she knew nothing about her brother's schemes. He finally told her the reason of his saving; and she said she would contract no debts for three years if he would give her a carriage and a moderate sum for entertainments. He agreed.

Meantime Elias was allowed to visit several poor families, who looked on him as a God-sent benefactor. One of his *protégés*, who was ill, wished to see Elias again before he died, and Johanna sent him with John, the butler. On the way back Elias said he was tired, and John, who had been having a flirtation with a barmaid, took Elias to the gin-shop to rest, while he went to the kitchen to see his sweetheart. There Elias was left alone, save for a tramp, named Jop, who was deaf and dumb, and whom Elias had benefited. He could read the motion of the lips, and knew the dumb alphabet. They talked together, and here Elias for the first time learned of dire poverty and starvation. This so excited him that when he returned home Johanna could not quiet him, and she was obliged to call in Dr. Pillenaar. Elias wished his father's notary sent for, that he might give away all his money. Hendrik also was sent for. Elias was in a fury of excitement and demanded that they should give him his money, so that he might give it to the cold and hungry. The notary told Hendrik that if the mood continued they should be obliged to appoint curators.

Hendrik sent for Alers, who advised him to see more of Elias, instead of neglecting him; to learn the alphabet, so that he might have direct communication with him, and on no account to allow him to be pronounced insane. He told Hendrik to tell him that he would see that his money was given to the poor. At this juncture Hubert wrote that he was coming home with his English wife (whom he had married several years before)

and his children. But this Hendrik and his legal adviser prevented for two years.

Meantime Hendrik gave Elias interesting details about his colony of poor people, and Elias grew quite fond of Hendrik for his goodness.

By the subtle help of Cornelia's lavish entertainments, Hendrik became Town Councilor. The three-years' compact with her husband had expired, and on his refusing to take her into his confidence about his affairs she informed him that she would give him six months more to make a fortune, at the end of which time she warned him she would spend without restriction.

Just at this time Hubert returned with his English wife and their four children. His wife's kind heart went out in a great wave of sympathy to Elias, with whom she and the children spent a portion of each day; and they learned to speak with Elias, much to Hendrik's annoyance when he learned of this intimacy.

Hendrik's speculations had so involved him that he used a vast amount of Elias's money, which he hoped to replace before it was discovered. Disaster was so imminent, and the need of money was so urgent, that Alers proposed that the date of the deed of the power of attorney be changed. Hendrik's horror at this suggestion was genuine. Alers said he was only jesting and that he would take the document to Linx and see whether its validity could not be prolonged. They agreed that it was impossible to get Elias to sign anything more, on account of Hubert. Hubert's wife had told Elias the story of Christ, and he told Hubert that he thought he was like Christ in giving up his wealth to the poor as he had done with Hendrik's help. This was the first inkling Hubert had of the way Hendrik had kept his trust, and he demanded of Hendrik to know how much he had stolen from his blind brother. Hubert then learned enough of the state of affairs to insist that medical authorities should pronounce Elias insane, so that curators should be appointed, and thus Elias's fortune would be saved from future thieving. Hubert demanded that it be done immediately. Hendrik asked for a few days' delay, and in bravado told his brother to go to Amsterdam and examine the Great Book.

Hubert offered his wife's fortune to Hendrik, to make up the deficit, and tried every way to help him to think of an honest way to replace the money, which Hendrik confessed had been spent in speculating.

Hubert went at once to Dr. Pillenaar to tell him about having Elias pronounced insane. This excited the doctor's suspicion, and he told Hubert the extent of Hendrik's wild speculations, which involved millions of money. Hubert then went to Amsterdam to see whether Elias's government securities in the Great Book of the national debt were still intact. He learned that Hendrik had drawn out, through Alers, half a million of Elias's money and that very morning Alers, with power of attorney, had applied for a million more; but, because of a slight inaccuracy not noticed before in the signature, he was refused.

Hubert caught the next train to Koopstad, and while he was nearing the city Hendrik learned of the depths to which Alers had brought him. He demanded to see the power of attorney, and at once discovered that the document was not the one he had given to Alers. It was a forgery.

"It is a felony," said Hendrik. "How could you, a lawyer, commit such a crime?"

"How could you, a Right Worshipful, rob your idiot brother of his money? That, too, is a crime, if you come to bandy such irritating words."

Hendrik rushed down-stairs and into his carriage. Alers rushed after him, and as the carriage drove away he said: "I must have that paper back to-night, even if I kill him to get it!"

An hour later Hendrik's carriage—with Linx, the notary, inside, and the lame cobbler employed by Linx on the box beside Chris—pulled up before Elias's house. Johanna let them in, and inquired if they were the gentlemen that were expected Monday, as that was the day set for the examination of Elias's sanity. Hendrik explained who the gentlemen were, and they all went up at once to Elias, who was sitting alone in the light of a wood-fire, playing spillikens in the dark.

Hendrik explained to Elias why they were there. Then he asked the notary to make haste to get the deed properly signed. Hendrik lighted two candles on the mantel and sat down beside Elias and began speaking upon his hand. The notary interrupted

him to say that he would read the document aloud for the witnesses first. When the reading was half through, Hendrik went to the door and surprised Johanna listening. He ordered her away, asked her if she didn't trust him with his own brother, and banged the door in her face. Johanna, fearing that some harm was brewing for her beloved charge, instructed John to stay within call and went surreptitiously for Hubert. Hendrik resumed talking to Elias; but suddenly the cobbler said:

"The gentleman is not telling it right. I know the alphabet. He is telling the gentleman that some gentlemen are coming to see him, if he will write and get them to come."

This was followed by further exposure, and the notary, mystified, refused to draw up the deed. He left in Hendrik's carriage which took him as far as the city gates. Hendrik remained alone with Elias, who asked him why he had deceived him about his poor people. Hendrik only laughed aloud.

Elias told him Hubert had said that the money must not be given away, and he added: "But you shouldn't have lied to me about it. And I thought I was like Christ."

Hendrik did not answer.

"Why don't you answer me?" cried Elias angrily. "Hendrik, is it true that you are harming Volderdoes Zonen?"

Still there was no answer.

"Who is there?" screamed Elias suddenly, starting from his seat. "There is somebody in the room besides Hendrik. Why, it isn't you, is it?"

But someone—or something—struck him a violent blow on the forehead, and sent him tumbling back into his chair.

When Hubert got home at a quarter past eight, he found Johanna waiting for him. He told her to go into the next room; and as he passed the clock he said: "Twenty minutes past eight; I came back by the eight-seven." Then he inquired anxiously whether anything were the matter with Elias. Johanna told Hubert her fear, and he assured her that she had done right and he would return with her.

Johanna demurred that the gentlemen had come at half-past seven, and she feared they would be gone; but Hubert asked her what could happen to Elias, with Hendrik there.

Hubert was about to set out when the door-bell was rung violently, and Elias's coachman burst into the room with the news that Mynheer Hendrik was lying murdered in Elias's room. Hubert sank into a chair, with his face in his hands; when he lifted it his eyes were misty with horror. He looked toward his wife and said but one word: "Alers."

When Elias came to himself and realized that he had been struck, he was in a fury of rage and struck madly in return, hitting the candles, then at Hendrik, whom he struck repeatedly, and realized that his brother offered no resistance, but sank away to the ground. Elias paused and tried to raise Hendrik's head, and then broke into loud cries, which brought John from the kitchen, who found that the fallen candle had set fire to the rug, Hendrik was lying dead on the floor, and Elias, his splendid eyes blazing into space, his face distorted, was kneeling beside him. The police were summoned, and Hubert was sent for and came back with Johanna. Elias was in a state of apathy; no one dared to speak to him except Johanna, who put him to bed. In the middle of the night he woke and remembered. The next morning everyone knew that Hendrik Lossell had been murdered by his mad brother.

Hubert declared to the officials that he believed Elias to be innocent, and advised them to question the servants as to who were with the two brothers, as they were not alone. John confessed that after he had let the three gentlemen go up a fourth came and inquired whether Hendrik Lossell were there. The gentleman had tipped John heavily; and, although it was against orders, John had allowed him to go up to Elias's room. He had let the other gentlemen out a few minutes earlier, and they had driven away in Lossell's carriage. When the other gentleman came, the carriage had not returned; John did not know the man. Hubert frankly said that he suspected Alers. The police, ashamed of their stupidity, arrested Alers very quietly; no one knew of it; it was thought that he had gone on a trip. Hubert told his wife that he always thought it would prove to be Alers, and he said that if Hendrik had lived a day longer he would have ruined them all. As it was, Elias was saved and so was Volderdoes Zonen.

Johanna, finally able to arouse Elias, asked him to tell why

he should have done such an awful thing. His explanation was simple. Hendrik had struck him. He had struck back, and killed him. But she was not satisfied. She wished Elias to explain how he came by the knife. "What knife?" asked Elias, being as if wakened from a sleep. She explained how the knife, taken from his supper-plate in the passage, had been found in Hendrik's back, driven through his heart. Elias repeated the word "knife" several times, and then lapsed into a silence from which he refused to be roused. The doctors all agreed that it was evidently a case of homicidal mania. Dr. Pillenaar didn't believe a word of it. The police were at work on their case. Alers of course declared himself innocent. That was to be expected. It was quite simple except for one difficulty.

Chris, who had returned to his station by the front door after Alers had entered the house, swore to having seen his master's shadow move rapidly across the shade a few minutes subsequent to what he believed to have been the lawyer's departure. While the carriage was waiting a man had come out of the house, and it was after this that Chris saw the shadow. But then his testimony was not to be depended upon, he had declared that his master had come out and ordered him to drive home, as he got into his carriage.

Late that evening the richest man in Koopstad asked that Hubert be sent for the next morning, before the other gentlemen came to examine him. The next morning Hubert came and went at once to Elias. On being assured that they were absolutely alone and that the door was shut, Elias asked in a whisper:

"Hubert, why did you take the knife?"

Not waiting for an answer, he hurried on with his story—how he remembered all about it; how there was someone in the room when he was struck. But he didn't recognize it to be Hubert, and when he woke after the blow, he knew Hubert was there. He could not remember that Hubert was in the room when he struck back; and when Johanna spoke of the knife he thought it must have been Hubert who used it. But he could not understand why Hubert had killed him, as Johanna had said that it was the knife that killed him, for he (Elias) had killed him, too.

Hubert saw again the whole horrible scene. He saw himself catch the earlier train as it was moving out of the Amsterdam station. He noticed when he reached Koopstad that it was not quite half-past seven, and so he decided to go to Elias's at once, before he was put to bed, and get information about the validity of the document that had been used at Amsterdam before he should demand a final explanation of Hendrik. On the way out he met a carriage; but the mist was so great that he did not recognize it as Hendrik's returning with the notary and the cobbler. On reaching the house he let himself in with a latch-key, as was his custom, and, seeing a light in Elias's room, he went up, but stopped on the landing, arrested by the voices of Hendrik and Alers, who were quarreling violently. Thus he discovered the infamy of the forged power of attorney, which Hendrik, driven to bay, was determined to use within an hour, so that the shares he had involved in speculation should be his. But Hubert had not known that when Alers left the house he carried the forged document with him.

After Alers left Hubert confronted his brother. Elias was lying motionless in his chair. Hubert upbraided Hendrik, and Hendrik laughed and told his brother that he was going to be rich in spite of him; that he was going that minute to the notary, and he started for the door, passed by the window (it was this shadow that Chris had seen), and then sat down to tie a shoe-lace. While he was in this position Hubert stabbed him in the back with the knife that he had caught up from the dumb-waiter in the passage. He had stabbed him in the name of justice, and as an avenger. Hubert then fled from the house, knowing full well that suspicion would fall on Alers, as no one knew of his (Hubert's) presence. To avoid suspicion, he must return to town in time to reach home as if he had just arrived by the eight o'clock train. His acquaintance in Amsterdam could testify that he had not left him in time to catch the earlier train. To accomplish this, he jumped into Hendrik's waiting carriage and, under cover of the mist, slipped out of the carriage and, taking a car, found himself at home even before Alers reached his. Hubert did not count upon Elias regaining consciousness before he left and recognizing him. He knew Elias never would know Alers.

When Elias regained consciousness he had struck the dead body of Hendrik, and thus at first believed himself to be the murderer. When the knife was mentioned, then Elias knew it was Hubert who must have inflicted that wound, because he was the only one in the room then. As Hubert listened to Elias, he decided to deny his charge of murder, as his work was to restore the firm to its former greatness and look after Elias's property, and so he was dumb. He tried to deceive Elias, but it was futile. Elias said:

"It was you who came yesterday and killed him. I shall not tell anything about your coming to anybody. Never. And Johanna declares they are always satisfied with one man. But I shall say: 'Gentlemen, it was I who killed my brother; I was angry with him for striking me. You must lock me up.'"

Elias stood erect by the fireplace. At his feet lay the hideous stain on the carpet, of which he was unconscious. At that moment he saw only the brother who had wronged him in his childhood, whose face he never had beheld since it had outgrown its early infancy. His eyes were blazing with light.

"I wish you had spoken to me and told me you had done it, and were sorry," he said, as he straightened his stately figure, and then, resuming immediately, unconsciously, the slight stoop of his blindness, he walked across the room with even step, and, opening the door and softly closing it behind him, went down to meet his judges.

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

(United States, 1866)

GRAUSTARK (1900)

This romance of modern times has been the most popular of all the novels by this author, and has appeared in many editions. It was dramatized for the American stage. We present here the author's own version of the story.

R. GRENFALL LORRY stepped on the eastbound train at Denver with gloomy forebodings over the solitary twenty-five hundred miles before him; but he hadn't a dull moment after he stumbled against a lady in the passageway. He apologized, and their eyes met. This was the beginning.

Lorry was barely thirty, rich, a man of leisure, and a great traveler. His income had withstood the Maison Dorée and a *dahabiyeh* on the Nile, and his enthusiasm survived.

He next saw the young lady in the dining-car with two elderly companions—a stately man with square chin and gray moustache, and a white-haired woman with a distinguished air. They wore smart but foreign-looking traveling-gowns. The young woman's eyes passed over Lorry without seeming to see him.

Lorry interviewed the porter, who told him they were foreigners, hastening to New York. The man was "Uncle Caspar," the lady was his wife; and there were two servants. The porter parted with an odd coin the young lady had given to him, telling him it was worth seventy cents in her country, when Lorry gave him a dollar for it.

Lorry had always been rather successful in his advances toward young women, and had no lack of boldness. But this

young lady rather awed him. As he passed her seat in the car he contrived to drop his odd coin; and in assisting him she found it, and uttered a joyous "Oh!" Then she regained her chilly reserve, as she dropped it into his hand. Afterward he saw "Uncle Caspar" examining him critically through a monocle.

An accident led to delay in the mining region of the Alleghenies and Lorry heard the conductor tell the young lady they would be there half an hour. She then left the train and walked down the street, while he followed at a respectful distance. Suddenly a whistle sounded, and although Lorry was a good runner, the train pulled out and he and the young lady were left. She distractedly offered a thousand dollars if they could catch the train.

"There is only one way," said Lorry, and he telegraphed to the next station to delay the train. Then he secured a ramshackle stage and made a bargain with the driver.

Soon the pair were being rattled at a breakneck rate over the rough mountain road. At his suggestion, the lady steadied herself against the rough jolts by clinging to his arm, while he hung to a strap. But despite this Lorry, in one terrific jolt, cracked his head so that it bled. They were hardly strangers after this exciting ride. He learned that his fellow-passenger was from Graustark, and that she adored that unknown spot.

They reached the train, and Lorry was profusely thanked by her relatives. They attended to his wounded head, and the young lady invited him to their table in the dining-car, where Uncle Caspar formally presented his wife and his niece. They were Guggenslockers! This gave Lorry a chill. Miss Guggenslocker checked Uncle Caspar as he was about to tell Lorry where Graustark was; but he learned one thing, that Miss Guggenslocker had given the coin to the porter for telling her his name!

"I felt you were my ideal American, you see," she explained; "the kind we read about in books—big, strong, bold, and comely."

Lorry was deeply impressed. But Miss Guggenslocker—what a name! Nevertheless Lorry was devoted to this regally capricious young beauty until the Guggenslockers left Washington to go to New York. As they parted at the station, she said: "You must come to Edelweiss, in Graustark, to see me."

"I will. By heaven, I will!" he exclaimed. Later, he even went to New York after parting from them in Washington, to see whether they got off all right. To his stupefaction he could discover no Guggenslockers on the *Kaiser Wilhelm!* As he saw it pulling out, lo! she was there; she recognized him, and in his wild delight he threw a kiss to her. It was madness. A moment's delay, and both her beautiful hands seemed to return him a kiss from her smiling mouth.

Mr. Grenfall Lorry was very restless for weeks after this episode, all through the summer and into the autumn. Then his physician said he was bordering on nervous prostration and ordered him to Europe. Lorry began to rally at once.

In Paris he ran across Harry Anguish, a warm college friend, and their old regard revived. He told his friend of Graustark and the ineffable Miss Guggenslocker. They then learned that Graustark was a small principality in the east of Europe, which was actually on the map!

"Let's go there! It will be a lark," said Anguish. In less than a week they were at the Regengetz in Edelweiss. It was a quaint town. From the head of Castle Avenue they could see the royal palace, nearly a mile away. The town climbed the mountain, and they were told of a monastery on its summit, seven thousand feet high, far away from the warm loveliness of the valley. But no one could tell them of any Guggenslockers, not even the Chief of Police, the short, fierce Baron Dangloss.

They were strolling leisurely toward their hotel, when suddenly Lorry gasped:

"Harry! There! In that carriage! On this side!" It was Miss Guggenslocker and a young woman almost as beautiful, in a superb carriage, with gold and silver mounted harness and flunkies in brilliant uniforms. She saw Lorry was agitated, blushed and bowed, as they whirled on. The two men had hardly reached the Regengetz when a mounted aide brought a note for Lorry in which "Sophia Guggenslocker" said a messenger would call for him at three the next day.

They sallied forth and visited the palace grounds, by permit, and a guide conducted them through the part to which the public was admitted. After dinner they strolled about until

eleven, when the city was asleep and few lights were visible. They threw themselves down near the castle wall in the shadows to smoke.

Suddenly they heard steps, then voices, and soon found they were hearing the details of a plot to abduct the Princess from the castle that night. A man called Michael was the leader. Trembling with excitement, when the conspirators had withdrawn Lorry proposed that Anguish and he should balk this infamous attempt on the unconscious Princess. There were only a few in the plot, and they had their pistols and clubs. They embarked on the scheme and were so successful that Lorry actually found himself an hour later in the Princess's antechamber.

Someone spoke. Was it the Countess Dagmar, her companion? He had to take some step or all would be lost.

"Do not utter a sound or I shall kill you. Be calm, and I will explain my presence here," he whispered.

There was a silence. Then he briefly set forth the plot, and explained that he was there only to save the Princess.

"How can I trust you?" came in a whisper from the bed.

"Take this revolver and kill me if I attempt the slightest injury," he answered.

He stood in a beam of moonlight as he gave it to her, and the lady grasped the pistol. Then she said:

"I am the Princess. Where is Dannox?"

"He is one of the conspirators. There are four others. Can you not conceal yourself in some secret part of the room? You must be quick. I will protect you. I swear it!"

"I will see whether I can call the Countess," she replied.

He heard her move across the floor and open a door; and in the light from it he recognized—Miss Guggenslocker!

"My God!" he gasped. "You! You! The *Princess*?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Sh!" They slipped behind a curtain, for someone was entering the room. A second figure followed. The two bent to prepare the chloroform, when Lorry sprang forward.

"Here, Harry!" he yelled. "Throw up your hands, or you are dead men."

The room was suddenly flooded with light, and he felt a

stinging blow across the neck. As he sank helplessly down he heard the Princess wail:

"Dannox! Do not strike again! You have killed him!"

There was a pistol-shot, something heavy crashed down beside him, and he heard Harry Anguish cry: "Dannox, that settles you, damn you!"

In four hours, Lorry awoke to find himself in bed, and his friend and the Princess at his side.

"You were very brave—oh, *so* brave!" she whispered. "My American—" and she floated away.

Harry Anguish told him the tale. Dannox had turned on the lights and hit Lorry with a club, then Anguish shot Dannox dead. They had taken all the conspirators except two, and they had already been executed. Baron Dangloss had trailed Lorry and Anguish as suspects all day, so there were soldiers on hand promptly.

Lorry's reputation was still more impressed on them when he asked how they would discover the "Michael" who was the head of the plot since they had killed all who knew who he was! Dangloss was crestfallen. Count Halfont and his wife came to apologize for passing off the Princess and themselves as Guggenslockers! Lastly the Princess Yetive came to see him, thanked him warmly, and insisted that they should stay at the castle as long as they were in Graustark.

"Would you have come to it had you known I was its princess?" she asked.

"What I did was for—Miss Guggenslocker!" he replied. "I came because I have done nothing but think and dream of you since you left New York." Then, more boldly: "I came to marry Miss Guggenslocker—if I could. But I can only *love* a princess. Ah, if I could know whether she—"

"Do you imagine I can tell you the truth?" she said, and immediately she added: "I do *not* love you."

When installed in another apartment Lorry learned from Harry Anguish that the Countess Dagmar was a lovely woman, and not engaged. The lady herself had told him.

Count Halfont, Yetive's "Uncle Caspar," also Prime Minister of Graustark, told them some things about Graustark. Briefly, Yetive's father, Prince Ganlook, had been forced into

war with Axphain, a neighboring principality, fifteen years before, and was defeated. As a consequence, the twentieth of the coming November Graustark would have to pay thirty millions to Axphain or forfeit its territory.

"We are bankrupt," concluded Count Halfont bitterly, "and consequently only a strip of her native land will remain to Yetive as her principality! Let us speak of it no more."

Later the sprightly Countess Dagmar told Lorry there was a way by which the Princess could retain her realm unimpaired; to wit, if Yetive were to marry Lorenz, Prince of Axphain, son of Prince Bolaroz. Or she might wed the wealthy Prince Gabriel of Dawsbergen, whom she abhorred far more than Lorenz! Lorry's presence only complicated Yetive's miserable plight. But he hoped to be her rescuer. He had a suspicion that "Michael" of the conspiracy against her liberty was no other than the sensual Gabriel.

The following day the Princess showed Lorry the Throne Room. Snatching a stately robe from the great chair, she draped it about her shoulders, and, grasping her scepter, exclaimed buoyantly: "Graustark welcomes the American prince!" In a moment he had lightly seated himself in the chair of state by her side. Her blue eyes grew round with indignation at such breathless daring, then softened under his burning gaze. Drawn as by a spell, his lips pressed hers in an ardent kiss.

"My God, what have you done?" she cried, appalled.

But his humility softened her, and he left the castle an hour later.

"I remain in Graustark so long as I can possibly be of service to you, Princess," he declared proudly.

A week later both Prince Lorenz and Prince Gabriel, with their respective retinues, were in Graustark.

"I have heard Gabriel's voice," Harry Anguish said to Lorry. "It is the voice of 'Michael'!"

Soon afterward it was announced that Princess Yetive, for her subjects' advantage, had become the betrothed of Lorenz.

That evening, in Graustark's most fashionable café, Prince Lorenz, in his cups, made some disrespectful remark about his affianced to his fellow-carousers. Not content with reproaching the impudent fellow, Lorry, with a quick blow, sent him reeling

to the floor, and then a duel was arranged for eight o'clock the following morning. When, at seven, Lorry and Anguish appeared on the streets the next day, they found excited groups everywhere. In a dispute between the police and some raging Axphanian soldiers, Lorry was swept away by Baron Dangloss through a side passage, and was hurried along until he heard the prison doors closed behind him.

"Is this a scheme to block the duel with Lorenz?" he cried.

"Prince Lorenz was found dead in his bed this morning, stabbed to the heart!" gasped Baron Dangloss.

Drops of blood were on the carpet between his door and Lorry's, and the knob of the latter bore bloody finger-prints.

"You saved my Princess, and I have therefore saved you," said Dangloss. "You will be charged with this murder. But our law makes whosoever charges another with murder forfeit his own life if the accused is proved innocent."

"So Graustark is glad I saved the Princess from this match, but will nevertheless hang me," said Lorry dryly.

Captain Quinnox, of the Princess's bodyguard, arrived at the prison and said the Duke of Mizrox, Prince Lorenz's friend, had formally charged Lorry with the murder, and that Yetive had been obliged officially to sign the order for his arrest. On the twenty-sixth of October, one week away, Baron Dangloss was ordered to produce the American before the tribunal. Only when she learned that Lorry was imprisoned, and hence could not fly from the country, had the Princess signed the order. She had fainted after doing it, but Countess Dagmar had whispered something in her ear when she came to which seemed greatly to revive her spirits.

That night Quinnox brought Lorry a note from the Princess, in which she commanded him to escape.

"Thank her," he said; "but tell her I will not go until I have seen her again."

When the guard came to his tower cell that night he silently gave him a note:

"Why do I offer you escape? Is it not because I hope to see you again? I beg you to go. I can say no more." Instructions followed as to what he was to do.

The guard signified that Lorry was to change clothes with

him. Then the sheets were torn into strips with which were bound the guard's arms and legs. As Lorry left the cell the guard hurled himself so violently against the sharp bed-post that he fell bleeding and unconscious. Lorry went leisurely through the corridors, the office, and a postern gate, then hurried to the carriage that awaited him in the dark night. Quinnox was there, and another soldier was in the carriage, while a third was on the box. For hours they rode through rain and darkness up a steep incline, ever mounting. The jolts and haste recalled to Lorry that other mountain ride. Then Yetive was by his— Suddenly he paused, and struck a match. Ah, joy! Yes. She was with him now! The rest of the drive was blended rapture and anguish. She admitted her love for him, but her duty to Graustark held her fast. Her royal duty was more compelling than her woman's love. At last she set him down at the Monastery of St. Valentine on the mountain-top, where arrangements would be made for his leaving Graustark.

The next day, Lorry's escape becoming known, the Princess had to offer a reward for his apprehension; and, to account for Harry Anguish's continued presence in Graustark, he was declared hostage for his friend. Prince Bolaroz, Lorenz's father, was furious over the American's escape, and declared loudly that if Lorry were apprehended and executed before the twentieth of November the same extension of time for the payment of Graustark's indebtedness should be granted that would have followed Yetive's marriage to Lorenz.

For a month Lorry chafed in his lofty aerie of the monastery, his sole relief being from Captain Quinnox's visits. Anguish, he learned, was earnestly searching for Lorenz's murderer. He heard that Gabriel was pressing his suit with Yetive, and, lastly, of the proclamation of Prince Bolaroz concerning himself. What if the Princess, in despair, should marry Gabriel to save Graustark and himself! He instantly resolved that he would save her and her principality by surrendering his person. Quinnox could not dissuade him.

"If we are discovered," he told Quinnox, "declare I am your prisoner, claim the reward, and insist that I must be delivered over to the Princess."

They descended to Edelweiss by night, and effected an entrance to the castle by a secret gate in the wall.

Worn to despair by the thought that her lover was lost to her by the very means adopted to save his life, and weary from Gabriel's persistent wooing, Yetive had accorded him a last interview, with Prince Bolaroz present. When they were assembled in the Throne Room, Gabriel's servants dragged iron-bound chests before her, filled with gold.

"There is the money to pay Prince Bolaroz his full claim if you consent to give Gabriel the happiness he craves."

Disgusted with this theatrical attempt to coerce her, Yetive arose, her eyes flashing and her cheeks ablaze.

"Go!" she cried. "I will not hear you—not one word!"

Disguised as a palace guard, through Quinnox's connivance, Lorry presented himself in the Princess's bedchamber at midnight. The interview was one of mingled rapture and fear. At last she wailed, utterly weary:

"Will you go back to the monastery now, and leave Graustark, for my sake? Save your life, for my sake, or you will destroy mine!"

"Yes," he answered hoarsely.

The door was flung open, as he turned. Gabriel entered the room, and recriminations were hotly exchanged by these furious lovers. Quinnox had entered secretly after Gabriel and unobserved by him. When Lorry threatened to kill him, Gabriel sneered: "Kill me if you will. The world will know why you killed me *here!* You say you are a prisoner. Where is your captor, then?"

"Here!" exclaimed Quinnox sternly. "I brought him here an hour ago, and I have been here through all your threats."

"Take your prisoner, Captain Quinnox," said Yetive sternly. "Permit Prince Gabriel to see you restore him to his cell. But after that, see that Prince Gabriel leaves the palace grounds, and I order you to shoot him should you find him trespassing in them again."

"If this man is not produced to-morrow morning, I assume that I may recount all that has passed in this room to-night, your Highness?" said Gabriel, restored to his cunning. "If he is produced, I will kneel and kiss your hands!"

"I shall be there," said Lorry. "But I ask you, Princess, to write me a pardon for the poor people who have secreted me."

Yetive hastily wrote and gave him the paper. When he had gone back to his cell he read: "Quinnox will help you to escape to-night. Go, I implore you! Your life is more than all else to me. Do not think of me, but save yourself. I would lose everything to save you."

Her despairing entreaties and unwitting conveyance of her own peril made Lorry resolve to stay and help her, should it be possible, in this crisis.

The city was wide awake and restlessly stirring the next day long before the time for signing the decree which would cripple Graustark. The Throne Room was resplendent, but a funereal gloom hung over it and the whole castle. Prince Bolaroz and his suite were at the right of the throne, the Graustark nobility at its left, with Prince Gabriel well in evidence, when the Princess Yetive, in a jeweled robe of black, entered. A shudder ran over her at Gabriel's malignant look. If he spoke, would her people believe him and rend her?

Prince Bolaroz was inflexible.

"If you cannot pay the gold, then cede your territory," he said doggedly.

"The papers! Let this business be done quickly," cried Yetive, her eyes glowing with indignant pride.

As she seized the pen Bolaroz said loudly: "Give me the assassin of my son, and you are spared this."

"Let her sign if she dares," rang out Gabriel's voice. "The assassin is here. Let the Princess produce him!"

There was a commotion at the door, and Lorry and Quinnox, the latter bruised and bleeding, burst into the room. As Yetive was in the very act of signing the decree Lorry rushed forward and plucked it from her hand. She moaned piteously, and pressed her clenched hand to her eyes.

"Destroy that decree! Hold him, the murderer of my son," cried Prince Bolaroz.

"It is not true. I am not his murderer," said Lorry calmly.

"Stop!" Yetive said. "I would have signed the decree had he not prevented me. But he is my prisoner, and shall have justice."

"Sign the decree, Princess. But why?" groaned Count Halfont.

Drawn to her full height, her eyes challenging the excited throng, in clear, ringing tones Yetive spoke:

"Because I love him!" In the stupefied hush that fell on all, she continued: "Behold an honest man. I would have saved him, but he has delivered himself up, to his death for all he knows, to save Graustark from humiliation. Is there a man among you who would have done as much? I must commit him to prison, but I here declare he shall have my royal pardon. Is this quite clear, Prince Bolaroz?"

Harry Anguish strode forward at this juncture, crying out: "Your Highness, I can produce Prince Lorenz's murderer! Why do you grow pale and shake like a leaf, Prince Gabriel? Ha! You are betrayed. Your accomplice has confessed all."

Gabriel, who had clutched his head with his hand and had tottered, turned at these words, shrieking: "Vile traitor! I will drink your blood!"

"He lies. I did not betray you," faltered a dark-visaged noble, as he fled from the infuriated Prince, who had drawn his revolver. This was torn from his hands, and the guards had him bound in a moment.

"I hope Prince Bolaroz will remember his pact, and not refuse to accept the real assassin of his son," said Anguish. But Bolaroz was already kneeling at Yetive's feet.

"Behold me, Princess, your ally and friend," he said humbly. "You have taught me justice and courtesy."

The elated throng dispersed to bear the glad tidings to the whole of Graustark.

"Come to me in half an hour," whispered the radiant Yetive to the exultant American.

The court circle demanded of Anguish how he had discovered Lorenz's murderer.

"I was convinced of Gabriel's guilt, but hadn't an atom of proof."

Lorry shook him by the hand appreciatively. "You worked it well," he remarked, with a laugh.

"To the queen's taste?" retorted Anguish merrily.

The grateful Graustarkians could neither deny their Princess

her lover nor their country's savior the only reward he wished. But it cost their pride much to enact a law that should make him Prince Consort, and another to enable the son of a citizen of the United States to wear, some day, the crown of Graustark.

The exalted American and his bride spent a honeymoon in the groom's native land, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Anguish accompanied them, and returned with them to Graustark. Mrs. Anguish was once the Countess Dagmar.

GEORGE MacDONALD

(England, 1824–1905)

DAVID ELGINBROD (1862)

Before Mr. MacDonald engaged in writing stories he had gained distinction as a poet. But though his poems brought him fame and praise, they contributed but little toward keeping the wolf from the door. His wife said to him one day: "You could write a story; why don't you?" He acted upon the suggestion, and *David Elginbrod* was one of the earliest of the many novels that have given him more fame than his poems.

AVID ELGINBROD served in a variety of responsible capacities on the estate of Turriepuffit, in the north of Scotland, and acted as general adviser and executor to its laird, William Glassford. He was a man of great shrewdness and strong common sense. His dominant characteristic was his fervent piety and his realizing sense and appreciation of God as a being of love, which was shown even in punishment, and his certain trust in Him. This pervaded all his speech, governed his action, and affected those who became his friends.

On the April morning when this story opens, David was sitting at the table with his Bible opened at the fortieth chapter of Isaiah for morning prayers, when Janet, his wife, missed their daughter Margaret. She went to the door and looked toward the firwood, whither Margaret was accustomed to resort in the early morning, humoring a childhood's fancy of angelic presence which had abode with her till she was now seventeen years old. Margaret delayed long, and David remembered her earnestly in his prayer. When she came she brought a book, which she said she had got from Mr. Sutherland. Hugh Sutherland, tutor to Mr. Glassford's two sons, was the son of an officer of high family relations who was spending his college vacation in

teaching. He had seen Margaret one day while she was working at the house looking for a moment at a book that lay upon the drawing-room table. On this morning he met her in the firwood. Observing that her eyes were fixed upon the volume of Coleridge's poems he carried, he spoke about poetry and learned that, although she knew but little of it, she was interested in it and appreciated what she knew.

When David saw Mr. Sutherland he told him he had a taste for poetical expression as in the chapter of Isaiah he had been reading that morning, and that he had read Milton's poems over and over and enjoyed them. When Hugh Sutherland called at the cottage, David and Margaret had been reading the *Ancient Mariner*, and David revealed a surprising depth of insight into its spirit.

As Hugh continued to visit the cottage, David asked him one day to help him in mathematics. He had some practical knowledge of land-measuring and of some of the rules, but desired to know "the principle of the thing; to see the right of it."

After this the intercourse took the form of a study class of three. Sir Walter Scott's poems were brought in, and Wordsworth's; and even simple works on philosophy and metaphysics were ventured upon. The death of Hugh's father obliged him to continue teaching at Turriepuffit instead of returning to the University for the winter. As he had no convenient place for study in cold weather at the laird's house, David built an additional room to the cottage for his use.

One day in the depth of winter David went, in fulfilment of a promise, to visit an old Christian friend who was nearing death. A fierce snow-storm came on, through which Hugh walked with difficulty to the cottage. Janet was anxious about David and also about Margaret, who had gone out in hopes she might meet him. David came in while the storm was still increasing, without Margaret. He went out to hunt for her and Hugh followed, taking a different direction. David returned in about an hour, with some of the farm-hands, without having found Margaret. Just afterward, Hugh stumbled in at the still open door, dragging the almost lifeless body of Margaret. When they recovered consciousness Margaret could tell how

she had been overcome, but Hugh could not remember anything except that he had found himself dragging her through the snow toward the light of the cottage window.

Hugh was unexpectedly called to a better place, and parted from the Elginbrods. He wrote to them irregularly for a while, and then his letters ceased. But he informed David when he had completed his course successfully at Aberdeen University, and received a letter of warm congratulation from him.

Afterward Hugh became tutor to the son of Mr. Arnold, a gentleman of fortune who lived at Arnstead in Surrey, about twenty miles from London. Mr. Arnold was a stately, formal man, exacting but just and courteous, and disposed to make himself agreeable to those who paid him the respect which he thought was his due. He discussed the plans for his son's education with reserve, and finally assented to Hugh's proposition that he be allowed for a time to have his own way with the boy.

Harry, the son, was about fifteen years old, delicate in body but of good mental powers, which had been exercised at the expense of his physical strength, and had taken a morbid turn. He was fond of reading but not of exercise, and would spend hours in the library over books the only office of which was to burden further his already overtaxed mind. He had been taught, so far, in the usual way by his cousin, Euphrasia Cameron, or "Euphra," who was Mr. Arnold's housekeeper and mistress of the house.

Hugh put away text-books at first, and gave Harry his training out of doors, with Nature. He told him he would be his big brother, and by the exercise of tact and of legitimate though not professional arts and devices got him interested in the pigs, the poultry, the cowhouse, and the horses. He began a course of reading with *Gulliver's Travels*. In the woods he told Harry how the rain and the sunshine promoted the growth of trees and awakened vegetable life. By reading Browning's *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* he aroused in him a desire to learn to ride horseback, which he had shunned, although he had two horses of his own. Other object-lessons were used to stir up an interest in architecture and geography. Harry disliked Latin, and asked to be released from the study

of it. Hugh promised that he should not take it up till he asked heartily and of his own accord to do so, and then told him stories of the ancient Romans and incidents of Roman life and read Macaulay's *Lays* till Harry became interested in all that related to the Romans and was ready to resume the work. The wholesome effect of this course of outdoor teaching and recreation was evident from the beginning in Harry's brighter spirits and quicker intelligence and his gain in bodily vigor.

Euphra sometimes accompanied Hugh and Harry in their excursions, and began to call upon Hugh to assist her in her reading. By this means, and the exercise of various arts, Hugh became attracted to her. He gave much of his time to her, and was occupied with thoughts of her at the expense of what was due to Harry. The lad felt the loss of interest in him and the neglect, but bore them for the sake of what Hugh still was to him.

In their rambles over the grounds Hugh and Harry came to a long avenue, neglected and overgrown, leading from the woods toward the house. Harry asked Hugh not to go into it because it was the "Ghost's Walk," and said it was not safe to cross it because the ghost always followed one who did so. The house was a large, rambling structure, with rooms that had not been used for a long time and were seldom visited. Euphra conducted Hugh through it, and showed him some of these rooms. In the picture-gallery a portrait of a lady in the costume of the time of Charles II attracted Hugh's attention. There was something strange in the expression, and on the thumb a ring of extraordinary size, with an enormous crystal, gave a marked effect. The portrait was of Lady Euphrasia Halkar, a family ancestor of foreign origin, and was painted by Sir Peter Lely. Some strange stories were told about the lady, and she was said to be still in the habit of walking at night about the rooms and in the "Ghost's Walk." One of the rooms beyond was said to have belonged especially to her.

Wandering in the woods after a violent thunderstorm and while the rain was still coming down, Hugh found himself nearer to the next village than to Arnstead, and went into an inn to rest and dry his clothes. A lecture on biology, meaning animal magnetism, was announced to be given that evening in

the principal room of the inn. Hugh attended it. The lecturer knew nothing of his subject, but a foreign gentleman sitting next to Hugh, who called himself Herr von Funkelstein, offered to explain it to him if he would go to his apartments. Hugh spent the evening with him, but the gentleman's explanations were not lucid.

Lady Emily Lake, a relative of the late Mrs. Arnold, came to Arnstead on a visit for her health, in company with her friend, Mrs. Elton, and their two maids. The whole party, returning from a drive, were walking toward the house when Herr von Funkelstein accosted Hugh, saying he had left his card for him. Seeing Miss Cameron, he greeted her as an old acquaintance whom he had met two years before at a house where she was visiting. He dined at the house, where he made himself generally agreeable, and came afterward frequently, an accepted visitor. He talked much on "biology," and introduced experiments. In one of these a pencil attached to a plate, under the touch of Hugh's hand, wrote the name of "David Elginbrod," and had written a part of "Turriepuffit" when it stopped. Looking up, Hugh saw a face like that of Margaret Elginbrod glorified, in the doorway. It was indeed Margaret, grown more mature than when he knew her, in mourning for the death of her father. She was at Arnstead, although Hugh did not know it, as Mrs. Elton's maid. A faint bluish light was observed in Lady Euphrasia's room. The party, not aware that Hugh had accounted for this light as a moonlight effect, went with candles under Mr. Arnold's leading to the room, but discovered nothing more remarkable than the room itself, just as it had been left by the last occupant a hundred years before, its antique furniture, and the portrait of a nun in black, which some believed represented the Lady Euphrasia after she had become a nun.

Lady Emily became very ill under the nervous excitement brought on by these occurrences. No one in the house could soothe her so well as Margaret, whose deep trust in God and the gifts of religious conversation which she had learned from her father with his perfect faith were very comforting. With Mrs. Elton's acquiescence, Margaret became her companion and nurse.

A figure in white was seen one night by Harry and Margaret walking down the "Ghost's Walk." Hugh and Margaret watched for the figure the next night from their respective windows. Hugh, seeing something white in the avenue, went out to a spot where he could intercept whatever it might be. A veiled figure passed him noiselessly from the direction of the house, went on a little way, cried out as if in agony, sank to the ground and vanished. At the same time a second figure, in black, passed along toward the house and disappeared. This figure suggested the portrait of the nun in Lady Euphrasia's room.

The figure in white was Euphra, who had fainted at the sight of the figure in black, which she too associated with the nun's portrait, but which was really Margaret, who had gone out while Lady Emily slept to get the fresh air and investigate the ghost. When Euphra recovered she was lying in the wood, with Funkelstein standing over her. She had known him longer than her friends were aware of, having met him first on shipboard, where he called himself Count Halkar and professed to be of the family of Lady Euphrasia. There had been infrequent association since, and he had acquired a peremptory control over her, so that she had no power to resist any demand he might make upon her. He was determined to get Lady Euphrasia's ring, and sought to compel Euphra to find and give it to him.

In an effort to amuse the invalid, Lady Emily, Mr. Arnold opened the box that contained the family jewels. Among the more curious of these treasures was the ring pictured in the portrait of Lady Euphrasia. Lady Emily spoke of the peculiar engraving on the gold, which appeared to be an inscription in German letters. Hugh was called in to decipher it. He made out some of the words, and thought that with time for more study of it he could read the whole. He was allowed to keep the ring, and locked it up in a secret drawer of his desk which he had some time before shown to Euphra. At dinner the talk turned upon Lady Euphrasia's ghost. Hugh made a bet with Funkelstein that he would not be afraid to spend the night in her chamber. When the hour for retiring came, he deposited his valuable diamond ring in the secret drawer along

with Lady Euphrasia's ring, and was escorted to the haunted chamber. After a short sleep he saw, or dreamed that he saw, a ghostly figure in the dress of Lady Euphrasia's portrait, but without the ring, bending over him, weeping. It turned and went out through the door that he had locked and bolted. He followed it to the picture-gallery, heard a stealthy step by his side, and the next instant was struck down. When he woke he had a pain in his head, and found himself lying on the couch in the haunted room just as when he had fallen asleep, with an impression of having seen Euphra's face.

At dinner Mr. Arnold asked for further information as to the inscription on the ring. Hugh went to look for it. It was gone! He felt that his vision of the night was no chimera.

Euphra had been much disquieted in spirit while these things were going on, and was now laid up for a considerable time in consequence of a fall. Even while she was still keeping her room, Hugh, being in the woods, again saw the white figure in the "Ghost's Walk," and heard voices like hers and Funkelstein's in conversation. He looked for Euphra in the house, and did not find her; then he went back to the woods and was struck down. He rose and grappled with Funkelstein, who overcame him and made him senseless with chloroform. Funkelstein disappeared and could not be found.

The time came for Lady Emily and Mrs. Elton to leave Arnstead. It was arranged that Harry should spend the winter with Mrs. Elton in London, and Hugh received notice of dismissal. Before he went away Euphra confessed to him that she was a somnambulist; that her will was wholly under Funkelstein's control, and that she had taken Lady Euphrasia's ring under his orders, but had not taken Hugh's. She entreated him to help her to find relief in God from her agony of sin and remorse. Hugh could not show her the way to God, but he counseled her to seek a man who believed in God with his whole heart and soul, the wisest and noblest man he ever had known—David Elginbrod. Euphra resolved to write to this man.

Hugh went to London, intending to seek employment in teaching or writing, and to hunt for Funkelstein. He asked counsel of a policeman as to the best method of looking for Funkelstein, and was referred to Robert Falconer, a gentleman

of high standing, well acquainted with London, and accustomed to visit all parts of it on errands of benevolence. Mr. Falconer gave Hugh his sympathy with a whole-hearted interest, and engaged to aid him in his search by all the means in his power. Full confidence was established between them, and they explored the streets together, in hopes of finding some clue to Funkelstein.

One of the first things Hugh did after he had settled himself in London was to write to David Elginbrod asking forgiveness for his long forgetfulness and neglect of him. The answer, postmarked in London, came from Margaret, who wrote that her father was dead, but assured Hugh that he would have forgiven him, as she did, for everything with which he reproached himself.

Euphra came to London on the invitation of Mrs. Elton, seconded by Harry. She was deeply grieved over the wrongs she had committed, and was seeking the forgiveness of God. She had given up the hope of receiving an answer to the letter she had written to David Elginbrod, when Margaret brought the letter to her. She was very angry at first at the presumption of a servant who had dared to read one of her letters, but Margaret, pointing to the address, explained that that was her father's name, that he was dead, and that her mother had sent the letter to her. When Euphra's anger had passed she asked Margaret's pardon, and they talked of David Elginbrod and his religious experiences and faith, of which Margaret, too, had a share, and of the comfort a trust in God could give. Euphra was consoled by the conversation, accepted Margaret as a spiritual teacher, and under her guidance came at last to a knowledge of godly life. She was still oppressed by Funkelstein's evil influence, which seemed to command her even when he was absent, and felt at times as if she were called by him and must go out to him as she used to do in the "Ghost's Walk." Hugh and Falconer hoped to use this telepathic feeling as a means of finding Funkelstein. Indications were observed that someone was hovering about the house, and Hugh took quarters in the neighborhood, where he could watch and be near when an alarm was given. Euphra, as her religious faith grew stronger, felt that the power of Funkelstein's influence was weakening,

and at last that she was freed from it. At length Funkelstein called and sent in his card. Euphra refused to see him, and sent word that she defied him. Hugh was waiting at the door when he went out, and seized upon him. Funkelstein ran, and although he was overtaken, and Falconer came to Hugh's assistance, he escaped. A dream that Euphra had that she went out and met Funkelstein in his room, passing through quarters and going to a house of which she gave such exact descriptions that Falconer was able to identify them, was used as a clue to aid in another search for the man. Falconer went to the place with Hugh, sent up his card to the "foreign gentleman" who was staying at the house, followed close after and went in at the door of the room when it was opened. Funkelstein was sitting at a table drawing a picture of Euphra. He was overcome in the struggle that ensued, and Hugh demanded the missing rings. Funkelstein could not produce Hugh's ring, for he said he had disposed of it, but Lady Euphrasia's ring was found upon his person. Falconer notified him that he would be placed under the surveillance of the police, and he was left lying bound on the floor.

Hugh had come to his last coin, when he was called home by the dangerous illness of his mother. With means provided by Falconer, he went to Scotland and stayed with his mother till she died. He learned then that Euphra, too, had died, attended and comforted by Margaret to the end. He went once more to Turriepuffit, met Margaret in the firwood, declared his love and asked her to be his wife, though acknowledging that he could not marry yet, for he was very poor. Margaret answered: "I don't care if you never marry me." He misunderstood the answer at first. Then, encouraged by her confession that she loved him, asked her why she had said what she did. "Because love is enough," was the reply.

HENRY MACKENZIE

(Scotland, 1745–1831)

THE MAN OF FEELING (1771)

This work was published anonymously, and at once became very popular, so much so that it was shortly made the subject of a literary fraud. The Rev. Mr. Eccles, of Bath, as Sir Walter Scott relates in his *Memoir of Henry Mackenzie*, laid claim to it, transcribed the whole in his own hand, with corrections and blottings, and maintained his authorship with such pertinacity that the publishers felt obliged to make a public contradiction of his claim.

HE curate and I were out hunting. It was a burning first of September. Our dog, Rover, made a false point in an old hedge where the birds had lately lain. After them flew our gay hopes, and we sat down in sober mood to rest and cool ourselves. The hedge enclosed a venerable pile, about which hung an air of melancholy. In the languid stillness we heard the croak of a solitary crow, perched on an old tree; then it paused, seeming to delight in the echo of its own voice; then it croaked again. I leaned on my gun and looked about me. Everything betokened desertion and decay. I observed carving on the bark of a tree; it was overgrown with moss, but, looking closely, I discovered that it consisted of two entwined initials—what letters they were I could not distinguish—enclosed within the outline of a heart.

"Here is evidence of former life and love," I remarked.

"Some time ago," said the curate, "one Harley lived here—a whimsical sort of man, I am told, for I was not then in this parish. But the greater part of his history is in my possession."

"His history?" said I, with inquiring interest.

"Well, it is more homily than history," the curate replied; "but from it one can gather what sort of man he was. It is a

bundle of disconnected manuscripts found in the room of an odd man, a friend of Harley's, whom I found in the parish when I came. He boarded at a farmer's house. The country people called him 'the ghost,' from his habit of walking at night. But he was a gentle ghost; I have seen him playing at tee-to-tum with the children on the great stone at the door of our churchyard. After he left the parish his landlord brought me the manuscripts. I began to read them, but soon wearied of the task, for I never could find the author in one strain for two chapters together. I don't believe there is a single syllogism in the book."

"I should like to see this medley," said I.

"Here it is, then," answered the curate, pulling a mass of torn papers from his pocket. "I always take it with me a-shooting. 'Tis excellent wadding."

I pulled from my own pocket the greater part of an edition of one of the German *Illustrissimi* which I used to carry for the same purpose. "Let us exchange," said I; and by that means (for the curate was a strenuous logician) both manuscripts were probably saved.

On my return to town I found that my acquisition was a bundle of episodes put together without art, and of no importance on the whole, but with something of nature, of humanity, within them. I was a good deal affected with some trifling passages; had the name of Marmontel or Richardson been on the title-page 'tis odds I should have wept. But one is ashamed to be pleased with the works of one knows not whom.

"The young man is bashful," they said of Harley.

"Rust!" said Ben Silton. "Let him wear it off by travel."

"But," I interposed, "in the velocity of a modern tour it often happens that not only the rust, but the metal, too, will be rubbed away."

"Let me correct my metaphor," said Ben; "not rust, but crust, Nature's wise protection against too early disclosure of the gems of character so often hid in diffident men. Nay, farther, there are two distinct sorts of bashfulness: this the awkwardness of a booby, which a few steps into the world will convert into the pertness of a coxcomb; that a consciousness,

which the most delicate feelings produce, and a most extensive knowledge cannot always remove. The latter is Harley's kind."

Small wonder that Harley was diffident, for he belonged to an ancient but poor family (income, two hundred and fifty pounds a year), and he lived in a community of rich men, retired merchants for the greater part—persons so versed in the ceremonial of thousands, tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands (whose degrees of precedency are plainly demonstrable from the first page of the *Complete Accomptant*, or *Young Man's Best Pocket Companion*) that a bow at church from them to such a man as Harley would have made the parson look back into his sermon for some precept of Christian humility.

Harley's father, a widower, died during his son's childhood, leaving him to the care of a variety of guardians, that every part of his character might receive its due share of cultivation; but the result was contrary to the fond parent's expectation. When the guardians met, their opinions of what the ward's education should be were so opposite that the only possible method of conciliation was a dinner (at the estate's expense) ending with a bottle, which left the parties to the consultation unfit to conclude it. So the boy was suffered to make his own choice of masters. He went to the parson for instruction in languages and philosophy, and to the exciseman for practise in arithmetic and bookkeeping. One of his guardians, a lawyer, gave him *Coke-upon-Lyttleton*, which is very properly put into the hands of beginners in that science, as its simplicity is accommodated to their understandings and its size to their inclination. Harley profited but little by the perusal of this book, but it was not without use in the family: his maiden aunt applied it to the laudable purpose of pressing the folds of her rebellious linens.

The guardians, however, performed what they considered their duty toward their ward, when he arrived at manhood, by pointing out to him a way to increase his fortunes. This was to get a lease of some neighboring Crown lands, which commanded a rental far below their value. The present lessee had rendered himself so obnoxious to the ministry by the disposal of his vote at a Parliamentary election that he could not expect a renewal. To acquire this lease, however, some interest with the great

was needed, and this neither Harley nor his father ever possessed.

A neighbor, Mr. Walton, generously came forward at this juncture and offered to give the young man a letter of introduction to a baronet in London who had influence with the First Lord of the Treasury. Harley's friends urged him to lay aside his diffidence and make use of the introduction, reciting many incidents of the good fortune that had come to men possessed of a happy forwardness of disposition, so that a stranger hearing them would have thought that in the British code there was some disqualifying statute against any citizen who should be convicted of modesty.

Harley could not resist this pressure, and agreed, against his inclination, to go to the capital city. Before leaving he called on Mr. Walton. He would conceal nothing; it was a tenderer feeling than gratitude that inspired the visit. Mr. Walton had a daughter whom Harley considered the ideal of beauty. But Harley's notions of the beautiful were hardly those that the world would assent to. A blush, a kind word to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him the cestus of Cytherea conferring divine beauty. This cestus Miss Walton possessed. And she also had a measure of that beauty which the world acknowledged. She had been "ushered into life" (a phrase in the dialect of St. James's) at seventeen, her father being then in Parliament and living in London. At once she became the universal toast, because of the rare freshness of her girlish charms. Now, at four-and-twenty, her complexion was mellowed into a paleness that detracted from her beauty in all save Harley's eyes. To him this appeared in fine accord with the pensive softness of her mind. Her eyes were of a gentle hazel color, and, except when lighted up by good humor, which was frequently the case, were supposed by the fine gentlemen to lack fire. Her air and manner were of quiet elegance, and were as sure of commanding respect as their mistress was far from demanding it. Her voice was soft and sweet—

> "Like the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains
> When all his little flock's at feed before him,"

to use Otway's incomparable simile. Its effect on Harley was

magical—ridiculously so, thought his friends. It drew all his soul after her. He ascribed its charm to powers which few believed she possessed and which nobody cared for.

Idealizing her in this fashion, Harley was remarkably silent in her presence; and for this very reason Miss Walton took especial notice of him, ascribing his silence to bashfulness, which indeed was partly the case. It was a mode of politeness she had peculiarly studied, to bring to the line of that equality which it is desirable to maintain for their ease among guests those whose sensibility had placed them below it.

Harley saw this and loved her for her goodness. In his bosom there was no gradation from esteem to love, and he had not the art to mask his true emotion with the formal one. This open disclosure of his feelings sometimes led to blunders of behavior which greatly amused his friends, but to the compassionate heart of Miss Walton endeared him more than the most polished manners could have done.

A pang such as she never had known struck through her breast when her visitor announced that he was about to depart for London.

On one stage of his journey Harley sent forward his luggage by the coach and followed leisurely on foot. He was seated on a large stone by the wayside, removing a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw a ragged beggar approaching. The fellow was barefoot, yet walked at such a good round pace that a crook-legged dog that followed him was kept on the trot. The plump face of the man shone with good humor.

"Our delicacies," observed Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature. That beggar strides cheerily along with naked feet on the sharpest of stones, while the smallest of them, happening to get into my shoe, has disturbed my temper and quite spoiled the pleasure of my morning walk."

When the beggar came up, pulling off a piece of a hat, he asked charity of Harley, and the dog also began to beg. It was impossible to resist both, and Harley dropped a sixpence in the hat. The beggar poured forth blessings without number, and then asked: "Did the gentleman wish to have his fortune told?"

"No," replied Harley; "I would much prefer that you teach me your art to your practising it upon me. I have often thought

of turning fortune-teller myself. Lying must be an entertaining profession."

"Master," said the beggar, "I like your frankness. Lying is truly my profession, but I was forced to the trade. God knows I had the humor of plain dealing in me from a child; but there was no doing with it in this world, so I turned fortune-teller. I was once an honest workman, though fond of the company of idlers, for they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little care, and in this of my own sort. From one of them I caught jail-fever, of which I was long in thoroughly recovering. Though I looked strong, I raised blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relative, and I never kept a friend more than a week when I was able to joke. Thus I was forced to beg, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. People don't care to give alms without some security; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of a draft upon heaven for those who choose to bank their money there. So I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This was much more successful. I quickly learned how to get information about all sorts of people, and I have a good memory for retaining it. You may have observed that I called you by your name. I could tell you also why you are going to London, and to whom you have a letter of introduction. By this craft, and showing the tricks of that dog, which I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal, too, upon occasion) I make shift to pick up a livelihood. And I sometimes think my trade is as honest as any, for I give happiness for ha'pence, and happiness, they say, is the best a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, Mr. Harley, for I have an appointment at noon to inform some boarding-school misses whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, not so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression, nor did Virtue offer to catch the coin as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up:

and contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

The baronet to whom he had the letter of introduction was out when Harley called, so the young provincial took a turn in the park. Here he observed a fresh-looking, well-dressed elderly man in conversation with a beggar. The gentleman looked pitifully at the mendicant, and regretted that he had not a farthing of change about him. There was something in his physiognomy (and physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles) that appealed to Harley; so, stepping up to him, the young man said: "Your intentions, sir, are so good that I cannot help accomplishing their execution. Allow me"—and he gave the beggar a shilling. The gentleman returned a suitable compliment, and he and Harley walked on together conversing.

Beneficence was the theme of their discourse. The stranger was fluent upon it. "There is no use of money equal to its expenditure in charity. Money spent upon ourselves loses its power to bring pleasure; spent upon others, especially the needy, it produces an enjoyment that grows on reflection; our money is most truly ours when it goes out of our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less intrusive whose title is better."

"We can easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose imprudence, or whose vice, may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

At the end of the walk they were joined by a younger man, of good figure but shabbily dressed. The elder of the strangers greeted him as an acquaintance, and invited him to go to a house hard by for a draught of cider.

"The landlord was once a servant of mine," said he to Harley. "When he grew incapacitated from age I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with which he has set up this little taproom. I can't very well ask a gentleman of your appearance to go to so paltry a place, but—"

"Sir," Harley replied, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town; to give

to the necessitous may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry is a duty in the citizen." So they entered the house.

On the table lay a loose pack of cards. The old gentleman reproved the landlord for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley defended the man, from the necessity of catering to the humor of his guests. The old gentleman admitted that he had been too severe, and confessed that when his eyes failed from prolonged reading he sometimes amused himself with piquet.

"Do you play it, sir?" he asked Harley.

Harley from good nature assented to a game, and the younger stranger, though he pleaded a prior engagement, at last yielded to his friend's solicitation.

When they began to play the old gentleman, somewhat to Harley's surprise, produced ten shillings to serve as markers.

"He had no change for the beggar," thought Harley, "but I can easily account for it; curious what an affection one gets for inanimate things through long acquaintance. Probably the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence. I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve-buttons—"

Here he was interrupted in his reflections by being told that the old gentleman had defeated the younger, and it was his turn to play the conqueror.

"I repiqued him," cried the old man, with such joy in his kindly countenance that Harley wished also to be repiqued to double his pleasure. But he won instead, and then success alternated between the opponents until there was a stake of twelve pounds on the board, for the old gentleman refused to permit a division. In the midst of the first game of the second bout with the young stranger, the elder suddenly thought of an engagement.

"If I win it, I'll divide the stake with Mr. Harley; if I lose, with my friend here."

As the score was ninety to thirty-five in favor of the old gentleman, Harley protested that this would be unfair to the young stranger. On this man's assent, however, he agreed to the proposal. As if in reward for the young stranger's generosity fortune suddenly favored him by a momentous repique, giving

him the game and with it Harley's six pounds, which was all our hero had in his purse. The old gentleman, with a malediction, threw the cards into the fire.

Here a portion of the manuscript is missing.

Soon afterward, upon being jocularly asked the cause of his destitution, Harley attributed it to the two adventures. When he described the appearance of the card-players, the whole company burst into laughter.

"Two as noted sharpers as any in town," said one.

Harley answered that the gentleman must be mistaken, as he never saw a face promise more honesty than the old gentleman's, and the younger man was at least necessitous, so that he did not regret the loss of the money. At this there was a louder laugh than before.

"Gentlemen," said the lawyer, "here is a pretty fellow for you; to have heard him talk the day he arrived in town, you would have sworn he was a saint; yet now he games with sharpers and loses his money."

"Young man," said the doctor on the other side of the table, "as for faces, you may look into them to know—whether a man's nose be long or short."

Here a portion of the manuscript is missing.

The card he received was in the politest style in which disappointment could be communicated. The Baronet "was under the necessity of giving up his application for Mr. Harley, as he was informed that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his Majesty, and whose merit had entitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant."

Harley could not murmur at such a disposal. "Perhaps," he said to himself, "it is some war-worn officer whose honor could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved—a poor man, with wife and children—gracious heaven!—whom my wishes would have deprived of bread!"

The other man in the ante-room had also received a card. He addressed Harley: "My friend, we seem to be in the same boat. The Baronet kept us dangling until the election was over, and now gets the place for the gauger."

"The gauger! there must be some mistake!" said Harley. "The Baronet writes me that it was engaged for one whose long services—"

"Services!" interrupted the other. "Yes, the gauger's sister came to town a few days ago, and is now seamstress to the Baronet. A plague on all rogues! I shall drink damnation to them to-night in a crown's-worth of Ashley's, and leave London by sunrise."

"I, too, shall leave it," said Harley.

At this place the greatest depredation of the curate began. From fragments too disconnected to present to my readers, it appears that Harley, returning from London, had several adventures of a commonplace order enough, yet which moved him to make observations that searched the springs of human nature. From stopping in his journey to attend a sick man, an old soldier who had returned from India to find his family broken up by misfortune and its members dispersed, Harley caught a dangerous fever.

Despite the hope of recovery sincerely held out to him by his physician, Harley was convinced that he would die. I think he was led to this by his despair of ever attaining that fortune which would enable him with self-respect to woo Miss Walton. And he was willing and even happy to die. He said to me:

"I feel myself approaching my end by steps so easy that they woo me to approach it. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted; I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor for the dissipation of the gay. I leave this scene of dissimulation, restraint, and disappointment, to enter on one replete with the genuine happiness attendant on virtue. I am glad to go. My feelings are too tender to be suffered by the world, which throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. In heaven these weaknesses may be looked upon as elements of strength and power. And I have ever had a man's desire to be considered strong."

He sighed. At this moment Miss Walton entered the room, and I took my leave.

From what I subsequently gathered, he talked to her in the

same strain as to me. He declared his love, saying: "To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will soon be made."

Her tears flowed without control. "Let me entreat you," she said, "to have better hopes. Let not life be indifferent to you, if my wishes can put any value on it. I know your worth, I have esteemed it. What would you have me say? Yes, I have loved you for it."

He seized her hand; a languid color reddened his cheek; his eyes brightened faintly with a smile; then they grew dim, they fixed, they closed, and his head fell back on the pillow. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. Harley's aunt and the servants rushed into the room, and found Miss Walton fallen in a faint across his motionless body. The physician happened to call at that instant, and every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded, but Harley, the man of feeling, was gone forever.

FIONA MACLEOD

(WILLIAM SHARP)

(Scotland, 1856–1905)

PHARAIS (1894)

Not until after the death of William Sharp was the fact of his identity with the mysterious author known as "Fiona Macleod" given out to the world at large. Of his work published under this pseudonym Lawrence Gilman has written: "One will miss the essential note of this writing if one fails to see in it, as its prime possession, the confessions and aspirations of a spirit swayed, beyond any other impulse, by a passionate unconsciousness and a special revelation of all beauty." To Mrs. Catherine A. Janvier, William Sharp wrote on January 5, 1905: "Only one or two know that I am Fiona Macleod. Let you and my dear T. A. J. preserve my secret," and in the same letter he thus explained his reasons for concealing his authorship of these Celtic tales: "I can write out of my heart in a way I could not do as William Sharp, and indeed that I could not do if I were the woman whom Fiona Macleod is supposed to be, unless veiled in scrupulous anonymity." He was at work upon *Pharais* in the summer of 1893, but portions of the tale had been written a year or two earlier, and the book underwent partial revision ere its publication at Derby, by Frank Murray, in the earlier half of 1894. The scene of *Pharais* is placed upon three of the smaller and more remote islands of the outer Hebrides, and the progress of the narrative occupies rather more than half a year. The title, as explained in the author's preface, is a slightly Anglicized version of the Gaelic *Pàras*, meaning Paradise.

ON the evening of the same day that Lora Macleod, daughter of Norman Macleod, who had been minister of Innisròn but was now dead, became aware that a child was to be born to her, "cruel sorrow came to her that had lain waiting in the dark place beyond the sunrise." She was the wife of Alastair Macleod, of Innisròn, in the outer Hebrides, who three days earlier had gone by steamer to Greenock and thence by train to Glasgow to ascertain from a famous doctor there the nature of an ailment of his that had caused him much apprehension. He was due to return by the steamer *Clansman* that evening, but

the boat was late and Lora was beginning to be uneasy. Mary Maclean, with whom she lived, endeavored to prepare her for disappointment.

"Mayhap the *Clansman* will not be coming this way at all to-night, Lora. She may be going by Kyle-na-Sith. He may have been unable to leave. If he does not come to-day he will doubtless be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow, indeed! Why, Mary, if the *Clansman* does not come by this evening, and has gone, as you say, by Kyle-na-Sith, she will not be here again till the day *after* to-morrow!"

"Alastair could come the other way by the Inverary boat, and thence by the herring-steamer from Dunmore."

"That may be, but I cannot believe the boat will not be here to-night."

They stood in silence for a little and then Mrs. Maclean requested her, should she see old Ian that evening, not to have speech with him, as he had "had the sight" again. To Lora's question whether Ian could foresee all that was to happen Mrs. Maclean answered: "Those who have the vision do not read all that is in the future. They can see the thing of peril, and the evil of accident, and even Death, and what is more, the nearness and sometimes the way of it. But no man sees more than this—unless he had been to Tir-na-h'Oigh."

While the two spoke the smoke of the *Clansman* was seen over a projecting headland, and soon the steamer came in sight. But no pennon floated from its foremast, which meant that there was neither passenger nor freight to be landed at Innisròn and therefore no need for the rowboat ferry. Lora could not believe that the *Clansman* had come without Alastair, but when no green light appeared below the yellow, as was customary when the steamer was too late for the flag-signal to be readily distinguished, she realized that the vessel was going onward beyond Innisròn. Thinking it possible that Alastair might yet be on board, but ill and forgetting to tell the Captain of his wishing to land by the island ferry, she called to Ian, the ancient ferryman, to be quick with the boat. He assured her that there was no use in going out to meet the *Clansman*, but she insisted and they set forth. A mist had come up with the gloaming and thickened the dusk, but the signal-lantern of the ferry-boat was

perceived and the steamer slowed down. Lora called out that they had come out for Alastair Macleod, and was gruffly answered by the second officer that Macleod was not on board when they left Greenock and could not therefore be on the *Clansman* now. Ian, moreover, was berated for stopping the steamer "all for a lassie's haverin'."

As they returned, Lora asked Ian if he had had "the sight" upon Alastair lately, and he spoke of a dream in which he had seen her, her husband, and another go into some strange place. She and the other were as shadows, but Alastair was a man who walked through mist and was visible only from the waist upward. She then questioned him as to the meaning of the mist seen in the dream, but the old man was silent.

Once more on land, she went to Mary Maclean's cottage, and after the supper and an hour of talk by the fireside Lora fell asleep. Shortly after this Mrs. Maclean was almost sure she saw a face against the window, and going to the door she whispered: "Is that you, Ian?" and again: "Is that you, Alastair Macleod?" There was no reply, and closing the door she went to her own bed. An hour later the door opened again, and Lora went out into the darkness and walked down to the shore. The moon grew golden in the sky as the dusk lightened and the stars came forth. Her eyes saw the lift of the dark, the lovely advance of the lunar twilight, the miracle of the yellow bloom—golden here, and there as white as frost-fire—upon sea and land; they saw and yet saw not. Surely in the loneliness she would gain some knowledge of Alastair. Surely, she thought, he would come to her in the spirit. She turned to go back to the cottage, when she saw a moving shadow and trembled, fearing she had seen the watcher of the dead. Again she fancied herself about to be waylaid by one of the dreaded dwellers in twilight waters told of in old legends. Then she heard a human sob near by, and all at once it became clear to her that Alastair had reached the isle in some way but, plunged in some strange sorrow, had not come straightway to her. "Alastair!" she called, and from a sand-drift by the shore he came forth and raised his arms; Lora advanced and was pressed to his heart. To her eager questioning he told how he had missed the *Clansman* and had been brought to Innisròn in a

fishing-smack, and how such a sorrow had overcome him that he felt it would be better to deal with it alone and in the night. Once he had gone near the cottage, and seeing that Lora was asleep had turned away ere Mary Maclean should know him; and suddenly the trouble in his head had returned. In the midst of his pain he had seen Lora standing on the seashore, and had thought it only a vision; but in the moonlight he had perceived it was she indeed, and his pain and sorrow had again overcome him. Full of apprehension, she bade him tell her what there was to say, and to his query whether anyone had spoken to her in his absence of his illness, she replied:

"Dear, Father Manus told me that you feared the trouble which came upon your father, and your father's father; and oh, Alastair! he told me what that trouble was."

"Then you know—you can understand."

"Oh, Alastair! you do not mean that—that you, too, *you* have the—the mind-dark?"

"Dear heart of mine, this sorrow has come to us!"

With a sharp cry Lora held him to her, as if even at that moment he were to be snatched from her.

"I cannot lose you; no sorrow can part us, nothing can separate us but the passing, and that—"

"Lora, it is of that, of the Passing—are you brave enough not only to endure—but to—if we thought it well—if I asked you—? Lora—would you?"

Only her caught breath at intervals gave answer. The immense semicircle of the sky domed sea and land with infinity. In the vast space the stars and planets fulfilled their ordered plan. Star by star, planet by planet, sun by sun, universe by universe, moved jocund in the march of eternal death. Beyond the two lonely figures, seaward, the moon swung, green-gold at the heart with circumambient flame of pearl. Hand in hand they went to the cottage, Ghaoth, Alastair's dog, suddenly discovering his master, to his great joy.

Mrs. Maclean had risen and lighted a candle and now awaited them at the threshold. She knew by instinct that some sorrow had come upon the twain, and, saying little, cared for them both till presently the weary man slept. Mrs. Maclean then chanted in a low voice the Gaelic prayer said at the covering

of the fire, and after this the Blessing of Peace, ending with the words: "And thou, Michael, guardian of souls, abide with us, watching."

Lora now slept beside her husband and Mary went to her own room.

Before the close of the next day everyone in the island knew that Alastair was mad, or, as the islemen worded it, he had "the mind-dark." Old Ian, the ferryman, had seen Alastair and Lora that night on the seashore, and as he sat at his breakfast in the cottage he followed every movement of Alastair with his eyes. When Alastair went out suddenly Ian went after him, but he returned in a moment and said to Mary, though not in Lora's hearing: "He is not alone. I have seen *the other*," and she knew he had seen the shadow-self that ere death comes is often seen alongside of the one who is soon to die.

Through Ian the rumor of Alastair's madness went abroad, and it was remembered how Alastair's father had once denounced the widowed Ealasaid MacAodh, who lived at the head of the Glen of the Dark Water, as having the evil eye; and now it was whispered by some that the widow had put her malice upon Alastair.

"Ian," said Pol Macdonald, one of the oldest fishermen, "let you and two others of us go to-night to the Widow Ealasaid's, and look upon her and find whether she is accursed, and then—"

That night the three men went to the widow's dwelling, intending to make her bring her doom upon herself so that on the morrow her cabin might be burned and she exiled from the island with the ancient Celtic anathema. As they peered in at her window they saw her Gaelic Bible open on the table and the widow kneeling between the table and the fire. Then, instead of the witch's incantations they had thought to hear, they listened to prayer for protection under the shadow of Providence; and after this the three shamed watchers stole homeward from their wicked errand.

Bitter as was the sorrow to be faced by Lora and Alastair, the thought that their unborn child might inherit the doom was intolerable, and on the same night that the three men visited Ealasaid, unknown to her, they solemnly promised each other

that on the next day they would "go forth and lay themselves beneath that ever-wandering yet ever-returning wave which beats day and night, and week by week, and year by year, and without end forever, about the sea-gathered graveyard on the remote west of Innisròn."

Hand in hand they went the next evening at dusk to the Glen of the Dark Water, passing near the cabin of the Widow Ealasaid; and as the moon came up they entered the Cave of the Sea-Woman and there gathered the sea-grapes (whose effect is to throw the eater into a trancelike sleep) in order that the great silence should come upon them unawares. Then they laid themselves down, clasped in each other's arms, on a ledge toward which the insistent tide crept ever nearer. Beyond, in the darkness, the loud moan, the deep, monotonous boom of the sea filled the whole vast void of the night.

The Widow Ealasaid in her lonely cabin was roused by the barking of a dog at her door, and opening it recognized Alastair's collie, Ghaoth, which at once tried to lead her forth. Taking her lantern she followed her to the Cave of the Sea-Woman until she realized that if Alastair were indeed caught there by the tide she could not help him; accordingly she hurried to the opposite brae where lived Angus Macrae and his son Ranald. Ranald thought that either Alastair had wandered thither in his madness and been cut off by the sea, or had gone there intending to drown himself in the deep abyss of the Kelpie's Pool.

The widow returned home to make preparations to receive Alastair, should he be found alive, while the elder Macrae descended into the cavern, where he found Ghaoth holding with his teeth to Lora's gown to keep her from sliding into the water, but Alastair was nowhere to be seen by the lantern's light. Tenderly the Macraes bore Lora to the widow's cabin, and there, tended by Ealasaid and Mary Maclean, a blind child was born to Lora.

Time passed, and no word came of Alastair, and at the end of the third week Lora came to her right mind, but hid her intent with absolute secrecy. Till his body were found she said she would not return home with Mary; and, knowing of her child's blindness, she told herself that as soon as she could go

to the shore at low tide she and the child should follow Alastair into the Kelpie's Pool. A fortnight more went by ere opportunity came, when one evening Mary had gone to her cottage on an errand and Ealasaid had taken some message to a neighbor a mile away. Lora was weary when she reached the cavern, and she sat down for a time with the child at her feet in the soft sand. While sitting there in the moonshine she saw a tall figure moving toward her, naked white. The erect body, the grace and beauty, were those of a king among men; and as a king the naked figure was crowned, with moon-flowers and yellow sea-poppies woven into his gold-sheen hair. Suddenly he saw her and stood as if wrought in impassioned stone, then, without a sound, he turned and fled like the wind. And Lora, lifting the child and staggering homeward, knew that she had seen Alastair.

Several weeks later the way of Alastair's escape from death was known. The first wave that fell over the two in the cave was not at once followed by another, but it had dispersed the fumes of the sea-grapes, and Alastair had risen to his feet with no recollection of Lora or why he was there. Hearing something moving on the ledge, he sprang forward but fell into deep water in which something surged against him, and he knew it was Ghaoth, who was there to save him. With the dog's help he gained the shore, and then Ghaoth returned to rescue Lora on the ledge where Macrae had found them. The dog next leaped back into the darkness to regain Alastair, but his sea-mangled body was found in a trawl-net a few days afterward.

At dawn Alastair remembered nothing that had happened, but as he sat by the waterside he espied a boat adrift, swam toward it, and got on board. Drowsy with the sunshine, he fell asleep; and hours went by as the boat still drifted. When he awoke the small island of I-Mònair was near at hand, and his craft was soon wrecked on a jagged reef. Thrown forward by the shock, he gained the reef in safety and thence leaped to shore.

The only dwellers on the isle were a shepherd and his wife, and they lived there only in summer; and Fergus McIan was astounded when he saw a man coming toward him who might

have dropped from the clouds, for the boat had disappeared. The stranger could not tell his name, and the McIans saw that he was not in his full senses.

"God has sent him," said the shepherd to his wife. "In His good time He will whisper in the closed ears, and the man will wake and tell us who he is and whither he would go."

"Meanwhile," answered the wife, "let us call him Donncha, after the boy we lost six-and-twenty years ago, who might have been as comely as this stranger."

So Alastair remained six weeks on I-Mònair, till late one afternoon a herring-trawler lay off the isle and its crew came ashore in the small boat. Strange voices caught Alastair's ear as he returned from a ramble, and perhaps filled him with some vague alarm, for in the gloaming he got into the small boat, and in the early morning came near Innisròn and recognized its familiar outline. Then the whim took him to capsize the boat and swim the short distance to the shore. When the sun rose he flung his wet garments from him, and throughout the day he wandered naked among the sheep-paths; thus it was that when the moonlight flooded the lonely portion of the island he came before the startled eyes of Lora, who for the second time had come down to that shore to woo and win Death.

When Mary Maclean returned and heard Lora's tale she fancied that Lora was under a hallucination, but she promised to go with her at sunrise to see whether that flower-crowned phantom was other than a fantasy of the moonshine. At sunrise they went forth, Lora going ahead with the child, and presently under a rowan, heavy with clusters of fruit, they saw a white figure leaning over one of the pools wherein the falling burn slept and dreamed ere it leaped again from ledge to ledge. He was like some beautiful creature of an antique tale. Even as a wild deer, he stooped and drank; looked questioningly through the rowans and birches, and then across the bracken, where the sun-rays slid intricately in a golden tangle. "Alastair!" He lifted his head and listened! "Alastair!" The sudden fear passed from his eyes.

By and by the veil lifted and he smiled, took the child gently from its mother, kissed it, and handing it to Mary opened his arms with the one word: "Lora!" From that time his madness

took a new form, and though he was still distraught, his gloom left him. Though his speech was often incoherent, Lora learned his passionate wish. He knew his end was not far distant, and he longed to leave Innisròn that he might die in the lonely isle of Ithona, where he was born and which he inherited from his mother. In its single farmhouse, where dwelt the sole inhabitant, the shepherd, Sheumais Macleod, there was room for Alastair, Lora, and the child, as well as for Mary Maclean; and on a hot summer afternoon they went thither in a trawler manned by the Macraes. Nearly everyone on the isle was present to see them go, and when the boat moved swiftly away the oldest of the islemen raised his pipes and played the ancient Coronach for the Dead.

In remote Ithona, solitary even among the outer isles of which it was one of the most far-set in ocean, there was little to break the monotony of the hours. In summer the Weaver of Sunshine rested there; there, during the equinox, the Weaver of the Winds abode; in winter the Weaver of the Snow made a white shroud for the isle and a shimmering veil for the dusking of the sea. Only Alastair was happy, for he dreamed and his dream was of the pathway that came down from heaven at sunrise and led back at nightfall through the avenue of the stars to the very gate of Pharais. Four months went by, and on the dawn of December the child died. Alastair had never comprehended its blindness and had thought it slept when it was really awake; but on that last night of November he seemed troubled as he looked at the child, but when it smiled as it was going he was satisfied. The little one was buried near a Druid stone, a place frequented by Alastair when a boy, and that night a snow-storm swept over the isle; and in the cold morning when Alastair awoke Lora was dead, but wrapped in his visions he thought her still asleep. "Lora!" he called to her; "dear, all is well at the last." But there was no sound in response. A small snow-cloud passed slowly over the island. "A warm breath reached the heart of it and set the myriad wings astir. The fall was like a veil suspended over Ithona, so thin that the sky was visible through it as an azure dusk; and beneath it, the sea as a blue flowing lawn where-over its skirts trailed; while behind it the rising sun-fire was a shimmer of amber-yellow that made every falling flake

glisten like burnished gold. The wind was utterly still; the sky cloudless, but for that thin, vanishing veil of dropping gold. The sea lay breathing in a deep calm all around the isle. But from its heart, that never slumbers, rose as of yore, and forever, a rumor as of muffled prophesyings, a Voice of Awe, a Voice of Dread."

KATHARINE SARAH MACQUOID

(England, 1840)

AT THE RED GLOVE (1885)

Mrs. Macquoid has made a specialty of chronicling the lives of the plain people in out-of-the-way corners of Europe, and the following tale of the *bourgeois* life of Berne is acknowledged to be a little masterpiece of character study.

BY chance, while stopping in an old town of southern France, Monsieur Carouge, the rich, middle-aged proprietor of the Hôtel Beauregard in Berne, came across the beautiful Elvire, who was poor but proud. Rich gifts and promises of future luxury, however, induced the young girl to marry her elderly admirer. For some time the bride was content with an indolent, isolated life in a pretty villa a few miles out of Berne, but subsequently she tired of her monotonous existence. Through books she realized the barrenness of her lot, and began dreaming of an ideal love; and when, after years had passed, her husband died, she felt like a freed slave, for she had grown to hate M. Carouge. Death made her wealthy and her own mistress as well. Of her husband she only said: "He has wasted my youth. I am eight-and-twenty, and I have not yet begun to live."

The beautiful widow went to Berne, where she installed herself as hostess of the Hôtel Beauregard, which she managed ably. Among other patrons of her excellent table were Monsieur Loigerot, a fat little captain, retired after thirty years of army life, and Rudolph Engemann, the tall, fair bank-clerk, of whom Madame Carouge became enamored. Both of these men lodged in the house of old Madame Bobineau, who kept a glove-shop in the Spitalgasse, over which hung a huge, plump,

scarlet glove. Achille Loigerot had lately inherited property, and had come to Berne to find a suitable wife—"quiet and amiable, and about thirty-five," as he had said to the handsome Madame Carouge, in seeking her friendly offices.

It was the gallant ex-Captain's good fortune to be the first civilian to meet pretty little Marie Peyrolles, as she arrived at Berne, fresh from a convent near Lake Lucerne. She had left the sweet nuns of St. Esprit to live with her cousin, the glover, and the Captain had the pleasure of directing the bewildered girl to the Spitalgasse. Thanking him, she turned her footsteps up the arcaded street, but Captain Loigerot followed the young country maid. Smilingly he rolled along, well pleased with this little adventure, though he soon lost sight of the fair stranger. Without further trouble, Marie Peyrolles reached the sign of the Red Glove and found herself in the presence of her crabbed, witchlike old relative, Madame Bobineau, who at once gave her instructions as to her duties in the shop. The old lady repelled any affectionate sign from her timid young kinswoman, and gave her to understand that their connection would be purely a business matter.

During their first meal together, Madame Bobineau was appalled at the appetite of her new assistant, and she had to resort to a huge pinch of snuff for consolation. At length Madame Riesen, the clockmaker's wife, opened the shop-door. Her sharp tongue was soon in full swing, but the niggardly glover was equal to every sally. They gossiped in the back room, and it came out that Monsieur Engemann and the fair widow, Madame Carouge, were fast becoming more than friends; also that Monsieur Riesen had planned a Sunday trip to Thun specially for the hostess of the Hôtel Beauregard, in which the lucky M. Engemann was expected to participate. As Madame Riesen went out the old woman glanced like a spider through her spy-hole in the rear of the shop. "I had not thought matters had gone so far between the widow and my lodger," she said grimly, taking a long pinch of snuff.

That evening the charming widow awaited M. Rudolph Engemann in her luxurious offices; and when the tall, broad-shouldered young Swiss entered it was easy to see to whom she had given her heart. To look at Engemann one could not so

readily divine his feeling, though it was evident he admired the dark, glowing beauty, who evinced such preference for his society. She told him of the projected excursion with the Riesens, and he gladly accepted the invitation to go. On the way home he encountered Captain Loigerot, who humorously twitted him about the widow. Engemann felt nettled and a little annoyed, but he managed to laugh at his fat and facetious companion. Loigerot had decided not to tell any of his Bernese intimates of his morning adventure, but he could not refrain from confiding in M. Rudolph, who heard the tale without interest. As they came opposite their lodging, where the red glove seemed to glower portentously in the gloom, Madame Bobineau, with a tall, slim woman, emerged from the shop entrance and disappeared down a turning. Such an unprecedented occurrence aroused all the Captain's curiosity, and he paused to gaze after them; but the younger man let himself in at the private door of the Red Glove.

Captain Loigerot waited for Madame Bobineau to return, which she did shortly, by herself; and the shrewd landlady had to undergo a cross-examination at the hands of her well-paying lodger. He learned that Marie was an orphan cousin, just from a convent, and had come on to help her in her business. Of course the unsophisticated girl must not come into contact with the male lodgers in the building, so a place had been taken for her in the neighborhood. Old Bobineau had just left her in her new quarters, but the miserly glover omitted to describe the lodging, which was dirty and poverty-stricken. Then the two talked of M. Engemann and his chances with the Widow Carouge. Loigerot was positive of a happy issue in spite of what he called the fellow's shilly-shally methods. Whether Madame Bobineau feared the loss of a lodger, or the cessation of favors from the generous widow under existing conditions, she said she thought that the honorable gentleman, who was as yet but a clerk in the bank, would hesitate to ask for the hand of a woman of fortune. The Captain had not considered this possibility; this, then, was probably the key to the mystery of Engemann's indecision. "I may be able to help these lovers. Ha! ha! A hint to one or the other may smooth matters," laughed Loigerot to himself.

Meanwhile, Marie had taken a disgusted inventory of her squalid garret. It was in horrible contrast to the clean, white-washed interior of the Convent of St. Esprit. The poor girl wept bitterly, but the next morning she arose and bravely set to work cleaning the floor, the window, and the walls. After her task she went for a walk in the clear, early morning, and, having some time to spare before she was due at the Red Glove, she lingered on a terrace to watch the beautiful snow-covered mountains glistening with silver brilliance against the sky. Suddenly she saw again the stout gentleman who had guided her the day before bowing close to her. He wished her a good morning and paid her a compliment. She learned that he lodged at her cousin's. Very ceremoniously Captain Loigerot offered to escort her there, but Marie declined his polite service and hurried to the Spitalgasse by herself. "Well," said he philosophically, his stumpy legs wider apart than ever, "it doesn't signify. I shall certainly see her again." At last Berne had shaken off its dulness for him.

Rudolph Engemann was in the Hôtel Beauregard breakfast-room when the Captain reached the place. Unable to resist the temptation to repeat the details of his episode, the Captain told the bank-clerk all about the fair Marie, at which recital his listener was highly amused. Finishing his coffee, M. Rudolph left the table to pay Madame Carouge a visit ere he went to business. The widow was in a very tender and languishing mood, and her favorite caller experienced the full power of her seductive charm. He, too, was becoming unusually tender, when the sturdy Captain appeared and interrupted their *tête-à-tête*. To be sure, Moritz, the head waiter, had told Loigerot that the widow desired to see him, but unfortunately he chose the wrong moment for an interview. Engemann took his leave, and Madame Carouge briefly requested the Captain to ask Madame Bobineau to stop at the hôtel on the morrow after mass. Mention of the glover caused the enthusiastic Loigerot to introduce the subject of Marie, but while he was in the midst of his eulogy of that damsel the widow coldly dismissed him from her office.

All that day Rudolph could not rid himself of the image of the lovely widow. Her face obtruded itself between him and

his accounts. Even a walk failed to dispel his visions. Long he pondered on the difference in their respective ages and fortunes. "We will leave it all till that Sunday comes," he thought, with the outing to Thun in view.

When he reached the Red Glove two of his fellow-clerks came laughing out of the shop. They stopped to joke Engemann about the Widow Carouge, and compared her matronly charms with those of the fair cousin of Madame Bobineau, whom they had just left. Engemann was provoked at this public coupling of his name with that of Madame Carouge, and did not hesitate to resent it openly. His tormentors passed on, sniggering, while Rudolph glanced into the glove-shop. Marie was weeping, and old Bobineau was shrilly scolding her for refusing to measure the hands of male customers. M. Engemann felt sorry for the girl. That night he avoided the usual interview with the hostess of the Beauregard because he wished to silence the current gossip.

But his omission to visit her disturbed the fond widow, and the next day, when Madame Bobineau came cringing into her presence, she found Madame Carouge in bad humor. The old woman unfortunately said the most irritating things *apropos* of Marie, especially by referring to a discussion she had overheard, regarding Madame Carouge and the little maid, to which M. Engemann was a party. Madame Carouge grew very angry, and the obsequious glover trembled lest she had offended her most liberal patron; old Bobineau quaked to think of no longer receiving the delicacies which the widow regularly bestowed upon her. The haughty hostess of the Beauregard declared that the unprotected Marie should have a husband—otherwise it was unsafe and improper to have her in the glove-shop. Madame Bobineau, now groveling, echoed this opinion, though she could not see where a marriage portion would come from. "Leave it to me; I will find your little Marie a husband," said Madame Carouge.

After this unexpected scene the pretty widow felt ashamed of her outburst, so she withdrew to her private room, where she held communion with her mind and her mirror. Love-fraught eyes discovered no diminution of her own charms. She blushingly told herself that she worshiped Rudolph, and that when

their excursion to Thun should take place she must try to give him some decided encouragement.

That afternoon Madame Bobineau and Marie visited the famous bear-pit of Berne. While making their way through the happy crowd congregated to watch and feed the animals, they met M. Engemann, who at once took Marie under his protection and secured a good vantage-point for her. Little Marie was strongly attracted to the tall, blue-eyed young man, but Madame Bobineau was apprehensive that someone might see them together and report it to Madame Carouge; therefore she hurried the girl homeward, only to encounter Captain Loigerot, who inquired whether they had seen Engemann. Artless Marie naïvely told the Captain of M. Engemann's kindness.

When Loigerot had passed on the old woman turned angrily on Marie. "Mischievous little chatterbox!" she said, "you have done harm that you cannot undo." But the voluble Captain did not repeat this news to the tempestuous widow, though he had a very narrow escape from blabbing. As it turned out, Lenoir, the gossipy hair-dresser, was the tattler, for he had witnessed the affair at the bear-pit. But, much to the informer's disgust, Madame Carouge betrayed no emotion, except that she looked bored.

Rudolph Engemann had felt an irresistible attraction to Marie while in her company, and the following morning he walked into the shop. He ordered two pairs of gloves and was thrilled in having them fitted by the naïve and pretty creature behind the counter. As for Marie, she liked him more than ever, and her heart began to beat in a most unusual fashion. Suddenly the harsh voice of old Bobineau was heard from the back—a discordant sound that put an end to the pretty maneuvering of the young pair. Afterward, the witchlike glover scolded and sneered at Marie's innocent happiness. Among other spiteful suggestions, she said that M. Engemann would probably ridicule such a silly girl to the rich and lovely Madame Carouge. Marie burst into tears at these cruel words, and it was long before she regained composure. The poor girl felt that she hated Madame Carouge, and that she must return to her beloved nuns of St. Esprit. But her trials had only begun, for in the afternoon the proud mistress of the Beauregard called

at the shop to pass judgment for herself upon poor little Marie Peyrolles. Mutual dislike germinated between them. In spite of this, the widow actually extended to Madame Bobineau and her ingenuous young cousin a gracious invitation to a soirée which was to be given for a few select friends. Confidentially the purring widow told the wily glover that she had chosen for Marie a wealthy husband—Captain Achille Loigerot. Old Bobineau was astonished at such a golden prospect, though she mumbled something about the disparity of age between the two. This notion the widow scorned. As she left the dingy abode, Madame Carouge serenely said to herself: "That is settled!"

The preliminary steps to the match-making were taken at once; she sent for the Captain and made her proposal, which enchanted the middle-aged soldier. She banished every one of his doubts and alluded to her own early marriage to an elderly man. Cleverly she convinced him of his eligibility. They agreed to keep their compact secret until after the soirée. Even Marie was to be kept ignorant of this arrangement, at least for the present. "Let her become accustomed to you, and then choose your own time for speaking of the marriage," said the smiling widow.

Madame Carouge did not extend an invitation to M. Engemann for her party. Instead, she avoided his occasional visits to her offices. The wily widow was skilfully playing her double-barreled game. Nor did Rudolph see much more of Marie at this time. Once they had met and shaken hands, but the girl seemed anxious to leave him—an attitude which he attributed to her fear of old Bobineau, who watched from behind her curtain as a spider watches a fly.

Riesen and his wife were the only friends of Madame Carouge invited to the soirée besides Madame Bobineau, Marie, and the Captain. Everything went off smoothly. Loigerot was delighted to be near the simple child who had been chosen for his wife. Marie liked the good-natured Captain, and found him exceedingly entertaining. Hearing her express a love for flowers, he said he would get her some. Then he proposed a visit to the Schanzli, setting a date, which Madame Bobineau fawningly accepted. Never once did Marie suspect

the import of that evening's gathering, and she thoroughly enjoyed her dip into society.

The next morning, bright and early, Captain Loigerot betook himself to the florist and ordered a nosegay. M. Rudolph saw him there and was very curious, but asked no questions. Clockmaker Riesen joined them and indulged his humor in several innuendos, which Rudolph did not comprehend, knowing nothing of the soirée. Madame Carouge had enjoined her small circle to keep the little party a secret. Their conversation, however, soon turned to the proposed holiday at Thun. Riesen's program sounded like a fairy-tale to the ears of the young bank-clerk.

Marie was dreaming of the delightful evening, thinking what a nice, kind old man the Captain was, and wondering why M. Engemann had not been present, when the former waddled into the glove-shop bearing a huge bouquet of choice flowers. The simple girl could hardly believe her senses as he presented it to her. Of course her joy knew no bounds, and she was inexpressibly grateful. The Captain wished to kiss her, but a warning from old Bobineau stayed him. Besides, he was somewhat startled and confused when Marie said simply: "Ah, Monsieur, you are so kind—as kind to me as if you were my father!"

But news of the soirée could not be long suppressed, and Rudolph was among the first to hear of that curious affair. He had also seen the Captain carrying his gigantic nosegay, and later had beheld Marie bending over the rich blossoms. He was troubled, yet could not determine upon a reason for his uneasiness. True, Marie's pure face had come between him and his waking dreams of Madame Carouge, but he had not considered this in its proper significance. He first realized his change of sentiment when the widow told him of the approaching engagement between the Captain and Marie. Rudolph actually grew angry at the idea, but Madame Carouge merely smiled pityingly at such obtuseness.

Engemann lost no time in going to the glove-shop, where he fancied his worst fears confirmed. Marie was caressing the roses, and wore one at her throat. This he took to be positive evidence of her preference for Loigerot, though her actions had

really sprung from her intense love of flowers. He was too blinded by angry passion to see the gladness in her eyes at his own entrance, and he treated her with curt politeness, at which Marie was deeply hurt. At this juncture the Captain gaily rolled in, and unluckily succeeded in convincing Rudolph still further of his right to Marie. Loigerot's winks and words settled all doubt in the young man's mind, but it raised puzzled apprehension in the breast of Marie. The poor child was sadly perplexed. At the same time, the remarks passed by both the Captain and old Bobineau apparently alluded to a speedy alliance between Engemann and the Widow Carouge. That M. Rudolph rushed impetuously out of the shop meant nothing to Marie, except that he probably disliked being joked on a tender subject. Much to her embarrassment, Captain Loigerot had once kissed her hand, but now, when he attempted to repeat this action, she drew her fingers away from such homage. "What does it all mean? Oh, what does it mean?" said the girl to herself, utterly bewildered.

The memorable Sunday dawned for the Thun excursion of the Riesens with Madame Carouge and M. Engemann. The weather was bright and hot. The party set out early to enjoy the sunshine amid that glorious region of mountain, lake, and forest. At first neither the widow nor Rudolph was inclined to talk. Each was occupied with a different thought; she was planning her conquest over her elusive admirer, while he revolved in his mind the recent blow given to his faith in humanity by the conduct of Marie, who appeared willing to sell herself to an old man for money. Rudolph's bitterness gradually lessened, however, under the double spell of the scenery and the charm of the fascinating widow. She employed all her subtle arts to win a word of love from him, and her blandishments held him in thrall. Engemann was, after all, only a man, and Madame Carouge almost succeeded in forcing from him an avowal of love; but while the words leaped to his lips he somehow refrained from uttering an irrevocable declaration. Madame Carouge was satisfied with her progress, however, and thrilled to think of the future, when he should have acknowledged his passion for herself.

While this love-chase was in progress, poor Marie had to

suffer her severest ordeal in Berne. At last she understood the plot to marry her to the fat, good-natured Captain. She had made a hard fight against old Bobineau's authority, and had shed bitter tears, but the orphan girl saw no way of escape from the power of her merciless cousin. Her only consolation was in prayer to "Our Lady of Sorrows" in the dim, solemn cathedral. On her knees she vowed that if it was God's will for her to sacrifice herself she would do so; and later on that critical day, when Captain Loigerot kissed her cheeks, she was passive, though she blushed crimson with embarrassment and distress. The happy Captain could hardly contain himself till the night of their visit to the Schanzli, when he would have his "little duck," as he called Marie, to himself. And, true enough, almost as soon as they arrived, he managed to walk ahead of Madame Bobineau, and proudly paraded to and fro with the helpless Marie, who had dreaded this public promenade. Madame Riesen, having discovered to the old glover that the widow and M. Rudolph were on the grounds, came up to the Captain and his clinging charge to congratulate the affianced pair. Marie blushed with anger and shame; she had not expected this public exhibition of her wretched plight. "It is unbearable!" she said to herself, with difficulty keeping back her tears. From that moment she began to devise a means of escape.

Near the end of the terrace sat M. Rudolph and the amorous widow. More perilously than ever he approached the brink of an outburst of lifelong devotion to this lonely heart. Only the thought of Marie held him back. He could not tell why this was so, though he again wondered whether appearances in that direction were altogether what they seemed. He even expressed this thought to his charmer. Thereupon Madame Carouge led him to a spot where she fancied they might encounter the Captain and his *fiancée*. She followed the right line of attack, for they soon met Loigerot with Marie on his arm, and this sight was too much for Rudolph's good manners. Hard and scornfully he stared at Marie, and then left her and the Captain abruptly, with Madame Carouge beside him. Naturally this treatment incensed the quick-tempered Loigerot, and he strode along wrathfully, giving vent to his repressed rage. Nor did he notice

that Marie had slipped away from him in her mortification at the *contretemps*. Even when he realized that she was gone, he consoled himself with the thought that the "poor little dove" had sought shelter under Madame Bobineau's wing.

Still, he searched the gardens, only to be more convinced of his supposition. To make sure, he doubled his speed and made for the Red Glove. No one was at home. He sped over to Marie's lodging. She had not returned. Distracted, he rushed back to the Schanzli. On the road, returning homeward, he encountered the carriage containing old Bobineau, the Widow Carouge, the Riesens, and Lenoir. Marie was not with them, neither was M. Rudolph, for the latter had remained behind to walk about by himself ere he rejoined Madame Carouge at the Hôtel Beauregard. Confusion! Captain Loigerot hurried to the Schanzli and found Marie and Rudolph together. The young man had come upon the girl weeping alone in the dark, in a deserted part of the gardens, whither she had fled from her public humiliation at Loigerot's side, caring nothing what might become of her. By the time the Captain had arrived on the scene, Marie and Rudolph had reached a thorough, illuminative understanding of each other—in a word, they were lovers. The worthy Captain was astounded, outraged, but the pleading pair soon mollified him. Quickly he saw how ridiculous had been his position heretofore, and he ruefully admitted it. "In future I shall let well enough alone," he said philosophically.

From that hour Captain Loigerot became the champion of the lovers' cause against everyone. Madame Bobineau, indeed, trembled at his wrathful threats should she interfere with the happiness he had been an agent in bringing about. But what of Madame Carouge? Ah, the Captain appointed himself special ambassador to wait upon her and explain matters. But, notwithstanding all his care and delicacy in making known her defeat and loss, she became infuriated. A stinging box on the ear nearly sent him off his legs. "*Tonnerre!*" he cried, bowing, and holding his ear. "Marie is only a kitten at present, but you—aw—you have shown me what she might have grown to. Madame, I—I have the honor to take my leave."

CHARLES MAJOR

(United States, 1856)

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL (1902)

This story, which is one of the real romances of Elizabethan England, has been told by several writers. Allan Cunningham has told it in his *The King of the Peak*. He says: "The last of the name of Vernon was rendered far and wide for the hospitality and magnificence of his house, for the splendor of his retinue, and more for the beauty of his daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. He was hailed, in common tale and in minstrel song, by the name of the King of the Peak; and it is said his handsome person and witchery of tongue chiefly prevented his mistress, Good Queen Bess, from abridging his provincial designation with the headsman's ax." Mr. Major's version of the old romance was successfully dramatized for the American stage, and was played in England also.

I, MALCOLM FRANÇOIS DE LORRAINE VERNON, whose father was cousin german to Sir George Vernon of Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire, where so much of this story takes place, play part enough in it to make a few personal notes not amiss at the beginning.

My mother was a niece of the Duc de Guise, after whom I was named. My father died on the day of my birth, and my mother died of grief, it was said, on the day of his funeral. I was trained to arms, and reared amid the fighting, vice, and piety of the court, as I was esquire-in-waiting to the Duke.

At twenty-five I retired to the château. There I found a tall, fair girl, fifteen years old—later Mary, Queen of Scots, and rightful heiress to the English throne. I fell a victim to Mary, like many another man. She returned my passion ardently, and I was her slave until I felt the touch of a pure woman's love.

In the autumn of 1597 I was brooding one evening in Scotland over Mary's disgraceful *liaison* with Bothwell, when Sir Thomas Douglas brought me news that the Queen had been

seized, and that I should flee for my life, as warrants would be issued for her friends.

I made my way to England, though six dead men paid the price, and hatless, swordless, bootless, but with a well-filled purse, decided to go to my cousin, Sir George Vernon of Haddon Hall, Derbyshire. I purchased the equipment of a gentleman at Carlisle, rode southward, and arrived one cold night at the Royal Arms, Derby, six leagues from the Hall.

I made acquaintance with a gentleman there, and courteously—but foolishly, for a Scottish refugee—announced my name and title. Instead of giving his, he made an offensive remark to the effect that he was glad he did not know Sir George Vernon, my uncle. This nearly precipitated sword-play.

"I did not give my name," he said coolly, "because you will not enjoy hearing it. I am Sir John Manners, son of the Duke of Rutland, and Sir George Vernon is his bitter enemy. But that is no reason why we should hate each other. Will you give me your hand? I shall not betray you."

In brief, we made a perpetual truce, and I even confided to my new friend my present purpose, which was to woo Dorothy Vernon, Sir George's daughter. Her father had suggested an alliance when I last visited Haddon Hall, so that the issue of his only child might bear the Vernon name. Dorothy was then a slim-shanked, red-haired, slipshod girl of twelve. But I was no longer young, and the consequences of such a union appealed strongly to me.

The next morning a coach arrived with this same Dorothy, her aunt, Lady Dorothy Crawford, and a pale, dark-eyed girl. Dorothy Vernon was now a tall, radiantly beautiful creature, with a complexion like ivory and a crown of hair that was like molten gold allied with copper! I never had seen a more beautiful or imperious woman. She shot a glance at Sir John Manners, which bewitched him on the spot. She greeted me effusively, told me that Sir George had lost his suit against the Duke of Rutland, and that he drank more than was good for him. She never had seen Sir John Manners, "a disreputable fellow, who lives at court," she said hotly, "and who is said to be as handsome as Satan. Would that Satan had him!"

And when she saw Sir John himself, not knowing that it was

he, she was simply captivated by his manly grace and virile beauty, as he had been by her. When I told her who he was she excused me from presenting him, but murmured: "It is not his fault that his father is such a villain. And—and the Book tells us it is not right to hate even our enemies." Poor Dorothy Vernon!

I found that the lovely girl with Dorothy was her cousin, Lady Magdalen Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby, and niece of Dorothy's mother. I was filled with a rush of sympathy when I learned that the beautiful blue eyes of this exquisite being were sightless! She made me feel repentance for my career, and I felt her, even at the start, as a moral influence upon my life.

I was warmly received by Sir George Vernon, and Haddon Hall became my sanctuary against Elizabeth, who had no love for Queen Mary's friends.

One evening, two months later, when Sir George had been indulging heavily, as usual, he brought up the question of my wedding Dorothy. "My only condition is, that you quarrel with Rutland and his son and kill them both!" I could escape his importunity only by saying that I would ask Dorothy, but would marry her only with her free consent.

I knew that Dorothy was hopelessly fascinated by the dashing Sir John Manners. Jennie Faxton, the farrier's daughter, had told her that he had been in the village. The next day we chanced to see Sir John watering his horse at the well, and Dorothy, boldly riding up, dazed him by requesting that he also water Dolcy, her spirited mare. She continued to talk with him until he declared that he would come to Overhaddon village every day. Dorothy's eyes drooped, haughty and wilful as she was, before the bold and burning glance that accompanied his words.

After this, Mistress Dorothy took several rides alone, pleasantly declining my escort. Sir George stunned me some days later by congratulating me on my success with her, since she had accepted my gift of a golden heart set with diamonds. "Holy Mother!" thought I. "Care for my cousin Dorothy, for she needs it!" Not long afterward the fiery girl, who was so enamored that she could not contain herself, made me her

confidant. She was deeply in love with Sir John Manners. But she was tortured because he had not yet spoken of his love, although he had given her the golden heart, which had been his mother's, as token that there was no feud between them.

When I proposed to Mistress Dorothy she was so enraged that she rushed to her father and charged me with having come to their roof to seek an heiress. Sir George was furious with us both. I repeated my determination to marry no woman without her consent, and Sir George banished me from the Hall. Madge's feeling heart was so moved that she insisted on my taking her jewels, but I would accept only her purse for my essential needs in finding my way back to France.

I met Sir John Manners before I had ridden far, and he insisted on my accepting the hospitality of Rutland Castle until a more favorable time for escaping from England should arise. His father welcomed me as his son had said he would. The feud, I soon felt from his words, was of Sir George's making.

Will Fletcher, an arrow-maker of Overhaddon, thought he should let Sir George know of Dorothy's meetings with Sir John Manners. Jennie Faxton told Sir John of this trouble, and the gate east of Bowling Green Hill was appointed for their meetings. Sir George imprisoned Dorothy, and now sought to arrange a marriage between her and Sir James Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby. Sir James was a boor in appearance and manners, but Dorothy's beauty and wealth made him a greedy suitor. Dorothy affected compliance for the time, and her father gave her freedom.

A note from Dorothy to me said that she and Madge would be at the Inn alone the following day, and that any gentlemen wishing to inquire about Lady Crawford's health might learn about it from them. It was a dangerous expedition for me, but it was made. While we were at the Inn, Sir James Stanley and a friend, both very drunk, appeared upon the scene, and we escaped only by a ruse. The coach was overturned, however, and I had perforce to help guide the young women back to Haddon Hall, for a raging snow-storm had arisen. Sir George was in his kind mood, insisted on my remaining at the Hall and apologized for his former rage with me. I confess it was a

tender joy for me to be again under the same roof with sweet and plaintive Madge Stanley.

But storms were not banished. Dorothy, who had now seen the doltish Lord Stanley, swore to her father that she would open her veins and dye Haddon Hall with her blood before she would marry that yokel. She conveyed the news to Sir John by Jennie Faxton, appointing a meeting at the Bowling Green Gate. Poor Manners lost his head over the proposed match. He wished his presence at Rutland unknown. A plan, of which I was then ignorant, had been made to bring Queen Mary to Rutland Castle incognito. Reasons of policy had kept him from openly avowing his love to Dorothy, who, to elicit such avowal, had gone as far as a maiden could. But now, when he met her, he was all passion, and madly poured forth a lover's vows.

"I love you, God Himself only knows how deeply," he gasped, catching the beautiful girl in a fierce embrace. "Tell me you will wed no man but me. I love you! I adore you!"

"I am all yours, John," she said, raising her lips to his. "But I cannot wait. It is killing me!"

Sir George discovered that Dorothy was having clandestine meetings, with whom he could not conjecture, and the thought roused his temper to madness. He would have thrust her into a dungeon in Haddon Hall but for the united resistance of us all. Dorothy was confined to her apartment, however.

At this time such a flood of tender love for Madge Stanley swept me away that I declared it to the lovely blind girl. Her face, illumined by the sunshine and by the light of responsive love, told me she shared my passion, and thenceforth she inspired me with the noblest devotion.

In the mean time poor Lady Crawford's task as Dorothy's keeper was hopeless. The clever girl once donned my garments and boldly went to her lover at the Bowling Green Gate. Sir John was nearly caught by Dorothy's father, who gave Dorothy greater liberty in the hope that he might detect her lover. He was not even aware of Sir John's presence in the neighborhood, and naturally Sir John was the last man he would have suspected.

But if Dorothy was daring, her lover was not less so. He

had the hardihood to penetrate Haddon Hall itself, disguised as a waiting-man, Thomas. They rode together, and found time for converse. At this most inappropriate moment, Sir George one day gave Lady Crawford the marriage contract for Dorothy's signature. When the girl had read: "In the name of God, amen! This indenture looking to the union in marriage agreed to by Lord James Stanley and Mistress Dorothy Vernon"—she crumpled the parchment in her hands, flung it into the flames, and—I grieve to say—exclaimed: "In the name of God, amen! May this indenture be damned!"

There was a stormy interview between her and her father, who lost control of himself so utterly that he aimed a blow at her with a fagot snatched from a bundle Thomas had brought into the room. Thomas leaped between them to screen Dorothy, and was felled senseless and bleeding, and Dorothy flung herself upon him and fondled him.

"Who is this fellow?" demanded Sir George.

"He is the man you seek, father," said Dorothy in a low, tearful voice. "He is my lover, worth more in the eyes of the Queen than we and all our kindred."

Furious at the thought that Dorothy had demeaned herself with a serving-man, Sir George had Thomas removed to a dungeon, and Dorothy was again imprisoned in her room. But I had already formed a plan for his release. I sent a trusty messenger to Rutland Castle, and, having secured the keys of Haddon Hall by an artifice, had Sir John carried away before morning. There was no clue to those who had effected this, and Madge quieted Sir George, who knew her incapable of untruth, by saying that Dorothy had not left her room at all.

Then the rumor was spread—and Sir George gave it credence when he recalled what Dorothy had said about her lover—that Thomas was the Earl of Leicester, who, through dread of Queen Elizabeth, had thus pursued Dorothy clandestinely. Dorothy heard from John through Jennie Faxton, and knew that he had gone to Scotland to bring Mary Stuart to England. Dorothy began to question me about the charms of the Scottish Queen, and I saw that jealousy was assailing her.

At this juncture Haddon Hall received a royal distinction;

Queen Elizabeth arrived for a fortnight's visit. By my advice, Dorothy suffered her father to believe her more docile in the matter of the Stanley alliance, and this secured her liberty and gave us all more time, while there was also peace, which meant a great deal.

Preparations for the royal visitation were made worthily and kept everyone occupied. It had been decided that the marriage contract should be signed before Queen Elizabeth, and then the cunning of Dorothy Vernon led her to essay an audacious move. She pretended that the occasion was one of barter. She tore off her silken raiment and appeared with bare arms, in the short skirt of a maid. Her father would have prevented her, but Queen Bess forbade any interference, being minded to see what the beautiful girl would do. Had she known that Leicester had been secretly making love to Dorothy, she might have been less complacent.

Then Dorothy danced before them a wild, elfish dance, which she soon changed to the movements of a horse put through his paces—trotting, galloping, pacing, and finally a furious run. I never had thought the human body capable of such grace and agility as she displayed. Then she stopped and declared:

"I am sound from ear-tip to fetlock, without a blemish. Good sight, shy at times, gentle, if properly handled, but not trained to work double. Now, what do you offer? Step out, and let us see."

Confused, angered, and helpless, poor Stanley stood in confusion, more the awkward boor than ever.

"What? You cannot even walk alone?" said Dorothy.

She made a deep curtsey to the Earl of Derby, and said: "You can have no barter with me. Good day!"

Outraged, the Earl, with the Queen's permission, departed with his son.

In the mean time the Leicester possibility had grown, and Sir George was the more reconciled to the break with the Derby family. Dorothy encouraged the belief by accepting Leicester's attentions. I reproached her, for I did not know her purpose. But I soon learned that the jealous thought of Mary Stuart and her possible wiles and coquetry with Sir John Manners was making Dorothy Vernon a wretched and a dangerous woman.

To what length it would lead her I did not dream. And I have now to tell what, for Dorothy's sake, I wish I could omit.

Elizabeth was still at Haddon Hall when John brought Mary Stuart to Rutland Castle. When news of Mary's escape reached London, Cecil came to Elizabeth and persuaded her to imprison Queen Mary, should she discover her.

John wrote to Dorothy, who had been brooding over the thought that he and the beautiful "Lady Blanche"—so Mary was known at Rutland Castle—must be thrown together perilously. She questioned Jennie Faxton, who foolishly was led to admit that the two were much together; that the lady was not above making eyes at her cousin, Sir John; and that once she *thought* she had seen him on the ramparts with his arm around Lady Blanche's waist.

Madness seized upon Dorothy Vernon. Nothing less could have made her rush to the Queen's apartments and declare to her the truth.

"Mary Stuart is here in England, trying to steal your crown and my lover. Let us go and seize her. She is not five leagues away, at Rutland Castle."

"She would steal both my crown and my lover if she could," said Elizabeth. "Is Sir John Manners your lover?"

"Yes."

"You may soon seek another!" said Elizabeth ominously. "You may go."

The words recalled the girl to herself, and the frightful consequences of her act drove her nearly mad. The royal yeomen were summoned from Blakewell and despatched to Rutland Castle at once. When Dorothy implored me to do something I saw but one hope. By desperate riding I might reach the Castle before them. If I were discovered my head would be the penalty. But Madge's entreaties and this certainty determined Dorothy to make the attempt herself with her fleet mare, Dolcy. I was to ride part of the way with her, and then cut across and join the yeomanry on the road.

This I did. But when we arrived at the Castle gate we saw poor Dolcy dead from the relentless speed to which her mistress had forced her, and Dorothy bleeding, her hat lost, and her hair disheveled. I heard her say to Sir George:

"Do your duty, father; but remember, if harm comes to him I will take my own life, and my blood will be upon your soul."

"My God! Malcolm, what does she mean?" said Sir George. But his duties called him away. When Queen Mary came forth, Lord Rutland and John were with her, and when Sir John saw Dorothy he advanced toward her.

"Do not touch me, save to strike!" she cried. "I betrayed you to the Queen! I was mad when I did. They will kill you, John. But I, too, shall die. It is poor reparation, but all I can make."

He was a noble soul. He seemed to know by inspiration all she had felt and done. He strode toward her, and caught her to his breast, caring naught who saw.

"Dorothy, whatever you have done, you did not do it because you did not love me. Do not weep. All is not over yet."

She clung to him, wailing, and it was thus that Sir George discovered her.

"That is the Thomas who was servant in my house. Do you know him?" he said to me excitedly.

"Father," said Dorothy, taking a step from John's side, but holding fast his hand, "this is Sir John Manners. Now you know why I could not tell you his name before, and why he could not openly seek my hand."

Sir George's fury may be imagined. He grasped a halberd from a yeoman, and only Sir William St. Loe's interference prevented him from inflicting an awful injury upon Dorothy.

But Queen Mary was to be taken to Haddon Hall, and the Rutland coach stood ready. Sir William St. Loe bade me enter it with the two women. It was an odd trick of destiny that thus brought me to Mary Stuart again. The Queen demanded of Dorothy why she had betrayed her, but the girl answered only with a sob.

"If you expect to injure me," the Queen continued, "you are doomed to disappointment. I am a Queen, and my cousin Elizabeth will not dare to harm me. But your lover is her subject, and will probably lose his head for bringing me to England. You will enjoy seeing him beheaded, will you not? You fool! you hussy! you wretch! I hope his death, which is all you will gain, may haunt you to your dying day."

Poor Dorothy, leaning against me, said faintly: "It will—it will. You—you devil!"

Mary was received at Haddon Hall with due respect. It was a proud "King of the Peak," as Sir George was called, who sheltered two queens, the most famous in Christendom, at one time beneath his lordly roof. His resentment against Dorothy was forgotten for the time. John and his father had been placed in the dungeon. There were many consultations. Elizabeth's counselors believed that Mary had come to England to dethrone her and be enthroned herself. Elizabeth knew, although they did not, that she had intimated to Sir John at court her willingness to receive Mary in England. Sir John declared that there had been no plot, but he had acted on this intimation. Elizabeth plied Dorothy with all the graciousness she could so well command when it suited her purpose, and at last she roused the drooping girl by suggesting that she might purchase Sir John's freedom. Although not suspecting him of treason, she feared there were others who were plotting, and she promised Dorothy John's freedom should she find out who these were. Dorothy was admitted to John in the dungeon, and he swore to her most solemnly that there was no such plot, and the Queen believed and liberated him and his father.

Dorothy, who was imprisoned in her room by her wrathful father, owed her release to Leicester. A grand ball was given before Elizabeth's departure. Leicester had declared his regard for Dorothy, but urged the need of secrecy, lest Elizabeth's wrath should be aroused. He led Sir George to consent to Dorothy's meeting him clandestinely, on the evening of the ball, at a postern gate, and Dorothy had seemed reluctantly to assent, like a coy damsel.

But when she was released from her room she made her way to the southern terrace, and there John Manners awaited her and bore her away, while my noble Earl of Leicester fumed and lingered in the cool air for one who never came.

Madge and I greeted them at Rutland Castle. The next morning we set out for this dear France, where we are now living. That was forty years ago, but I can still see Dorothy on the battlement of Rutland Castle, waving her kerchief to us as we rode down the hill. Alas! and fall to weeping afterward!

HECTOR MALOT

(France, 1830–1907)

CONSCIENCE (1878)

This book was written by request and crowned by the French Academy. It shows how the classic conception of Nemesis can accord with the Christian dogma of the sure recoil of sin upon the sinner.

ICTOR SANIEL was peasant born, the son of a marshal in a poor village of Auvergne. His ability at school attracted the attention of the curé, who taught the boy all he knew, and then sent him to a seminary. Later Saniel became usher in a small school. Having saved eighty francs, he went to Paris with this slender capital, and began attending lectures on law and medicine, supporting himself by editing text-books for a publisher. At the end of a month he decided to become a physician. By hard study and severe economy he acquired his degree and received the appointment of house-surgeon in a hospital at a small salary, out of which at the end of eight years he had saved several thousand francs. He then fell a victim to the wiles of an upholsterer who made a practise of furnishing apartments on credit to young physicians in order that, upon their failure to pay the last instalments, as usually happened, he might seize upon the little-used furniture and sell it to other victims. This man fitted up for Dr. Saniel a fine suite of rooms in the Rue Louis-le-Grand. But patients in keeping with the apartment did not present themselves. On the contrary, he was visited only by those people of the quarter whose principle was never to pay a physician, and who waited for the arrival of a new one to get rid of the old one. And the concierge, being, like Dr. Saniel, a native of Auvergne, and considering it his duty to see that his

countrymen had free medical attendance, brought all the charcoal-dealers in Paris who hailed from Auvergne to sprawl on the beautiful armchairs of the young physician. Finally, however, by remaining religiously at home every Sunday in summer when the other physicians were away, and by rising quickly at night every time his bell rang, Dr. Saniel was able to acquire a living practise. All the while he kept up his studies and made original investigations, as a result of which efforts he secured a prize at the Academy. He also gave lectures on anatomy for small remuneration at a young ladies' academy on the outskirts of the city.

While going to and from this school he had as fellow-traveler a young woman who was evidently a teacher like himself. At first he paid no attention to her. He had more important things in his head than women. But little by little, because she was reserved and discreet, he was struck by the intelligence and vivacity of her expression. He began really to enjoy looking at her, observing which she smiled in pleased acquiescence. In due time they learned each other's names and professions. He discovered that she was Mademoiselle Phillis Cormier, the daughter of an artist who had died in poverty just when fame and fortune were in prospect, and that she was supporting herself and her mother by teaching drawing in a rival academy to that in which he lectured. She was informed that he was a physician, a man of power in the world of science, for whom a brilliant future was prophesied.

It remained for accident to place them on speaking terms. One summer day, as both were walking to the station to return to Paris, the sky became suddenly overcast. A violent storm was approaching. As the doctor had an umbrella—a borrowed one—and the girl had none, he offered to take her under his protection. She assented with a smile, and as the rain began to fall drew close to his side. It seemed to each that the other had always been near and dear. They entered the station, talking gaily.

"Your umbrella is better than Virginia's skirt," she said.

"And what was Virginia's skirt?" he asked.

"Have you not read *Paul and Virginia*?"

"No"

She looked at him quizzically, wondering what superior men read.

For the first time he discovered his deficiency in the education of the heart: the sensibilities, imagination—all that makes for the joy of living. He learned that the muscular conoid organ beating in his breast had a use besides the function of circulating the blood. But he felt that he had also a will, and, as it would never do for him in his present position, and with his ambitions for the future, to fall in love, he determined to call this faculty into exercise. But he soon learned its limitations. Away from Phillis he could do as he willed, but with her it was as she wished. Helpless between these equally opposing forces of head and heart, he concluded to let matters drift.

One summer day, the last of the school term, the two teachers decided to take a walk before returning to Paris. The sun was very hot, and, after walking some distance, Phillis expressed a wish to rest a while. They seated themselves in a shady copse, and soon found themselves in each other's arms.

Since then Saniel never had spoken of marriage, and neither had Phillis.

They loved each other; that was enough.

Fortune did not improve with Dr. Saniel. The upholsterer, to whom he had already paid more than the actual value of his furniture, began to press for the final payment. As if they had heard of this, the other creditors of the young physician came down upon him. Even his only servant left him, taking the doctor's one good coat in lieu of wages due. Saniel, at his wits' end, thought of a usurer, Caffié by name, whom Phillis had mentioned as a former employer of her younger brother, Florentin. This youth, after leaving the money-lender, had taken a clerkship in a store, from which he was dismissed because of a petty embezzlement into which he had been led by a designing woman. Phillis had bought him off from punishment with her hardly earned savings and sent him away to South America.

Caffié refused a loan to Saniel upon the intangible security of his prospects, but proposed that he marry either of two clients of his—for he was a matrimonial broker as well as a money-

lender. One of these was a widow, rich and a drunkard, and Caffié plainly intimated that the doctor could encourage her to drink herself to death, and so come into her fortune. The other was the cast-off mistress of a wealthy man, who had left a large sum of money in trust for a child of the *liaison* that was expected soon to be born, the money going to the mother in the event that it was still-born. "Now, you are a physician," said the usurer with a knowing leer—and his visitor bowed, not in acquiescence but in farewell.

Dr. Saniel told Phillis of the money-lender's infamous proposals. She censured her lover for having gone to him without mentioning to her his intention. "I could have told you, from my brother's report of him, what a scoundrel he is. He deserves ten deaths."

"So I thought," said Saniel, "when he was making his murderous suggestions. I felt like killing him on the spot, and I could have done so, too, without fear of detection. He had toothache, and he is such a miser that before refusing my loan he embraced the opportunity for getting free advice. When he showed me his teeth I could easily have strangled him. We were alone, and from his appearance I know he is a miserable diabetic, doomed to die within six months. I could have taken his keys from his pockets and opened his safe, which is undoubtedly full of the ready money he uses in his business. And no one would suspect that a doctor had done it, for a physician does not strangle his patients; he poisons them."

"Oh, stop, stop, Victor! It is horrible to suggest that physicians — that educated people like ourselves — do such things. It is only brutes, only men without conscience, who kill in this cold-blooded way."

"Conscience?" replied the doctor; "nothing is more uncertain and elusive—especially with educated people."

"I do not understand."

"Does your conscience tell you it is a crime to love me?"

"No, decidedly."

"Yet it is admitted from the religious and social points of view that a girl is guilty when she has a lover. You see, conscience is with you, as with others, a purely personal way of judging things."

"Whatever it is, you did right not to strangle Caffié."

"Whom you, yourself, have condemned to death."

A few days after this Dr. Saniel went, with a butcher's knife concealed upon his person, to the lodging (which was also the office) of the usurer. It was at dusk, and the old concierge had begun toiling up the five flights of stairs of the apartment-house in which Caffié lived, to light the gas on the landings. The doctor followed her unseen up to the second story, in the back parlor of which dwelt the money-lender. He intended to commit the murder within the ten minutes that he calculated would elapse before the concierge should return from the top floor.

He found Caffié at home. He sat down with open watch in hand.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked the usurer.

"Yes, I will come at once to business. I refuse your marriage projects. Lend me the money yourself. It means death if you deny me."

"Oh, your case is not so hopeless as that! Bear up a while longer. Of course I haven't the money—" and the sordid old man held his jaw, groaning, as if to refuse Saniel renewed his toothache.

Saniel jumped up. "Your pains are neuralgic," he said. "They come from drafts. I'll draw the curtains," and he suited the action to the words. Then he turned to the money-lender: "Let me look at your teeth," he said.

Caffié leaned his head back in his chair, which stood near the window. Saniel came up from behind, pressed heavily with his left hand on the old man's forehead, drew the butcher's knife with the right, and, with a quick and powerful stroke, cut the usurer's throat from ear to ear. From this terrible wound a large jet of blood spurted across the room and against the door. No sound could form in the cleanly severed windpipe, and Caffié trembled in silent convulsions.

Saniel looked at his watch. Only two minutes remained of the time he had allotted for the deed. He felt for the safe-key in the blood-deluged pockets of the quivering usurer, found it, wiped his hand on one of Caffié's coat-tails, and opened the safe. He found therein several packages of bank-notes and rolls of gold, and these he thrust into his pockets. Stepping

over the stream of blood, he ran to the door, listened at it a moment, then, hearing no sound, opened it, emerged, closed it carefully after him, and hastily, but without running, descended the stairs, reached the street, and mingled with the stream of people returning at dusk to their homes.

On reaching his apartment Saniel found a letter enclosing two hundred francs in payment for medical attendance. The patient, who was also an old friend, wrote that he was leaving Paris for Monte Carlo. Dr. Saniel at once decided to use the two hundred francs in following him. Gambling would supply the desired explanation of his sudden acquisition of money, and his friend would be able to testify, if necessary, to his presence in the gambling resort.

The doctor went to Monte Carlo and staked his legitimately acquired capital on the green cloth. With that luck which often befalls beginners, he won a handsome sum of money, sufficient to pay all his debts. He was almost vexed to think that his murder of Caffié had been entirely superfluous.

While at Monte Carlo Saniel read in the newspapers full accounts of the brutal assassination of the usurer, and the investigations instituted by the police to discover the criminal. As he had planned, it was suspected that a butcher had done the deed. He felt secure. However, as the investigation proceeded, it was reported that an important clue to the assassin had been discovered—a button attached to a piece of cloth, which had evidently been violently torn off a pair of trousers. Dr. Saniel was wearing the same clothes that he had on when he committed the murder. He clutched nervously at the attachments of his braces. Ah, every button was in place! He was safer still than before.

By the time Dr. Saniel had returned to Paris, the ownership of the button had been discovered by the police through systematic inquisition of the tailors who used buttons of the same make. The person on whom the crime was thereby fastened proved to be Phillis's brother Florentin, who had returned, penniless and disheartened, from South America a few days before the murder of his former employer. Phillis had fitted him out with a new suit of clothes, and, to get a letter of recommendation which might help him to secure a clerical position, he had

gone to see Caffié only an hour before Dr. Saniel's murderous visit. Of course, he was seen and recognized by the concierge. Florentin admitted under examination that he had worked on a sheep-farm in the Argentine Republic, and, though this he denied, it was inferred that he had learned there how to butcher animals. He confessed to ownership of the button, explaining that it had been torn off by his slipping from a step-ladder which he had mounted to get some papers for the usurer from a high shelf. The newspapers covertly scouted this explanation, and printed his portrait as that of the supposed assassin.

Saniel began vigorously the work of exculpating Florentin. Phillis joined with him in assuring the downhearted young man that he would soon be free. One day she was overjoyed by receiving a message from Madame Dammauville, a widow who was a helpless paralytic, and who lived back of Caffié's apartment, stating that, late on the afternoon of the murder, she had clearly seen the man who undoubtedly committed the deed, as he was drawing the curtains of the usurer's back windows, and that his face was not the face of Florentin as this appeared in the newspapers.

Phillis, in her happiness at this important news, did not note how the face of her lover blanched as she told him the message. But she did think it inexplicably strange when he interposed all sorts of objections, professional and otherwise, to her proposal that he visit Madame Dammauville.

Finally, when the professional objection was removed by an invitation for him to come, sent by the lady's own physician, Dr. Saniel was compelled to make the visit. He first cropped close his long hair, and shaved off his flowing beard, telling Phillis and his friends that he had found that his hairs were infected with a parasitic disease. As a further precaution against recognition he timed his call at dusk.

He had successfully accomplished his mission, which was to ascertain that Madame Dammauville was physically and mentally competent to serve as a witness, and he was rising to depart, when the servant brought into the room a lighted lamp. Instantly the woman in the bed recognized him as the man who had drawn Caffié's curtains—the assassin! She bravely determined to settle the matter then and there. Sending the servant

into the next room, to be ready at her call if necessary, she told her visitor when and where she had seen his face before, declaring that the present absence of beard and locks did not change the singular expression of the eyes which she had noted, but rather intensified it.

Saniel replied:

"I can prove to you that it was an aberration of vision—"

"You will prove it to the judge; the law will appreciate it."

She put her hand on the bell-cord. They looked at each other, and what their lips did not express their eyes said:

"I do not fear you; there is help at hand."

"That bell will not save you."

At last he spoke in a hoarse and quivering voice:

"On you rests the responsibility of whatever happens, Madame."

"I accept it before God," she said calmly and firmly. "Defend yourself."

He went to the armchair on which he had placed his hat and overcoat. It stood near the stove which warmed the room—a movable affair in which charcoal was burned. Bending over as if to take his hat, the doctor noiselessly turned off the draft of the stove.

At the same time Madame Dammauville pulled the bell-cord. The maid appeared.

"Show Dr. Saniel to the door."

The unfortunate accident by which the chief witness in Florentin's favor was asphyxiated by charcoal left Dr. Saniel as the sole dependence of the unhappy young man. At the trial the physician testified as a medical expert that there had been no struggle in the act of murder such as would have torn off a button from the clothing of the assassin. On the strength of this testimony the accused escaped the death penalty, receiving a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude in New Caledonia. Dr. Saniel seemed as heart-broken over the failure to acquit as did Phillis and her mother. A friend, to console him, said: "If the poor boy could have been saved, it would have been by you; you are a man of heart and conscience."

This view was echoed by everyone when, a few months later,

despite her protestations on the score that her brother was a convict, Dr. Saniel married Phillis Cormier, and took Madame Cormier to live with them.

"Oh, my God!" cried the old lady, "who hast taken my son, how good Thou art to give me another!"

Dr. Saniel's character underwent a sudden change after his marriage. He sought friendship among distinguished people, and made his wife dress in the height of fashion and enter society. His practise throve greatly. But his wife preferred the old days when she was only his mistress. Thinking of her exiled brother, she wished to hide away from all save loving friends, and the part that her husband made her play was cruelly hard upon her.

And Dr. Saniel seemed to her now a coward as well as a snob. He had no longer the courage to express what she knew were his convictions. She condoned this, however, because he was physically unstrung. Once, leaning over his shoulder, she kissed him unawares, and he betrayed such horror, such fear, that she gave up this way of greeting him.

She found that she had to order her life not according to reason but to suit her husband's whims. She early discovered that certain persons were not to be mentioned in his presence: Caffié's name irritated him; Madame Dammauville's angered him; poor Florentin's made him positively unhappy.

Distressed in this fashion about her husband, Phillis lost her health. Finally she suffered from sleeplessness. Dr. Saniel questioned her:

"If you do not sleep, it is because you suffer. What is this suffering?"

Since she did not dare speak of her brother, she denied that she was suffering.

With a wild suspicion in his eyes, her husband cried: "You are concealing something from me! Speak; tell me what it is!"

"There is nothing."

"Then I will put you to sleep and make you tell me."

This threat frightened her greatly, and she cried out against it. The doctor apparently desisted from his purpose, but one night, finding her asleep, he employed the hypnotic methods of the new school of Nancy, and changed her natural slumber

to artificial. He then questioned her, and found that, while she did not suspect him of the murders of Caffié and Madame Dammauville, she had observed that these two persons and her brother Florentin were closely connected with the cause of her husband's strange malady of soul.

She was but one step from the truth. What if some chance expression of his, perhaps uttered in his sleep, should enable her to take this step? So the doctor sent her to sleep in her mother's room. One night she lay awake, and heard her husband groaning in his chamber. She stole along the terrace to his window, which was open. She heard him murmur: "Phillis, forgive."

Poor, dear Victor! for what did he wish pardon? For having threatened to hypnotize her?

Overcome by this proof of love, she was about to go back to her bed, when the sleeper cried in a tone of anguish: "Your brother—or me?"

Then the hideous truth burst on her.

She returned to her mother and woke her. At the sight of her daughter's face Madame Cormier realized that something terrible had happened.

"My God! what is the matter?" she cried, trembling.

"Something serious, and irreparable. We must leave this house, never to return."

Twenty years later a member of the Academy of Medicine is walking homeward from a meeting of his *confrères*. He is a man of great height, but bent figure, with hollow cheeks and pale face, lighted by pale blue eyes in which there is a strange expression both hard and desolate. In some respects he seems to be at least seventy years of age; in others, but fifty. A friend meets him:

"It is fortunate I find you. I called at your office to offer you my congratulations on your election to the Academy—which you will now please accept—but you were out. Three patients are there counting the minutes till you come, and I did not wish to wait to take up your attention. They are very poor people. One, a woman of about your years, is suffering cruelly, yet seems prepared to meet whatever ordeal you have in store

for her; another is a man who paces the room as if afflicted with a nervous disorder; the third is an old woman, very timid—from the manner in which the others reassure her, she is evidently their mother. But don't let me delay you."

Dr. Saniel straightens his bent form into the bearing of a soldier and advances to meet his fate, in the person of the returned exile.

ALESSANDRO MANZONI

(Italy, 1785–1873)

THE BETROTHED (1827)

(*I Promessi Sposi*)

In a short time after its publication in Italian, this story was translated into many modern languages and attained the rank of a European classic, enjoying a popularity, as a historical romance, similar to that of the *Waverley Novels*. In spite of the admiration it received as first written, the author's desire to give it the best possible Italian style was so great that thirteen years later he entirely rewrote the book and reissued it in pure Tuscan. The scene of the story is the neighborhood of Como and Milan, and the time is the second and third decades of the seventeenth century, when the northern part of Italy was ravaged by a terrible plague. Manzoni's graphic descriptions of this catastrophe were based on a thorough study of numerous original and contemporaneous memoirs. As in the equally famous plagues of Athens and London, the tendency of such a general menace of sudden death to disclose simultaneously the meanest and the noblest qualities of humanity was exhibited in the most moving fashion.

ON the evening of November 7, 1628, Don Abbondio, curate of Lecco, was halted in his homeward walk by two fierce and well-armed bravos, retainers of Rodrigo, a powerful noble of the neighborhood. The bravos roughly ordered the priest, on pain of death, never to solemnize the intended marriage of two of his parishioners, Renzo Tramaglino and Lucia Mondella. Don Abbondio, having about as much courage as a hare, weakly yielded and gave the promise demanded of him.

To justify himself to the betrothed couple for not keeping his promise, he told Renzo a long story about the necessary legal and ceremonial formalities of a marriage and quoted to him a deal of Latin so as to make the young peasant think that a postponement was inevitable.

Through Perpetua, however, the elderly housekeeper for

Don Abbondio and a great gossip, Renzo learned that the real obstacle was the unfortunate passion that the lawless Rodrigo had conceived for the pretty peasant girl.

After a learned doctor of laws and a holy Capuchin friar, Father Cristoforo, had proved unable to help them, Agnese, the mother of Lucia, proposed a plan which, if carried out with courage and wit, would make them husband and wife. In accordance with the Church customs of those days, while the presence of a priest was necessary to a legal union, neither his consent nor his good-will was required. If the bridal couple could contrive to get into the presence of the priest, and, in his hearing and that of two witnesses, the man should say, "Signor Curato, this is my wife," and the woman should say, "Signor Curato, this is my husband," the marriage was valid and the couple were husband and wife. Renzo was eager to make the attempt to do this; Lucia at first was reluctant, but under Renzo's urging she consented, and it was planned to attempt the stroke the next evening.

But the wicked Don Rodrigo had planned, by means of a litter and a company of his bravos, to abduct the beautiful Lucia on that same night.

When darkness had fallen, the betrothed couple and their two witnesses went to the curate's house and asked to see him on pretense of having come to pay a debt. Agnese got into conversation with Perpetua, the curate's housekeeper, and lured her away to a safe distance. The lovers and the witnesses went up to Don Abbondio's room, and Renzo had got as far as to make the proper declaration that Lucia was his wife, when Don Abbondio, suspecting the plot, lifted up the lamp beside him with one hand and with the other threw a cloth over Lucia's head, so that she was unable to complete the formula, which in her gentle and timid voice she had begun to recite. The witnesses, frightened, ran away. Don Abbondio cried out for help; the sexton vigorously rang the church-bell; and the thronging villagers were soon rushing about the premises in the greatest excitement.

Agnese's clever plan was frustrated; but the opposing plot of Don Rodrigo was also rendered futile, for the bravos found Agnese's house empty and soon were frightened away from the

village by the crowd of people. The disappointed lovers betook themselves to Father Cristoforo, who told them that in order to escape the persecutions of the powerful and determined Don Rodrigo they must leave the village at once. Already he had arranged for them to go to Monza. Here Lucia received shelter in a convent. In this retreat a certain nun of high family, who had been forced against her inclinations into taking the veil, became quite interested in the pretty peasant girl as soon as she learned of the passion she had inspired in Don Rodrigo's heart, and readily availed herself of the unusual privileges she enjoyed in the convent by taking the young girl under her special protection.

After the mournful separation from Lucia, Renzo, in accordance with Father Cristoforo's directions, proceeded to Milan, to seek work at his trade of silk-weaving. On arriving within the gates, he was surprised to find the pavement white with flour and loaves of bread scattered about the doors and streets. War and scanty crops for several seasons had made grain scarce. The populace had come to believe that the cause of this dearness of provision was grain-monopoly and the extortion of the bakers. The populace raved at the tyrants who rolled in abundance while the masses starved. The excited mobs proceeded to rob the bake-houses. It was in the midst of these disturbances that Renzo arrived at Milan, and was soon caught in the vortex of the riot. An angry mob surrounded the house of the superintendent. As the High Chancellor Ferrer, with suave speeches, intended to quiet the mob, pushed through the crowd, Renzo threw himself in the front rank surrounding the carriage. When the superintendent had been driven away in the High Chancellor's coach, Renzo, in his excitement, harangued the crowd, denouncing the tyrants who set at naught the Ten Commandments, and urging the people to force the powerful ones to lower their heads if they would not do so voluntarily.

When the street assembly had applauded Renzo and dispersed, one listener, who volunteered to guide him to an inn, turned out to be an under-sheriff disguised, sent out for the express purpose of catching in the act some one of those who were inciting the mob to lawless acts. At the inn where they turned in to lodge Renzo unfortunately drank to excess, refused to de-

clare his name and residence to the landlord (as an official proclamation required), and when the fumes of wine had mounted to his head he indulged in much seditious talk, and in the garrulousness of intoxication let out to the under-sheriff the very information as to his name and residence that a little while before he had obstinately refused to disclose.

The next morning Renzo found himself arrested and handcuffed; but as the police were carrying him to prison a mob drove away the convoy of officers and Renzo escaped, running down street after street, finally getting out of the city gates and making his way furtively toward Bergamo, where he found a cousin, Bertolo by name, who gave him employment in his silk-mill and a hiding-place from his pursuers.

Meanwhile Don Rodrigo was still planning to get possession of Lucia. Through the influence of an uncle in the Privy Council he secured the transfer of Father Cristoforo to Rimini, thus depriving the poor girl of such protection as the priest could give. Next Don Rodrigo betook himself to the castle of a powerful nobleman who lived on the confines of the territory of Bergamo, notorious as a harborer of outlaws and murderers, and who led in his stronghold on a lofty cliff a life of audacity and bloody crimes that was entirely disregardful of law, justice, or judges. The "Unnamed One," as this robber baron was called, readily promised to abduct Lucia, and gave one of his retainers orders to carry into effect the lawless deed. A carriage, with disguised bravos in attendance, was sent to the neighborhood of the convent where Lucia was staying, and the Signora Gertrude (who, through a secret sin of her former days, was under the control of the bravo) perfidiously sent Lucia out to the place of the rendezvous, on the plea of doing an important errand for the Signora. Here poor Lucia was seized by the bravos and, despite her struggles, was thrust into a waiting carriage. Her cries were stifled until she swooned away, and in spite of the most pitiful sobs and tears she was taken to the isolated fortress of the "Unnamed One" and there made prisoner, under the eye of a wicked old woman. When the lord of the castle came to see her, Lucia with moving prayers begged to be set free. The Unnamed, although he had fully intended to hand her over to the licentious Rodrigo as a victim, was touched in an

unusual manner by the young girl's appeals, but deferred his decision as to what to do with her until the next morning. All that night Lucia kept anxious vigil, trembling with fear and praying to the Virgin. At length, in her terror and superstition, fancying that if she made some supreme sacrifice the Virgin would grant her the freedom she desired, she made to the Blessed Mary a solemn vow to this effect:

"Bring me safely to my mother, O Mother of our Lord, and I vow unto thee to continue a virgin. I renounce forever my unfortunate betrothed, that henceforth I may belong only to thee."

The same night the "Unnamed One" had a novel experience. Long-suppressed instincts of compassion and justice stirred powerfully within his breast. Conflicting emotions struggled within him, as the image of his delicate and suffering prisoner came before his mind's eye. At one moment he seemed to have lost his manhood in being so moved from his purpose by the tears of a woman; at the next he was filled with remorse for inflicting so much pain without cause on a poor and innocent creature. His gloomy reflections tempted him to end his useless life at once with a pistol-shot. Then strange thoughts of the possible hereafter arrested his hand and filled him with still blacker despair. At length Lucia's pleading words—"God pardons so many sins for one deed of mercy"—rose to his remembrance with a voice of authority and hope.

In the morning sounds were heard of welcoming bells and the feet of eager throngs. Cardinal Borromeo had come from Milan, and everyone was on the way to see him and receive his sacred benediction. "Might not" (so the Unnamed One thought) "this great man, so wise and holy, give me some word of peace?" Leaving orders that Lucia should be left undisturbed, the Unnamed One joined the moving multitude and sought the presence of the celebrated Cardinal, who had dedicated all the privileges of exalted rank, the resources of great wealth, and the singular talents of a rare and noble personality to the cause of religion, scholarship, and the relief of the needy.

The people looked askance at the lawless noble, and the Cardinal's attendants would have refused him an interview; but this was just the sort of person that the brave Cardinal

wished to talk with, if perchance he might touch his conscience and turn him to repentance.

In a heart-moving interview the Cardinal succeeded in rousing the dormant better nature within the noble brigand, and when he had awakened him to a sense of his sins he persuaded him to obtain the Divine forgiveness by addressing himself to repairing the wrongs he had committed, comforting the afflicted, and seeking peace with those whose hostility he had provoked. As a first earnest of God's forgiveness the Cardinal urged him to right the wrong he had done to Lucia. The Unnamed One at once most willingly gave his promise.

The Cardinal sent Don Abbondio, the curate of Lecco, back with the Unnamed to his castle to assure Lucia of her safety and conduct her to her home. The terrified girl could hardly believe that release had come to her, even when she heard the assurance from her village curate's lips, and even when the Unnamed One, who had been her jailer, begged her forgiveness; but when she did at length realize it she gratefully asked the Lord to reward the Unnamed One for his deed of mercy, and she declared that it was by a miracle she had been saved through the intercession of the Madonna. But by the time Lucia reached the shelter of a good woman's roof, in the neighboring village, the exalted wave of joy over her unexpected release was replaced by an equal depth of consternation at the price at which, in her belief, it had been purchased. Her vow to the Blessed Virgin to live a life of celibacy rushed over her mind. How could she bear thus to disappoint and pain her betrothed? Yet how, on the other hand, could she violate her promise to the Virgin after obtaining her petition? That would be base perfidy to the Heavenly Powers; and reverently taking the rosary in her trembling hand she renewed her vow of virginity.

A few days after this, a good lady in the neighborhood of Lecco, Donna Prassede, gave Lucia a home and an asylum under her roof with only some light work to do, such as she could easily perform.

The Cardinal Borromeo, in an interview with Don Abbondio, put the timid curate on the rack and laid bare his baneful cowardice. He censured the curate severely, and commanded him to unite the two faithful lovers if it should be in his power

to do so. As the Cardinal was leaving for another parish a packet came from the Unnamed One, containing a hundred golden *scudi* as a wedding-dowry for Lucia. But this only brought fresh mental anguish to the poor young girl, for it compelled her to disclose to her mother the unfortunate vow of virginity that she had made the night before her release.

A considerable time now passed, during which neither Lucia nor her mother nor the Cardinal could hear anything of Renzo. For safety against his pursuers he had gone to another silk-mill in another village under an assumed name. Several fruitless efforts were made by each of the lovers to get into communication. When at length Renzo received Lucia's letter, enclosing fifty *scudi* and telling him of the vow she had made, Renzo was beside himself. In the strongest possible language he declared that he never would touch the money but keep it for Lucia's dowry. He swore never to give her up, and declared that her vow could not hold.

In the autumn of the next year the lovers hoped to meet. But a fearful public catastrophe frustrated this expectation. This was the outbreak in Milan of the terrible plague. Renzo early caught the plague in a mild form, and owing to his good constitution safely recovered from it. As soon as he was able to walk his anxiety for Lucia led him to set out in search of her, determined to bring her home with him. At Lecco he learned from the curate that she was somewhere in Milan, and he at once betook himself there. Within the walls horrible sights confronted him on every side; doorways nailed up on account of the dead who lay within; infected straw and bandages thrown from the windows; funeral processions, that everybody avoided; and in every street *monatti*, or pest officers, who not only buried those who died from the plague, but whose business it was to enter the houses where the pest had broken out and carry away the plague-stricken victims from their homes and friends to the *lazzeretto*, or pest-house.

When Renzo reached the dwelling where Lucia had been staying he found that she had been stricken with the dread epidemic and removed to the pest-house. On seeking further information, a crazy woman near by denounced him as a poisoner and accused him of seeking to smear the doorways

with some filthy ointment that should poison the dwellers within. A crowd gathered quickly, shouting: "Seize him! Seize him!" By brandishing his poniard Renzo kept the enraged multitude away, but found himself surrounded, and he escaped only by boldly leaping into one of the carts of an advancing funeral procession.

At the *lazzeretto* Renzo found interminable lines of mattresses and straw-cots, on which lay the dead and dying; sixteen thousand patients were ill with the plague. Slipping in among the cabins, he wandered around a long time, looking at the miserable sufferers, seeking to catch sight of his betrothed or of someone who could direct him to her. At length he ran across Father Cristoforo, bravely going about, feeding the hungry and caring for the sick. Renzo declared his resolution to look all over the *lazzeretto*, saying that if he did not find her he would discover and punish the villain, Don Rodrigo, who had so cruelly separated them. At this threat Father Cristoforo gravely rebuked the excited youth. If, while the messenger of death was every moment so busy all around him, Renzo could indulge feelings of vengeance, said the holy father, it would be too audacious a thing for him to expect that God would comfort him by restoring to him his betrothed.

Renzo, overcome by the Capuchin's solemn remonstrance, promised to forgive Rodrigo, and was conducted by Father Cristoforo to the bed where the dissolute noble who had so injured him was lying at death's door. For four long days the unhappy man had been unconscious. Renzo gazed with deep emotion at his swollen lips, his ghastly skin, covered with black spots, and his face, resembling that of a corpse in all respects except in its convulsive twitchings.

"You see!" said the friar in a solemn voice. "Perhaps the Lord is ready to forgive him, but waits for you to ask it. Perhaps the salvation of this man and your own depend at this moment upon yourself, upon the disposition of your mind to forgiveness, to compassion, to love." He ceased, and bent his head, as if in prayer. Renzo did the same.

Finding himself in the middle of the *lazzeretto*, Renzo listened to a solemn religious service that was going on there for those restored to health, and scrutinized every face to see whether he

could find the one countenance so precious to him. Not catching sight of Lucia there, by the aid of a little bell, such as the *monatti* wore, he got admission into the precincts where the sick women lay; and, after wandering about a little, as he was stooping down with his head against the straw wall of a cabin, he overheard a gentle voice trustfully saying: "He who has preserved us hitherto will preserve us even now."

In three bounds he was at the entrance of the little cabin and face to face with his beloved. But happy as she was to see his dear face again, she was equally—yes, even more—troubled. Her vow to the Virgin made her fancy it her duty to send Renzo away and bid him think no more of her except when he said his prayers. But Renzo would not listen to this. He declared it was not fair that those whom God spared to live should live in despair. He thought better of the Madonna, he said, than to believe that she approved promises that injure one's fellow-creature. Devotions that were useful, Renzo maintained, do much more honor to her. If Lucia thought she ought to do something for the Madonna in return for her rescue, he suggested she would better promise her that the first daughter she bore should be called Maria. The controversy between the lovers was long and impassioned. No reasoning nor appeals of Renzo could swerve Lucia from what she deemed her duty to the Virgin, bitter as the separation would be.

So Renzo sought out Father Cristoforo and told him that although he had found Lucia recovered from the plague, the fancy of her heated brain, in that night of terror at the castle of the Unnamed One, had raised an obstacle to their happiness that seemed insurmountable.

Father Cristoforo, ill as he was, hurried away to Lucia's cabin and bade her tell him the whole story of the vow. When the Capuchin had learned the circumstances, and was assured that her heart was wholly true to Renzo and eager for the marriage, if it were allowable, the wise old friar instructed the inexperienced girl that the sacrifices the Lord requires are those of our own will; not offering up the will of another, especially not sacrificing one to whom she had already pledged herself. Bound already, as she was, by a previous promise of marriage, she had not been free to make that vow of virginity.

"But is it not a sin?" asked Lucia, "to turn back and to repent of a promise made to the Madonna?"

"A sin, my daughter?" said the father, "a sin to have recourse to the Church and to ask her minister to make use of the authority he has received from her and she has received from God? Assuredly, if ever it would seem that two were joined together by God, you were. If you request me to declare you absolved from this vow, I shall not hesitate to do it."

"Then—then—I do request it," said Lucia.

The friar beckoned to Renzo and as soon as he drew near said to Lucia: "By the authority I have received from the Church, I declare you absolved from the vow of virginity, annulling what may have been ill advised in it and freeing you from every obligation you may thereby have contracted."

It was not long after this that the reunited lovers made their way to Lecca, found Mother Agnese, and, as Father Cristoforo had unfortunately died from the pestilence in his devotion to his duties, the betrothed again asked Don Abbondio to unite them in marriage. After considerable hesitation and shuffling, as was his wont, the curate consented, and the two who had waited so long were at last made one by the rites of the Church. Through the generosity of a well-to-do widow who had taken an interest in Lucia and by the kindness of the Marquis who succeeded to the estates of the deceased Don Rodrigo, the young couple became comfortably settled in life at Bergamo, where Bertolo, Renzo's cousin, took Renzo into partnership in the silk-mill.

Before the first twelve months of their married life were completed a beautiful little creature came to light in the new home of the young couple. As if it had been made on purpose to give Renzo an opportunity of fulfilling that magnanimous promise of his, it was a little girl. It is hardly necessary to say that it was named Maria.

E. MARLITT

(EUGÉNIE JOHN)

(Germany, 1825–1887)

THE OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET (1868)

The novelist took Thuringia, the place of her birth, for the scene of this, her most famous romance, which contains a thread of history. This work, and many others, which have made the writer's literary reputation, was written in order to enable the author to forget her disappointed histrionic ambition, due to an ear ailment, which compelled her to leave the stage at Vienna in 1863, after which she devoted herself to literary work.

HERR HELLWIG, one of the wealthy merchants and most respected citizens of a German town in Thuringia, attended a performance of players and there witnessed the accidental shooting of the beautiful wife of a Polish juggler, whose little daughter Fay, or Felicitas, he promised to bring up in his home in ignorance of her parent's calling.

Little Felicitas d'Orlowska witnessed a stormy scene before Frau Hellwig would consent to having "a player's brat" under the roof she strove to make a temple of the Lord; and then she was grudgingly assigned to a room shared with the cook.

For six years the girl studied with the tutor of Herr Hellwig's younger son, Nathanael, and then her kind benefactor died, leaving a half-finished note to his older son, John, who was away at school, consigning little Fay unconditionally to his charge.

The coffin was placed in the hall, where throngs of people came to pay their last respects. When the hall was empty—except for little frightened Fay, who, with no conception of

death, had concealed herself behind some plants—the glass doors leading into the courtyard opened, and a little old lady (strikingly like Herr Hellwig) entered and slowly advanced to the coffin. While she stood beside it Frau Hellwig entered; she called the newcomer "aunt," and spoke so bitterly to her that the old lady withdrew. This lady was always called by the servants the "Old Mam'selle"; she had lived in the attic rooms since her father's death many years before, and gossip had it that she had been the cause of his death.

After the funeral the little girl turned to Heinrich, the butler, as her only friend; and from him she learned that her "uncle," as she had come to call Herr Hellwig, had gone to heaven. In the midst of her grief Nathanael found her, and heartlessly told her what her father and mother had been and how her mother had met her death. The sensitive, tortured little girl shrieked aloud. The boy took to his heels, and Heinrich, white with rage at the lad's cruelty, tried to comfort Felicitas.

John Hellwig, who had come home for the funeral, and who was now the child's guardian, sternly made her understand that she was to do nothing without the permission of his mother, whom he believed to possess a fine Christian character.

Fay was now relegated to the servants' quarters, sent to the parish school, and denied all sympathy, pleasure, and companionship. One day the unhappy child suddenly darted up to the garret, hungry for a sight of the surrounding country, as she was even denied permission to wander in the garden. The old house, once owned by a lord of Hirschsprung, never had been modernized in the rear, and the crest of the original owner, a stag's leap, was carved on the stone frames of doors and windows and also on the floors. In stealing through the garret, little Fay spied a trunk containing her baby-clothes. She lifted out the pretty things and gazed upon a well-remembered little bag, which contained an agate seal, whose silver top bore the same crest that adorned the Hellwig mansion. Below the crest were engraved the letters M. v. H.

Replacing this, she climbed into the window-seat, looked out and saw that four roofs formed a square. The opposite one rose above the rest; its gentle slope was alive with brilliant flowers, and the balcony, extending the full length of the roof

supported on its railing flower-boxes bright with blossoms. Ivy covered the walls, shutting in the poultry-yard, which Fay never had been allowed to enter.

The child let herself down from the window to the gutter, and along the perilous way over the roofs she went, until she climbed through a window and found herself in the presence of the old Mam'selle, who was playing on a piano. To her sweet sympathy the little girl poured out her sorrows. Thus began a strangely assorted friendship, the one bright spot in a dreary little life. Two days after this John set out for Bonn to study medicine, and Nathanael went away to school.

Nine years passed. During this time the town of X—— had become famous for its baths, and was the resort of wealthy invalids, who wished also for the bracing air of Thuringia.

John Hellwig had become a professor at Bonn, and was now a famous oculist and physician. He had been put in charge of a devout relative on the Rhine, and never had been allowed to come home even for one vacation. He had sent his cousin, the beautiful widow of the Court Councilor of Bonn, and her daughter (these two being the daughter and granddaughter of the devout relative) to visit his mother, who received them only on account of the relationship. The widow had come there for the baths, which Professor Hellwig had ordered for her sickly and scrofulous child.

Felicitas was now called Caroline, as Frau Hellwig would not allow the use of her "theatrical name." Nine years had developed the striking resemblance to her beautiful mother. Adèle (the widow from Bonn, who always affected white muslin) and Frau Hellwig were urging Caroline to accept the matrimonial offer of a man she detested; to her refusal Frau Hellwig said grimly that John would bring the matter about when he came home. He was expected to arrive the next day.

For years Felicitas had spent every spare moment she could steal from the menial work she was obliged to do with the old Mam'selle, whom she called Aunt Cordula; this sweet friend opened to her all the treasures of an intellectual mind. Her benefactress taught her art, music, and languages, for the old

Mam'selle had a priceless library containing the classics and portfolios filled with manuscripts by many famous composers.

On the day John was expected Felicitas, with her private key, slipped into her Aunt Cordula's apartment and surprised her in the act of pressing a spring in an old cabinet. A secret drawer flew open, from which she took rolls of gold. While the old Mam'selle was counting some money, Felicitas took a little box from the darkest corner of the cabinet, opened it, and found a heavy gold bracelet large enough for a man's hand, and on its widest part, in the middle, was engraved a stanza of poety with the last line omitted. When Felicitas asked her aunt whether she knew the last line the old Mam'selle was greatly agitated, seized the bracelet, and thrust it back into the drawer; then, apparently unmindful of Felicitas, she took out another box covered with gray paper, and pressing it to her bosom murmured: "It must die before me, and yet I cannot see it perish." Felicitas begged forgiveness for her thoughtlessness, and left her.

Felicitas's first interview with John showed her a man keenly interested in his profession and coldly indifferent to herself. When he learned that she despised the man she was being urged to marry, he firmly declined to force her decision. He said further that though the man was willing to overlook her origin now, "any disturbance of the balance of society usually avenges itself." He informed her that if at the end of two months there was no response to his effort to find her relatives, she should be free; but that during those months she must still remain in the house as his ward.

The Professor was famed as an oculist, and the house was invaded by many patients, among them the extreme poor, who Felicitas learned were treated free of charge by the great man, who yet had no word or look for her when she chanced to meet him.

One day she was ordered to serve tea in the garden. Among the guests was a handsome young lawyer, a college classmate of the Professor, who lived next door. When Felicitas approached with the tray he was admiring a heavy gold bracelet, the like of which she had seen once before, and which the pretty widow had removed from her arm for the guest to examine.

On it was engraved a stanza of poetry with no beginning. Felicitas knew the bracelet must be the mate to the one belonging to the old Mam'selle.

Seeing that Felicitas's beauty had attracted the attention of the young lawyer, the widow softly approached her and told her she need not come back with the tea, as her short skirt was "not fit to be seen."

Presently a shriek attracted the attention of all. Running feebly toward them came Anna, the widow's child, her dress ablaze from some matches she held. The widow glanced at her own inflammable dress and ran behind a hedge. Felicitas rushed forward, caught up the child, dashed up the side of the dam and plunged into the rushing water. The men ran to Felicitas's assistance, the widow appearing at the same time with loud cries to the men to save her child. The doctor held out his hands to Felicitas; with averted face she gave Anna to him and with a smile took the lawyer's offered hand and sprang on the dam. After attending to the needs of the little sufferer, the doctor offered his assistance to Felicitas, who did not escape unburned; but she coldly declined his assistance and later sought Aunt Cordula, to whom she confided her lasting hatred of the man whose hands, she declared, should never touch her even to save her life.

Later the doctor approached her with great tenderness and asked whether she never would look at him or his mother except with unquenchable hatred; she turned upon him and reminded him of the heartlessness and injustice she had suffered through them, and then she left him.

The lawyer was a frequent visitor at the house, and he made no effort to conceal from the oculist that he would marry the "juggler's daughter" if he had the opportunity. This disturbed John, but it quickly went out of his mind in his duty of caring for little Anna, who was dangerously ill. The mother's neglect of her child so irritated the doctor that he asked Felicitas to attend her. During the dangerous crisis of the illness Felicitas had an opportunity of feeling the great moral power and goodness of this man, who could be so exquisitely gentle. When the crisis had passed he again attempted a reconciliation, but the proud girl reminded him that she might have forgiven

everything except the starving of her mind and the cruelty of the young Nathanael in telling her how her mother had died. John never knew of this action of his brother, and he told her that he now admired her character but reminded her how humiliating it would be to her proud heart to have a man make social sacrifices for her; he added that he must submit to social laws, and consequently would lead a life of loneliness.

She thought he referred to his loving someone socially above him, and was afraid of the pity she felt for him; so she told him she belonged to the caste he despised and then changed the subject.

After little Anna was better the doctor, with a party of friends, including the widow, went into the Thuringia forests for a holiday excursion. Two days after they had gone the old Mam'selle had a stroke of apoplexy. When Felicitas reached the dying woman's bedside she found Frau Hellwig reading hymns to her. Joyful recognition flashed into the eyes of the gentle old lady, and she managed to say: "Bring a lawyer."

Felicitas immediately rushed along the corridor to go on this errand, when she felt herself seized from behind and hurled into a room, of which the door was immediately closed and locked. There she remained for two hours, frenzied with grief and despair; then, to her amazement, the door yielded to her touch and she soon knew that all was over forever. The faithful Heinrich listened to her story, and, filled with rage, he told her that the old Mam'selle had sent him to bring the lawyer, who was to come the next day to make a will in favor of Felicitas.

Frau Hellwig sent the body to the undertaker's, put on mourning because the Mam'selle was a Hellwig, and then rummaged through all the dead woman's things for the family jewels and silver. Ordering Heinrich to bring a clothes-basket, she filled it with the priceless books and the portfolios of music. These were taken into the kitchen, where, in fanatical spite against the woman whose devotion to art she considered inimical to the Church, she fed to the flames the magnificent autograph collection of the works of Italian, German, and French composers. Just as she stuffed into the oven the only manuscript copy in existence of Bach's operetta, the bell rang violently

and a lawyer, accompanied by a constable, appeared to seal up the effects of the late Cordula Hellwig, whose will was in the possession of her lawyer.

While the lawyer was sealing up the effects Felicitas rushed to the kitchen and there picked up a stray leaf of paper. Through her tears she read:

"Paritur of Johann Sebastian Bach, written by his own hand and received from him as a remembrance in the year 1707.

"GOTTHELF VON HIRSCHSPRUNG."

Desperately unhappy, she visited her mother's grave. Only a few days before this the stone had been taken up and then replaced, and Felicitas read beneath her mother's name, "Meta d'Orlowska," another name heretofore entirely hidden by the earth, "née von Hirschsprung of Kiel," the name on the operetta by Bach.

Mystified by these events, Felicitas left the cemetery and went to the home of the lawyer's mother, who had become a firm friend. Only three weeks more were to pass before she should have her freedom, and no provision had been made for her. She told this to the lady, who asked her to enter her home as a companion for six months, after which future provision should be made for her. With a comparatively light heart Fay went back to the garden and to little Anna, and found that the doctor and his party had returned; so she sought a remote corner in the garden, whence she could see John, who appeared so different that it caused her heart to beat in the most inexplicable way, and she dreaded the moment when he should find her.

Presently he came directly toward her. After an indifferent word or two he held out his hand and said, "Good evening," but these commonplace words were tremulous with emotion. Some incomprehensible power made her put her hand in his. Fearful lest he frighten her in this brief surrender, he spoke to her of his loneliness while away, and in metaphor told her of his love, but she refused to see its application, and soon their conversation was interrupted by Frau Hellwig, who ordered Fay to weed out the flower-beds, saying: "As long as she stays in my house she is my servant and shall not be idle one single moment." But the doctor forbade her being made to work,

and when they were left alone again he asked her pardon for the past.

A few days after this Mam'selle's will was read. Her property was left outside the Hellwig family. Frau Hellwig railed, in pious rage, against "that wicked creature who never had any religious faith, and who ought to have been declared of unsound mind."

This phase of Frau Hellwig's character the doctor never had seen, and before her boundless selfishness and hypocrisy he stood aghast, having believed her up to now to be a pattern of excellent womanhood. He saw his attitude toward Felicitas as he never had seen it before.

The old Mam'selle had left all the property to that branch of Thuringian nobles belonging to Lutz von Hirschsprung, a son of Adrian von Hirschsprung, who was murdered by Swedish soldiers. If in a year's time no claimant appeared, the bracelet and Bach's opera manuscript were to be sold, the proceeds to go to the Mayor of the town of X——. The silver and jewelry were bequeathed to the present head of the Hellwig family, and the autograph collection of the works of famous composers were to be sold and the money given to her grandnephews, John and Nathanael.

John sought Felicitas and told her she should now know what it was to be loved and cherished. She struggled against the influence he was exerting on her and told him her word was given to be the companion of Frau Frank. This John jealously refused to allow her to do, telling her that he would not leave her in X——, nor would he return to Bonn without her.

Shortly after this astounding avowal Felicitas was sewing quietly one day, while in a room adjoining the widow and Frau Hellwig were reviling the old Mam'selle for the injustice of her will. John ventured to say something in her favor, and this called forth such denunciations of her character that Felicitas, regardless of the consequences to herself, stepped into the midst of the astonished group and bravely defended the name of her dead benefactress. Thus the secret of her intimacy with the old lady became known, much to the joy of John and the surprised rage of the other two, who turned upon Fay and demanded to know, if she were so intimate, where the silver and

family jewels were. The lawyer, who was witness to the scene, questioned her about the collected works of the great composers of which he doubted the existence, as they could not be found. She satisfied him about the existence of all these treasures, and then he desired to know what accident destroyed them. This she refused to tell, as it would betray Frau Hellwig's vandalism.

This maddened the infuriated Frau Hellwig, who denounced "the miserable creature who sought to spare her," and proudly acknowledged that she herself had burned the profane music. Her son was horrified, and the indignant lawyer told her she would have to pay her sons five thousand thalers. When she protested that this "absurd valuation" was placed upon them only by the Mam'selle under the delusion of insanity, Felicitas confessed that she had saved the portfolios containing the music and that, written on the inside, was a complete list of the contents and their true valuation.

This, with the disclosures of the intimacy of Felicitas and the Mam'selle, resulted in Frau Hellwig's ordering the girl from the house. At this the lawyer stepped forward and asked her to go to his mother's. The doctor thundered, "Her place is here!" and firmly took her hand in his. He drew Felicitas out into the garden, told her this should be her last struggle, and asked her to spend but one more night under his mother's roof.

When he left her Felicitas knew this to be the opportunity to obtain and destroy the box in the secret drawer. For the last time she made her way over the roofs and swung herself into the music-room.

Crimson with shame to realize that she was stealing into the room the Professor now used as his study, she darted to the cabinet, opened the secret drawer, and took out the book with its leaves filled with writing. On the first page was written: "Joseph von Hirschsprung, *Studiosus philosophæ*." It was the diary of the young student, the son of the nobly born shoemaker, whom Aunt Cordula had loved and from whom she was separated. She had written her story also, and thus Felicitas learned of the Roman Catholic house of Hirschsprung. When the whole country was converted to Lutheranism, Adrian von Hirschsprung, rather than live among heretics, left his mansion in Thuringia and with his two sons set out to find a home in

some Catholic country. When passing through the town of X——, in October, 1632, they met the Swedish troops of Gustavus Adolphus. Adrian was stabbed and all his sixty thousand thalers were stolen by the Swedes. The house itself passed into the possession of the Hellwig family for a paltry sum, which Adrian's sons divided between them. Lutz, the elder, never was heard from again, and the other became a cobbler, the father of Mam'selle's lover, who left her the Bach manuscript, his most precious possession.

The narrative revealed the facts that Paul Hellwig, the widow's father, had asked Mam'selle to marry him; that she had rejected him; that later she had found the hidden chest of gold (which the Swedes had not opened), containing gold, papers, and the unique bracelets, each with its incomplete stanza of poetry; and that, although they knew they were robbing the shoemaker's son, Paul Hellwig took a third of the money and one bracelet, and Mam'selle's father stole the rest. Finally Mam'selle confessed that she had saved old Adrian's will. This had caused her father such rage that it brought on an attack of apoplexy, which so frightened her that she destroyed the will and thus secured the property for all time to her own family.

The story finished, Felicitas's one thought was to protect John from the knowledge that he was living on stolen money. Hearing steps approach, she concealed herself outside the balcony, although it was raining, and there John found her and dragged her in, white with fear. Amid the raging of the storm he pleaded for her love and begged the juggler's child to marry him at once. Fay, at last understanding herself, told him that she loved him, but that she never should marry him because of the difference in their social rank and his family pride. But she promised never to be faithless to him. Vowing that he never would give her up, he let her go.

She slipped through the door into the corridor on her way to burn the evidence of his family guilt, when she felt herself caught; she met the revengeful eyes of the widow, who shrieked: "I've caught the thief in the act. John! John!"

"I beg you, in God's name, let me go!" pleaded Felicitas, struggling to free herself; but the triumphant widow held her

fast till John came. After a violent scene the widow took the book from Felicitas. As she read her rosy face blanched, and then, with her usual duplicity, she tried to turn the blame on Felicitas. At this John demanded to see the book. Felicitas begged him to let the widow keep it. Finally his taunts so enraged the widow that she hurled the book at his feet and wished him joy of his disgrace.

Forcing Felicitas to acknowledge that the disgrace was not relative to the old Mam'selle, and thus proving that she knew the contents of the book, he, too, read it. Immediately after he took it to his mother, who saw nothing in it but the wisdom of Providence, and who vigorously resented her son's idea of returning all the stolen money to the rightful heirs. The widow joined them, and from her the indignant man learned that she had known of the theft for years. With a ringing denunciation of both women and their hypocrisy, he announced his firm intention to marry Felicitas. This staggered the flinty-hearted mother and sent the designing and baffled widow from the room. Then suddenly he asked his mother if she would consent to his marriage with Adèle and she said: "It would be suitable."

He answered with forced composure: "By that declaration you have lost the last remnant of authority to decide any important question in my life"; and he left her to find Felicitas, whom he took to Frau Frank, asking her to protect and guard Felicitas till he should ask for her.

One day Baron Lutz von Hirschsprung called at the lawyer's home, and when Felicitas entered with the coffee he stared at the girl and gasped: "Meta!" Thus Felicitas met her uncle, who never knew that his sister Meta, who was disinherited because she married the juggler, had had a child. He told Fay that her father was dead. He offered to make some financial appeal to the haughty grandparents, who would refuse to acknowledge the girl, but this Felicitas proudly refused.

When the embarrassed nobleman left, Felicitas covered her face with her hands.

"Fay!" cried the doctor, holding out his arms.

She looked up and fled to their protection. During that hour of happy confession she learned that he now had nothing save his profession, and that the next morning she was to go

with him, under the care of the councilor's wife, to Bonn, where for a month she should stay as his betrothed and then marry him.

Baron von Hirschsprung proved his father's title as the sole heir to the old Mam'selle's legacy, which was paid to him, the doctor giving up his own fortune to do so. Frau Hellwig was obliged to pay for the burned Bach manuscript.

The doctor's young wife was a great favorite, and happy with the Mam'selle's artistic belongings about her and old Heinrich for a butler.

The widow lived on hostile terms with her pious father, because she was compelled to prove his share in the theft of the Hirschsprung property. She devoted herself to charity, while her daughter was left to the care of strangers.

Frau Hellwig, shortly after casting John off, heard that her son Nathanael had been killed in a duel and had left many bad debts. If any tender chord lay dormant in her hard nature, it was awakened for John's little daughter.

A LITTLE MOORLAND PRINCESS (1875)

This is perhaps the most popular of the many stories by this author, and it has been translated into many languages.

FOR me, my world was the moor; the pretty German *heide* on which I dwelt, happy in the companionship of Spitz, my dog, and Mieke, the cow; my only human companions being kind old Heinz, the bee-keeper, with his inseparable pipe, and Ilse.

Although I was seventeen years old, I was a child in spirits and in happy irresponsibility. I roamed over my beloved moor, picking the wild flowers that grew there in such profusion, or bathing my little brown feet in the pool. Heinz called me "the little moorland princess," but surely few real princesses were as happy as I.

In one particular spot of the moor the far-reaching flatness was broken by a series of mounds, of which popular tradition said they contained the remains of giants. Many a time I had told Heinz that the old king of the giants must be buried in the largest one and that he lay there secure from intrusion, his long white beard, his golden crown, and his purple cloak being plainly discernible to my eyes of childish faith.

My seventeenth birthday was to see the beginning of a new order of things for the little moorland princess. Heinz and I had been talking about water-sprites and malevolent fairies, in which he firmly believed, and we were now on our way to the little home where I lived under Ilse's care, when we came on three gentlemen and several workmen who had begun to dig up one of the mounds.

We watched them curiously and saw them bring to light several strange utensils. This done, they discussed the probabilities as to what manner of men had been buried in these graves, and Dr. von Sassen was quoted as an authority.

At the mention of his name Heinz had nearly blurted out that I was Dr. von Sassen's daughter, but I stopped him in time. I was too shy to have these men directing their attention to me, as they certainly would have done had they known who I was. But when one of them, a flippant, elegant young dandy, began to complain of the dreariness and the lack of interest of the moor, and to wish he were at home, I felt that my beloved place had been maligned, and, forgetting my shyness, I stepped up to him and offered him five pearls that I had that day found in the river.

They were all greatly surprised, and one of their number, who wore blue spectacles, taking some glittering pieces of metal out of his pocket, handed me five of them. I did not know what they were and drew back, and Heinz explained that my grandmother never had spoken to me of money, and that whenever she found any she threw it into the river. This surprised them all more than ever; as for myself, I dropped the silver coins on the ground and fled home.

I remembered little as to the why and wherefore of my coming to the moor. I had not always dwelt there, and I knew that my father was a celebrated man in some gloomy city, but further than that I knew little. My wild life on the moor contented me. My grandmother I rarely saw. She was very old and queer, and was always washing her head under the pump to cool it. Poor woman! How tenderly the faithful Ilse cared for her!

Once there had been a governess who looked after me, but she had left long ago. I could barely read and could write only with difficulty. Oh, but I was ignorant! My father seemed to have forgotten me. From time to time he wrote to Ilse, though he never came near me. But I was soon to change my mode of life, and the visit of these unwitting strangers had much to do with the change.

Poor, blundering Heinz, not wishing to throw away the silver thalers, brought them into the house and was so unfortunate as to drop them on the floor. The chink of silver aroused my grandmother and she came out of her room, saw money, which had brought so much sorrow into her life, and had an apoplectic attack from which she died before twenty-four hours had passed. But before the end came she was blessed with a return to lucidity, and in those few precious hours she came to

know her little granddaughter, and I felt something like love for the queer old woman of whom I had so long stood in awe.

I learned that my grandmother belonged to the Hebrew race, therefore I was of Jewish blood.

A contributory cause of her apoplectic stroke was a letter which my father had given strict orders she was not to see, but which came into her hands. It was from someone called "Christine," and the sight of that signature threw my grandmother into a fearful rage. I wondered who it was that had such power over her.

After my grandmother's burial Ilse said, to my great dismay, that I must be taken to my father; that I was growing up wild, and that it was his duty to fit me to take my proper station in life.

Oh, how I dreaded leaving my beloved moor and my dear Heinz and Ilse and Spitz and Mieke. But Ilse was inexorable, and insisted on taking me to my father.

Something had happened in my grandmother's life to make her hate the sight of money, but in a strong box she had saved for me nine thousand thalers and—"the last remnant of the Jacobsohns' glory"—a string of beautiful pearls.

After her death I learned from the reluctant Ilse that "Christine" was my aunt; she had run away secretly and joined a troupe of actors. She had a beautiful voice, but seemed incapable of love. In the letter she had written to her mother she had said that her voice was gone and she was in great need of money; yet my grandmother had not heeded her request. I could not but feel sorry for this new-found aunt of mine, and I wished that I could help her.

We arrived at K—— at the close of a hot day and inquired the way to Dr. von Sassen's house. On Ilse's saying it was at the Firma Claudius, a man directed us to it with evident respect, for Herr Claudius was a great seed-merchant. It seems that my father lived in one of his houses and was engaged in arranging his collection of antiquities. My father lived in the Carolinenlust, a house built by a former Claudius for his wife, Caroline; and the warehouse and home of Herr Claudius was around the corner. Through a mistake we tried to enter by the wrong door, and the porter was for sending us around the corner,

which Ilse, always independent, strongly resented; but at last we were allowed to enter the Carolinenlust. On the way, to my great mortification—for I was dressed in some antique clothes that had been furbished up for me by Ilse, and was ashamed of my appearance—I met the young man to whom I had offered the pearls. He and his sister were playing a game in the courtyard, and at sight of me he recognized me and said: "As I'm alive, it is the Heideprinzesschen!"

Herr Claudius, with whom these young people lived as adopted children, proved to be the man in the blue glasses who had offered to pay me for the pearls.

My father was glad to see me after he had grasped the fact that I was really his daughter. Dear man! he lived in his dreams, and since the death of his little wife, whom I much resembled, he had lived entirely in his archeological work.

Ilse, who was afraid of nobody and who had brought my fortune with her, gave my father to understand that none of it was to go as had gone those great packets of money which her mistress, my grandmother, used to send him in the long ago. He flushed at this reference to his zeal for collecting, and promised that my money should be my own. But he said he could not look after it himself, as he had no head for money matters.

I had not been long in the house before I discovered a secret passage out of my room, leading up-stairs; and with childlike curiosity I went up and found a suite of rooms that had evidently not been occupied for a long time. I explored them through and through, and came on writing-materials stamped with a crest and a sheet of paper on which a delicate feminine hand had written many times the characters: "Sidonie, Princess of K——"; also the names "Claudius" and "Lothar."

Ah, had a princess lived in these quaint rooms? Then I remembered that a whole suite of rooms had appeared from the outside of the house to be closed up; this fact I had remarked not long before. So I was in those closed rooms, and thought it likely that few other persons knew of the secret door.

I had taken an almost immediate dislike to Herr Claudius, with his blue spectacles, his passionless voice, and his evident coldly intellectual weighing of all persons and all matters. But I liked Charlotte and her brother.

Herr Claudius looked far younger than he had when I had first seen him, and his face was not without nobility. Though evidently against his will, he consented to take care of my fortune, since my father did not know anything about the value of money; his housekeeper, Fräulein Fliedner, consented to look after my bringing up; and I was to stay for two years at the Firma Claudius.

My first request of Herr Claudius was that I might send some money to my Aunt Christine. I explained who she was, and a flush crossed his face; but he let me have the money, for which, with difficulty, I scrawled a receipt.

In course of time I learned from Charlotte that the sealed apartments had formerly been the rooms of Herr Claudius's soldier brother, Lothar, who had been hopelessly in love with a certain Princess Sidonie, and had committed suicide a few days after her death. She said that she would give worlds to enter the sealed rooms and have just one look at them. Something sealed my lips, and I did not say that I had traversed the forbidden ground.

By virtue of my position, I was to see the Princess Margarethe, a sister of Sidonie, who lived in K——. To me, the little moorland girl, it was no honor, as I knew too little of the world to appreciate titles, but oh, how Charlotte envied me! She felt keenly that fate had not been kind to her. Herr Claudius had adopted her and her brother when her mother, a Frenchwoman, died. Her father's name was Mericourt and he was in the French army. Little chance that she would ever be presented at court! And yet she was handsome and talented enough to have shone there.

When I was dressed, in such clothes as I never had worn before, and was ready to go to my audience with the Princess, I found my father strangely agitated and learned that he wished to buy a very valuable bronze medal to add to his collection. He set such value on it that I told him I would get the money for him out of my own funds; and taking the medal I went to see Herr Claudius. He asked to see the medal, and dared to say that it was a counterfeit, thus setting his opinion at variance with that of my father. He refused to let me have money for such a purpose, and I went back to my father and told him what the

seed-merchant had said. He turned to the man who would have sold him the medal, saying: "What else can one expect from a merchant spirit? One ought not to meddle with such people. Come, let us go," he added, in a tone of resignation, and we set out for the Princess's palace.

On the whole I liked the Princess Margarethe. My youthful *gaucheries* she passed over and made me forget myself; and I was soon chattering volubly of my beloved moorland.

Presently the talk among the elders fell on Charlotte and Dagobert, their evident feeling of superiority to their station and their apparent lack of gratitude to their benefactor, Herr Claudius. For me, I must confess that my sympathies were all with them. In spite of a soft voice, and an assumption of just dealing, Herr Claudius struck me as being a man of cold, mercenary spirit, and it seemed to me no wonder that these elegant, high-spirited young people should feel their subordinate situation keenly and long to be in a world where they could better shine.

On my return from the palace Charlotte was all eagerness to hear what had happened, and I could see that the poor girl envied me the right that the "von" before my name gave me. It was supper-time, and the old bookkeeper, Herr Eckhof, and Herr Claudius had been having an excited talk on the subject of religion. Herr Eckhof, who was of the canting type, while Herr Claudius prided himself on his freedom from religious prejudice, wound up the argument by saying that he thought it could not injure the house of Claudius if frequent prayer were offered up in it, adding significantly, that a great deal had occurred in that house which cried to the Almighty and must be atoned for. This was the second time within two days that Eckhof had wounded Herr Claudius's feelings; and I now learned that the seed-merchant and Eckhof's son had fought a duel years before, and that the young man had been killed.

Herr Claudius gave the old man to understand that he had allowed him much license of speech and action in his affairs because of that which had happened in the long ago, but that it was not noble in him to reopen old wounds. Then Charlotte and I made our presence known and the bitter conversation ceased.

In the course of the new turn in the talk that followed I said,

thoughtlessly, upon being compared in appearance to a picture of a Jewess by Delaroche, "My grandmother *was* a Jewess."

Its effect on the company was remarkable, and I was advised by Charlotte and Dagobert never again to admit such a damning fact, all of which was beyond my philosophy. I asked myself why should it be regarded as so awful to have Jewish blood. But I valued the opinion of the bewitching Charlotte, who was very friendly to me, and resolved not to make another such *faux pas*.

That evening Charlotte and I took a moonlight walk together, and she confessed to me her hopeless aspirations for a different sort of life, which she was sure was due to the feeling in her blood that by rights she was of the aristocracy. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "if the darkness that hangs over my birth could but be lighted up—"

But here Herr Claudius, who had overheard us, interrupted her, and said, in his cold, judicial tones, that when she was fit to hear the truth she should hear it. Further, he forbade her to walk with me alone hereafter.

Speechless for once, Charlotte left us, and when she had gone he offered me his hand and said: "You went away in bad humor this afternoon. Give me your hand."

"Yours is full of blood," said I, refusing to take his hand. But a moment later I regretted my cruel speech, for it seemed to wound him deeply.

A few days later I (unwillingly) heard a conversation between old Eckhof, Dagobert, and Charlotte. According to Eckhof's story, Lothar Claudius was so handsome and attractive that he was ennobled by the Duke. He was much at court and fell in love with the Princess Sidonie, and whenever she was supposed to have gone on a "visit to Switzerland" a mysterious young lady, her exact duplicate in appearance, made her appearance in the Carolinenlust, and there, eventually, two children were born.

At this point Charlotte sprang to her feet, nearly beside herself with joy. All her instinctive convictions, then, had been true. She was herself of the blood royal!

"All that I have thought and have told you must be so," said Eckhof, "else why should Herr Claudius adopt the children

of utter strangers, and of another nation, too?" Claudius had not defrauded them of their pecuniary rights, but his burgher pride had made him resolve to withhold from them forever all knowledge of their royal mother.

It became known to Charlotte that I had overheard this conversation, and she pledged me to secrecy. Some day Herr Claudius was to be confronted with the wrong he had done herself and Dagobert, she said, and I must never breathe a word of what I had heard.

I then made confirmation doubly strong in Charlotte's mind by telling her what I knew of the sealed rooms and of the silk mantle of the "Princess Sidonie" hanging there, and Charlotte became wild to visit the forbidden place and see it for herself.

When Ilse had left me to go back to the moor she put around my neck the string of magnificent pearls, that the Princess might see I did not come entirely penniless to my father.

Princess Margarethe had a curiosity to see the treasures of archeology in the house of Herr Claudius, and one day by his invitation she came. While she was in his house—he acting more like a condescending prince than a mere burgher receiving the visit of a princess—she saw a portrait of Lothar and was much agitated at sight of it, particularly when she noticed that a wedding-ring adorned one of his hands. Had he, then, been married? "Tell me," said she, "did no one claim the picture after his death?"

"Your Highness, there was nobody except myself who had any claim to anything belonging to Lothar."

This statement, uttered calmly by Herr Claudius, made us all doubt whether Eckhof had been right in his statements; but Dagobert showed by his countenance that he believed his uncle was lying.

The Princess had been agitated to the verge of faintness, but she recovered herself, and seeing me near by she rallied me for my sadness and began to talk of my ancestry, saying that I must be the descendant of a princess of the East with my dark skin, my Oriental nose, and my superb pearls. Then she asked me whether my grandmother had not been of the old house of Olderode; but I, remembering the shame of being a Jewess, denied any knowledge of my antecedents and received such a

contemptuous look from Herr Claudius as to affect me for many a day. But Dagobert rejoiced; he felt that his secret was safe with me, that I could hold my own counsel.

A visit by Dagobert and Charlotte to the suite of closed rooms gave them additional proof as to their royal blood; but I felt like a spy in having shown them the secret way.

Little by little, as time went on, I began to suspect that I had misjudged Herr Claudius. His conduct under a great loss which he had suffered, his invariable justice, and more than once what seemed like a fondness for the little girl who was under his protection, made me think that perhaps he was not the sort of man that Charlotte and Dagobert would have me believe.

At last Charlotte demanded to know the secret of her birth, and again was told by Herr Claudius that not until she was better fitted to know the truth could he reveal it. He had forbidden me to be alone with her; he did not like her imperious disposition, and felt that her influence on me was bad. As for Dagobert, he had gone away with his regiment and would not return for some time; but had said that when he should return Herr Claudius was to be unmasked.

One day my Aunt Christine appeared among us. I thought her wondrously beautiful. She came to ask for money and wanted a place of lodging. I was able to get her a room with the Heldorfs, but no one liked her. She was coldly selfish, and Charlotte said her brilliant complexion was due to rouge. She treated her with contempt, as one who was not worthy to associate with the daughter of a princess. My father would have nothing to do with her, either, and, with all my compassion for her, I could not love her.

Deeply sorry that I had lied to the Princess about my grandmother, I made up my mind to show Herr Claudius that I regretted my action, and when next the Princess Margarethe came to spend an evening at our house I told her that I was of Jewish blood, and felt that my brave speech had delighted Herr Claudius. Nor did it appear to shock the Princess; she laughed merrily and said: "Now I know how my little favorite comes by this thoroughly Oriental profile."

Charlotte had felt that from the Princess alone could she obtain justice, and that evening she begged an audience with

her and told her of the great wrong that had been done to herself and Dagobert, saying plainly that they were the lawful children of Lothar and the Princess Sidonie. The effect of this disclosure on the Princess Margarethe was shocking. She was compelled to believe it, but she never had suspected that her sister had been married, and she departed in her carriage as soon as possible.

Events followed fast. My father's reputation as an expert in matters numismatic received a severe blow when it was learned that the medals he had declared valuable were really counterfeits. Herr Claudius had not been deceived regarding them, but my poor father had been wofully cheated. It destroyed his reason temporarily, and he tried to set fire to the house, but was discovered in time.

My Aunt Christine was perfectly willing to live on others but would not lift a hand to support herself, although she was capable of giving singing-lessons, in spite of her pretense that her voice was not what it had been. Matters came to a crisis after the fire. I told my aunt that I earned part of the money for her support by writing names on seed-packets for Herr Claudius. She assured me that all would be different when her voice should be perfectly restored, and begged for an interview with Herr Claudius.

An interview of my own that day with him proved to me that the proud Herr Claudius was in love with "the little moorland princess"!

That evening Aunt Christine came to us again. Herr Claudius never had seen her since she had come among us, and when she entered the room he uttered a cry. Charlotte and Dagobert looked in amazement at their uncle, and Aunt Christine fell on her knees crying: "Pardon, Claudius, pardon!" Then she begged Charlotte and Dagobert—her long-lost children—to implore that he would receive her back into his former love.

She spoke the truth regarding the relationship. The two children were not of royal blood. Claudius had fallen in love with Christine in Paris, but she had married a Frenchman, and when he had died, leaving her with two children, Claudius had adopted them. The two who were born in the Carolinenlust, of Lothar and the Princess Sidonie, had died in infancy, and

Herr Eckhof had misinterpreted much that he had seen and heard.

After the exciting events of the last few days I felt that I needed the quiet of the moor, and, as my father had almost recovered, I went away without telling Herr Claudius my intention. For all I knew, Aunt Christine might reawaken love for her in his bosom. But he followed me to the moor and told me unmistakably that he loved me alone, and could be happy and grow young again in my love. So I consented to leave once more my well-beloved moorland.

HARRIET MARTINEAU

(England, 1802–1876)

THE HOUR AND THE MAN (1840)

For years Miss Martineau read eagerly whatever came within her reach on the subject of Toussaint L'Ouverture, whose extraordinary career forms the basis of this novel, which has been frequently reprinted. She even took pains to visit the scene of her hero's death, and her description of the dungeon at Jura is not in the least exaggerated.

AFFAIRS in St. Domingo reached their crisis the night of August 22, 1791, one of the sultriest of that year. While the white deputies were met in Cap Français to pledge themselves against the decree of the National Assembly of France granting mulattoes citizenship, the negroes rose in revolt, burning sugar-houses and crops and massacring masters. This uprising was far more terrible than the one headed by the ill-fated Vincent Ogé the previous October, which had been made for the civil rights of the mulatto. Now it was the blacks—the despised slaves—against all.

When the alarm sounded Toussaint Breda, the negro overseer of the Breda estate, was quietly reading his favorite Epictetus, surrounded by his happy family—his wife, Margot, and the children, Génifrède and Denis, beside him, while Isaac and Aimée were frisking in an adjoining wood. Placide, his eldest son, was engaged in cutting grass for the cattle. Toussaint had been expecting his friend, Jean Français, to supper, but the signs of cane-fields afire caused him to mount his horse and direct it toward the distant town, where he hoped to rescue from danger his master, Monsieur Bayou. Unlike his fellow-slaves, this grave, middle-aged negro deplored the rebellion.

"The whites have risen against their king, and now the blacks rise against them in turn. It is a great sin. God have mercy!" he said.

M. Bayou and his compatriot, Monsieur Papalier, were under the protection of faithful Henri Christophe, Toussaint's closest friend, when the four met on the Ogé estate. They needed to traverse but a short distance to learn that the Papalier plantation had been sacked and deserted. Only the beautiful Thérèse, the negro mistress of her master, had remained behind with their infant.

A few sentences revealed that the Breda estate would soon suffer violence, and that M. Bayou was courting death in staying there. With the skilful help of his overseer he was put aboard a ship bound for the United States; then Toussaint sped back to his own urgent duties. He kept an appointment with Jean Français, but, discovering him to be the leader of the insurgents, rebuked him. Thereupon Jean informed him of the extraordinary change that had lately taken place in Paris—King Louis XVI was prisoner of the revolutionists! Toussaint listened sadly to this and to the account of the whites at Cap imploring the English to take possession of their colony. Nevertheless, he made up his mind not to join the lawless mob under Jean in St. Domingo, but to offer his services in the north to the Spanish allies of the imprisoned French monarch. In this way he could continue loyal to his King. The idea struck Jean, who asked permission to join him with his followers. On condition of a peaceful exodus, Toussaint agreed.

Continually, during the march to the Spanish frontier, negro recruits joined the Toussaint family jogging along with M. Papalier and Thérèse. Though the blacks, particularly Jean Français and Jacques Dessalines, resented the presence of the planter, M. Papalier was under the protection of Toussaint, and therefore safe. The latter had promised him his escort till they should reach the Marquis d'Hermona and the Spanish camp, though even then the deputy might suffer because of his known republicanism. Only one incident disturbed the joyous migration: in the darkness the child of Thérèse was snatched from her arms and was made away with. The mother became frantic, but her master, Papalier, forced her to continue the

journey. Poor Thérèse nursed a horrible suspicion from that moment.

After leaving his family with his brother Paul, a fisherman on the coast, Toussaint appeared before the Spanish commander who, recognizing superior ability under that humble exterior, made him a colonel of the negro forces. Jean extolled his friend as a marvel of learning—a student of Plutarch, Cæsar's Commentaries, Epictetus, and Marshal Saxe's *Military Reveries*. But praise or honor could not blind this extraordinary black, and his first act was to seek out Father Lexabon to receive the benefit of godly counsel.

Great and many were the military successes that crowned the efforts of Toussaint against the rebels of St. Domingo; peaceful, too, were his methods; his name began to strike such awe among the insurgent blacks that it was often unnecessary to shed their blood; the Marquis d'Hermona considered him the best officer of his race.

Meanwhile, the French Revolution had resulted in the beheading of Louis XVI. This act shocked the soul of Toussaint. He felt that St. Domingo was orphaned. When next he visited Margot and his children he said the time had come for his boys to become soldiers. Placide and Isaac were eager for the new life; so was Moyse, the son of Paul. The three youths left their relatives for the field of battle. Margot and fisherman Paul resigned themselves to the inevitable, but Génifrède and Aimée were inconsolable at losing their companions. Little Denis put on a brave face and wanted to go with his older brothers. Thus, while the noble Toussaint was preparing his flesh and blood to fight the revolutionary element on the island, a proclamation came from the Convention at Paris, giving liberty to the negroes and declaring the colony an integral part of France. M. Papalier imparted this startling information to Toussaint as he begged the black leader for a safe-conduct to the coast, whither he planned escape to Europe.

Never before had Toussaint experienced such a conflict of soul. If the revolutionary government of France had declared negro freedom, he could no longer wage war against its cause; he could not fight against the rights of his race! A night of agony passed, leaving him one fixed idea, a conviction that

even Father Lexabon failed to alter with all his ecclesiastic eloquence. Toussaint determined to resign from the Spanish ranks and sink into obscurity. That he might be called a traitor did not trouble him; he would obey his conscience, which was the voice of God within him.

Toussaint quietly carried out his purpose, though the Marquis d'Hermona compelled him to flee on his horse from pursuit. This act of loyalty to his color aroused the negro troops to enthusiastic emulation. Outnumbering the Spanish soldiers three to one, they had no difficulty in following their adored leader. Jacques Dessalines, always a prime hater of the whites, headed the deserting company. At his side rode his bride, Thérèse, who had refused to accompany Papalier to France, and had remained to marry the triumphant Jacques. Though the brave leader was leagues in advance of his faithful men, the name of Toussaint Breda rang through the hills and dales as they marched. And hundreds, hearing the cries of "Freedom!" and "Toussaint!" flocked to join the happy procession of that little army seeking its chief. They found him asleep in his desolate cottage on the Breda estate.

Jacques Dessalines and Henri Christophe gave Toussaint their several messages. Henri had come from Cap, where the recent proclamation had complicated the already alarming conditions. The mulattoes had imprisoned General Laveaux, the French military leader, and his troops were cursing the negroes as the cause. Toussaint accepted the command of his delighted followers, and promised to straighten out the disorder in Cap Français. His task was accomplished with marvelous rapidity, and without undue bloodshed. The town was overjoyed. General Laveaux was released, and vowed that his deliverer should become lieutenant-general of the colony. "He is the Napoleon Bonaparte of St. Domingo," said the General. A young artillery officer, Polverel, declared in answer: "Yes! General Toussaint is making for us an opening (*ouverture*) everywhere." These words traveled like lightning throughout the excited multitude. "L'Ouverture! L'Ouverture! Toussaint L'Ouverture!" cried the people. Thenceforth the city, the colony, the island, and, after a time, all Europe, rang with the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture. But the subject of this pæan

remained simple and unaffected. He sought his commendation under the starry skies, surrounded by the sincerities of nature.

Seven years passed over St. Domingo under the wisest mind there, that of the Commander-in-Chief, as Toussaint had come to be called, though that title had not yet been confirmed at Paris. Because of his power of government and his military genius, the island was enjoying unexampled prosperity in every province. Firm was his rule, but gentle. True, Rigaud, the mulatto General, never had acknowledged his authority, but that enemy was reduced to brigandage, which did not interfere with the prevalent state of peace and content. Occasionally the French commissaries at Cap Français would precipitate serious civic disturbance, but the vigilant eye and effective measures of L'Ouverture always restored order.

Despite all these inestimable services by Toussaint to his country, the First Consul had ignored him, and the Commander-in-Chief of the blacks anxiously awaited some acknowledgment, some written word, from his "brother in destiny and glory," Napoleon Bonaparte. Margot, though living in the palace at Port-au-Prince, and comforted by her two lovely daughters, frequently sighed when she saw her husband's disappointment at the indifference of the First Consul.

Several changes in the Toussaint household had come to pass during the progress of the years. Placide and Isaac were in Paris, being educated under the care of the Directory, and their presence in France guaranteed the safety of whites in St. Domingo.

Génifrède and Aimée had grown to womanhood, but while the former had an ardent lover in Moyse, her soldier-cousin, the latter had not tried to replace the image of her brother, Isaac, in her heart.

Fisherman Paul had given up his nets for political office in a palace, though he confessed his longing to return to old days and ways. Toussaint had conquered the Spaniards, and the city of St. Domingo was put under governorship of his brother. Moyse, on the other hand, was eager for glory; he wanted a chance to distinguish himself that he might win Génifrède, as his uncle had stipulated. His opportunity was not far off.

One spring day, Madame L'Ouverture and her daughters,

with Denis, Moyse, General Vincent, an intimate friend, and several others, were journeying to their estate of Pongaudin. The merry party paused at the L'Etoile mansion, deserted by its owners during times of strife, but now maintained by Bellair, a heroic Congo chief, and his wife, Deesha. The visit was one of uninterrupted pleasure until Toussaint appeared with the announcement that he was bound for Cap. All knew that this boded ill. Hédouville, the commissary, must have been guilty of some breach. Toussaint gave no explanation, but merely ordered General Vincent south, while he himself galloped north, attended by his trompettes. Moyse, to his own delight but to the intense fear of Génifrède, was directed to hasten to Cap after escorting the ladies to Pongaudin.

The First of the Blacks rode all night over mountain and plain. Arrived at Cap, he sought Hédouville in the Government-house, and compelled him to withdraw a proclamation, about to be issued, which threatened the freedom of the blacks. He told the enraged commissary that the cultivators were coming *en masse* from the interior to descend upon the town; therefore Hédouville and his suite must leave Cap and sail immediately for France. Explanations, expostulations were alike in vain when danger hung over Cap and its frightened citizens. After giving the intriguing commissary his dismissal, Toussaint went through Cap assuring the residents by his potent presence.

Moyse L'Ouverture rushed into town and was given charge of operations pending the assault of the enraged cultivators. Meanwhile Hédouville, his attendants, and a company of whites fled the place to boats awaiting them in the roads. Just in time, too, for the negro cultivators burst into Cap on vengeance bent. But Toussaint L'Ouverture soon had them in hand, and the sanguinary riot was still-born. The people of Cap hailed Toussaint as their Deliverer, and begged him to attend the great church in state on the morrow, when a *Te Deum* would be sung. The Deliverer acquiesced, but that night the mulattoes made an attempt on his life. Ten of the conspirators, however, were caught, while the Commander-in-Chief escaped their hatred. This dastardly but unsuccessful attack only served to strengthen the position of Toussaint, for instead of condemning his mulatto enemies, he forgave them publicly in

the church during the thanksgiving service. Such a *coup* as this naturally gained the allegiance of the mulatto element throughout St. Domingo.

Once more prosperity and peace took possession of the tropical island. General Vincent had quelled Rigaud and his insurgents; Cap Français was quiet under the temporary rule of Moyse, whom Toussaint had appointed with some misgiving; while Jacques Dessalines, Henri Christophe, and others in authority reported the unexampled welfare of the inhabitants of the colony. A proposition was made to constitute L'Ouverture president of St. Domingo for life, with power to choose his successor, and to appoint to all offices. Gravely he rejected this flattering offer, as he had discountenanced a treaty proposed by the British Government to make him king of the island, on condition of exclusive commerce. The First of the Blacks was faithful to the First of the Whites (Napoleon), abjuring and despising personal ambition.

It seemed as if Toussaint were to have at last some moments of leisure in which to enjoy the tranquillity of home. Hédouville had been banished; Rigaud had been forced to leave the region; and song and laughter were everywhere. At Pongaudin the L'Ouverture family gathered to celebrate. Toussaint spent happy hours with Margot and his girls. General Vincent was the privileged guest, who used his time to advantage with shy Aimée. Though Moyse was in Cap, Génifrède comforted herself by thinking of his recent honor. So several days were passed. Suddenly news came from Cap of a quarrel between the races, again over Hédouville's unfortunate proclamation, and the despatches reported the murder of some whites. Greatly alarmed, Toussaint at once proceeded to the scene of trouble, and that night the unhappy Génifrède, in company with her brother Denis, stole away in the direction of Cap, where she would learn the truth of the riot and the part Moyse, her lover, had played in it.

Poor Génifrède's intuition turned out only too true; General Moyse was under arrest for negligence of his duty; he had put down the insurrection, but had failed to punish, or even to apprehend, the leaders of the bloody fray. Whites had been killed, and among them a Monsieur Rével, whose orphan grand-

daughter, Euphrosyne, was known to the L'Ouvertures. Serious was the aspect of Moyse's fate. He would have to be tried before court-martial. Toussaint, loving his nephew, yet knowing his own high office, refused to interfere with justice. The tears of Génifrède, the agony of Moyse, wrung his heart, pierced his soul, but he stood firm.

When the lovers were left together alone, Moyse told Génifrède that he knew his fate—to be shot at sunrise. He implored her to obtain poison, bring it to him, and then they might die in each other's arms. At length her scruples were overcome, and she consented to procure the "red water of death," that they would drink together. Fortunately, this rash lovers' plan could not be put into action. Thérèse Dessalines took charge of the exhausted, delirious Génifrède, and administered a powerful sleeping potion, which held the unhappy girl unconscious during the trial and execution of Moyse, who, realizing his error, understood his uncle's wonderful moral strength and died the death of a brave man.

When Génifrède learned from Father Lexabon of the actual end of her lover she attempted suicide, but was again saved by Thérèse. Paul L'Ouverture heard of the terrible calamity that befell his son, and never ceased to mourn; from that moment he regarded Toussaint as a stranger.

But all this trouble and sorrow was merely a prelude to what was to come upon the Deliverer. The fact became known that Bonaparte had reëstablished the slave-trade. His enmity to the race of blacks was now open and declared. Furthermore, he had announced that he would do what he pleased with St. Domingo. This warning tocsin of forthcoming oppression was heeded by Toussaint, who straightway set to work in preparation for an attack. With Jacques Dessalines and Henri Christophe, his brethren-in-arms, he visited all parts of the island. Property was moved from coast towns to the fastnesses of the interior. Inhabitants of Cap Français and Port-au-Prince were ready to burn their towns at the moment of a French landing. Everywhere the same story was told, and everywhere was it received with the same eagerness and docility.

"The French are coming to make slaves of us again. But—there shall never more be a slave in St. Domingo. They are

coming; but they are our countrymen till they have struck the first blow. We will demand of them an account of our brethren in Cayenne, in Guadaloupe, and in Martinique. We will ask of them concerning our brethren on the coasts of Africa. If, in return, they throw us chains and the whip, we shall know how to answer. But not a blow must be struck till they have shown whether they are brethren or foes. Our dark skin is no disgrace; but the first drop of a brother's blood dyes us all in infamy. Let the infamy be theirs who assault us." Such were the words spoken by Christophe and his companions, and they embodied the sentiments of Toussaint.

Henri Christophe and Toussaint L'Ouverture kept watch over the sea while preparations were going forward for defense. At length ships were sighted, a French fleet of fifty-four ships of war. As Toussaint sped like lightning proclaiming the invasion, this thought fired his soul: "He is my rival now, and no longer my chief. I am free. It is his own act; but Bonaparte has me for a rival now."

For some weeks after the appearance of the fleet upon the coast, nothing took place which could be called war. When the main body of the French army attempted to land at Cap Français, Christophe sent an envoy forbidding it without their first obtaining permission from his Commander-in-Chief; word was also forwarded that the town would be fired if a landing by force were attempted. General Leclerc, the French commander, did not believe this threat, but he very soon experienced its fulfilment. The conflagration that followed an attempt to land spread consternation among the visitors, and they retired to their ships.

Then, under guidance and protection of Placide and Isaac, who had come from France with Leclerc, a deputation was sent to Toussaint. His sons were received with tears and joy. A proclamation from the First Consul was read aloud, but it was a document of little import. Its bearer then stated: "I am directed, General Toussaint, in case of your refusal to join the French forces immediately, to convey your sons back to the guardianship of the Captain-General Leclerc; and it will be my duty to set out with them at dawn." Toussaint controlled himself with an effort and said: "Sir, my sons are at home. It

rests with myself and with them what excursions they make henceforth." He bowed and left the room.

Treachery was soon discovered. The delivery of this proclamation of cajolery and bombast covered up a secret attack by the French in the southwest. It was the signal for war—a struggle that began in deadly earnest. For months the conflict waged fiercely. Many of Toussaint's generals turned traitors upon being bribed. He had, therefore, to contend with foes within and foes without. The French were killed by thousands, but reënforcements came. All France seemed eager to come. Against these augmented forces stood the indomitable L'Ouverture, the faithful Christophe, and the fierce hater of the whites, Jacques Dessalines, with their negro fighters. Afar they saw the tremendous powers of nature on their side if they could hold out until August, when the terrible heats would bring pestilence to the whites and deplete their ranks by the thousand. Fever would be the unconquerable ally of the negro cause. But two months before deadly August arrived good Christophe persuaded his Commander-in-Chief to make a truce with Leclerc, thereby saving negro lives, which would be all the more valuable when the war should be resumed, after the heats had paralyzed the white ranks. Though loath to accept the suggestion, Toussaint felt compelled to follow it, inasmuch as Henri, his most powerful aid, urged it, and even threatened to do it on his own account.

Leclerc and his men were only too glad of the proposed truce, for they were all in miserable condition. Their adversaries and the climate had wrought sad havoc among them. Temporary peace reigned throughout the island, save where Dessalines was stationed. Jacques would suffer no conciliation, even for a short time. But while hostility had apparently ceased, suspicion, spying, and subterfuge were rife. As has been said, the negroes awaited pestilential August; but in June the secret agents of Leclerc secured a letter written by Toussaint, and the French became wary. They concerted a scheme to abduct Toussaint and his family. The plans were excellent, and ere an inkling of it had been noised abroad, a troop surrounded the L'Ouverture residence and its inmates were captured and carried to the *Héros*, a seventy-four in the roads. The truce had been violated.

In chains, the hero of negro freedom was borne to France, where he was thrown into the dungeon of a fortress on the Jura. The child of the tropics was imprisoned among snow-covered mountains, where Bonaparte chose to forget his existence. "By my overthrow the trunk of the tree of negro liberty is laid low—only the trunk. It will shoot out again from the roots —and they are many and deep," said the First of the Blacks.

Toussaint never again laid eyes on any of his kin. He was buried alive in an icy tomb, where he slept on a pallet of straw and was slowly starved to death. He grieved that the First Consul had such a mean soul, but he never reproached nor blamed him for his act toward his "brother in destiny and glory."

L'Ouverture, the Deliverer of his downtrodden race, died in the springtime. Shortly before his last sleep he thought: "If my name live, the goodness of those who name it will be its life; for my true self will not be in it. No one will more know the real Toussaint. The weakness that was in me when I felt most strong, the reluctance when I appeared most ready, the acts of sin from which I was saved by accident alone, the divine constraint of circumstances to which my deeds were owing—these things are between me and my God. If my name and my life are to be of use, I thank God that they exist; but this outward existence of them is nothing between Him and me. To me henceforward they no more belong than the name of Epaminondas or the life of Tell. Man stands naked on the brink of the grave, his name stripped from him, and his deeds laid down as the property of the society he leaves behind. Let the name and deeds I now leave behind be a pride to generations yet to come —a more innocent pride than they have sometimes, alas! been to me. I have done with them."

FREDERICK MARRYAT

(England, 1792–1848)

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER (1836)

In 1833 Marryat stood for election to Parliament as a reformer, and engaged in a campaign disastrous to his finances and ending in political defeat. The following year, stimulated by a more than usual need for money, he wrote three of his best novels, one of them being *Japhet;* for this work he received sixteen guineas a sheet from the *Metropolitan Magazine,* of which he was then editor.

UNLIKE most memoirs, mine will not begin with a history of my birth and parentage, for the reason that when some days old I metaphorically first came to light in a basket, at the door of a London foundling hospital. To the flannel in which I was wrapped was pinned the following letter, which was laconic, but, as most things laconic are, very much to the point. By it the governors of the hospital learned these facts:

"This child was born in wedlock—he is to be named Japhet. When circumstances permit he will be reclaimed."

It was the postscript, however, that recommended me to the governors of the hospital. This was a bank-note for fifty pounds; and I was immediately given the surname of Newland, after the celebrated personage whose signature it bore. Thus born into the world, and christened, I received a fair education, and in my fourteenth year was apprenticed to Mr. Cophagus, an apothecary, who engaged to bring me up to the profession.

During the three years I passed in this gentleman's service I grew into a handsome youth, improving my manners by observation and my knowledge by assiduity in reading, and with only one circumstance to mar an otherwise happy existence. This was the mystery of my parentage; for I began to

understand the advantage of birth, and even then felt the desire to discover my father, which afterward became almost a mania.

When I was about seventeen years old Mr. Cophagus sold his business; and being now out of employment, with twenty guineas in my pocket, I resolved to go in search of my father. As quite a friendship had been formed between myself and Timothy, a merry, intelligent youth who ran errands in the shop, he decided to accompany me; and one day, with a determination to face the world boldly, we tramped to a suburb of London, where we bargained with a farmer to take us into the interior.

In the farmer's wagon we found other passengers, who soon made our acquaintance. One was a man with a dark, handsome face and brilliant eyes, with whom we conversed in a bantering tone for some time. But as I was obliged to draw on all my resources of wit and knowledge to compete with his own, he became interested in my retorts and proposed that I join his party. He then explained that the other two passengers were his assistants in exhibitions he was giving to the country people, for the purpose of selling quack medicines.

I hesitated to enter into a business that savored of deception, but Melchior (as the doctor called himself) urged that he practised only on the folly of mankind, and that I need not engage in any transaction I considered dishonest. With this understanding I entered willingly into his adventurous profession, stipulating, of course, that Timothy should accompany us.

After leaving the wagon at the roadside Melchior conducted us to an encampment of gipsies. Though he denied being of these singular people, his wife, Nattee, to whom we were presently introduced, was evidently a gipsy. She was of commanding presence, with regular, expressive features, and seemed to command reverence and obedience from her tribe. But another figure that appeared soon after our arrival proved a source of even greater interest. This was a little girl about eleven years old, who was called Fleta by Nattee. She was of spritelike form, with auburn hair and large blue eyes, and skin as white as driven snow. Her mournful look attracted my sympathy at once; and during my stay at the camp we became fast friends. As no member of the tribe claimed her as his

child I concluded she had been stolen, and one day ventured to ask Melchior regarding her parentage. He said that Fleta was the daughter of a soldier's wife who, on the way to her husband, had taken sick and died by the roadside, and that the gipsies had found the child and reared her in their camp. But Fleta had certain dim remembrances of early surroundings that convinced me Melchior's answer was not true.

In the mean time Timothy and I had been assigned a tent and lived like the others, Melchior instructing me daily in sleight-of-hand tricks, and Timothy practising gymnastics until he became a very dextrous tumbler. When our education was considered complete the company left the camp and began to appear in the towns, Fleta accompanying us as a performer on the slack wire. Though her grace and beauty drew many plaudits, the child seemed to feel humiliated by her part, and often came to me in tears for consolation, when the affectionate intimacy of brother and sister had grown up between us.

The popularity of our entertainment extended to our medicines; and after reaping a rich harvest in various towns we returned to the camp of the gipsies. We had been more than a year exercising our talents in this manner, when one day as I was sitting at the entrance of the tent, giving Fleta a reading-lesson, a gipsy not belonging to our band made his appearance. He had evidently been traveling far and rapidly, and approaching Melchior and his wife, seemed to be speaking to them a message of great importance, the only portions of which I overheard being, "he is dead," and the word "horse."

Melchior immediately came up to me and said: "Japhet, we must now part. Do not ask me to explain, for there are secrets in every man's life that are reserved to himself."

I was not much concerned at this announcement, but at once asked what was to become of Fleta. As he seemed at a loss to answer, I told him boldly that I was convinced the child had been stolen; and he admitted so much, though adding that neither he nor his wife had been a party to her abduction. I then insisted that Fleta go with me; and after consulting with his wife Melchior consented, first ascertaining that I intended to place her in a school, where she would be properly educated and cared for.

There was confidence between us, for I had served faithfully and Melchior had always been generous and honorable with me; so, after agreeing to send word of Fleta's welfare to a certain address every half-year, I left him with a hearty handshake and good wishes.

At the first inn we reached after leaving the camp Timothy and I took an account of our resources, and found that they amounted to two hundred and sixty pounds. It was then decided to proceed to London, where I was to take the character and appearance of a gentleman as long as the money lasted, and Timothy, at his own suggestion, should serve as my valet.

"I believe you must conduct the search for your father in high society," said he, when insisting on this arrangement; and I agreed with him, for I had built many castles for my ancestors. My first care was to place Fleta in a good school near London, where we both wept at parting, and then I and my valet repaired to the Piazza Hotel, in Covent Garden, where I selected handsome apartments, as became my assumed condition.

Here Timothy spread the report that I was traveling incognito, and had just returned from a grand tour. The result of this was that a letter was soon brought me addressed, "J. N., on his return from his tour." As these were my own initials, I opened the letter and found it to be from a Lord Windermear to his nephew. In this the writer directed his nephew to deliver an enclosed letter to Mr. Masterton, who would thereupon give him certain papers bearing on an important family matter. "There is no doubt," the letter went on, "that this affair so discreditable to our family will be hushed up, if you will adopt the proposed measures. And I beg you will consider the propriety of remaining under an assumed name. Your long absence will have effaced all remembrance of your person, and I can easily introduce you everywhere as a particular friend of mine."

Timothy urged me to deliver the letter addressed to Mr. Masterton, and obtain possession of the papers. A secret obtained was one of the surest roads to promotion, he said; severed from the world, I had to reunite myself with it; and having no friends to help me, I must create an interest through fear.

There was so much of the wisdom of the serpent in these remarks that, added to my ardent desire to discover my father,

all scruples were overcome, and I determined to take advantage of the opportunity.

The next morning, after ascertaining the number of Lord Windermear's house in Portman Square, I wrote him a simple note: "Joseph Newland has returned from his trip; at the Piazza, Covent Garden," and confided it to Timothy. I then called on Mr. Masterton at Lincoln's Inn, with my letter, and obtained the packet of papers.

While I was hesitating to open them in my room at the hotel, Lord Windermear himself called.

"Good Heaven!" he exclaimed on entering, "is it possible that so awkward a boy should grow up into so handsome a fellow? I shall be proud of my nephew. I see the papers are still unread," he continued, observing the packet on the table, "and do not wish to converse with you until you know their contents."

"I really do not like to break the seals," I demurred, but he insisted upon my doing so, and bidding me dine with him that evening, he departed.

So, defending my course with the specious excuse that I was acting by the direct command of his lordship, I read the papers, which told me all that was necessary to enable me to support my assumed character.

The reason why the man I was supposed to be was intrusted with their secret was, that he was an heir in a direct line; and the question was whether he would waive his claim and allow death to bury crime in oblivion.

That evening when I told Lord Windermear that I considered this proposal most judicious, he replied that he was proud to find me a man of honor, and the subject was mentioned no more.

He informed me that I had credit at Drummond's for a thousand pounds, and gave me a letter to Major Carbonnell, a man who was well acquainted about town, introducing me as his particular friend and requesting that London be made agreeable to me. Though I realized that the true nephew must soon come home, and my deception be exposed to Lord Windermear, the secret I possessed insured my safety and I was ready to face his anger for the distant hope of finding my father. As for the thousand pounds, I resolved not to draw a penny of it.

I lost no time in presenting my letter to Major Carbonnell, who during our first interview received the impression, possibly through a careless remark of my own, that I was the possessor of ten thousand a year. The Major was an amiable, thriftless fellow who had spent his own fortune in a fashionable manner, and was not averse to spending mine. But concluding from another equivocal remark of mine that I was not yet old enough to come into my fortune, he never attempted to borrow from me, and maneuvered only to restore his credit by blowing the rumor of his new friend's prospective fortune from one end of town to the other. This could have but one result; I was received everywhere into society, and, with my person equipped in the latest fashion, became a notable favorite among the ladies.

In the course of time the true nephew appeared, and, as luck would have it, was brought to dine with me by the Major. During conversation I laid before him a case somewhat similar to the one brought up in the papers, and asked whether under such circumstances he would waive his right to save the honor of his family.

His answer was emphatically in the negative; and when, as I expected, I was tasked with my imposition by Lord Windermear I gave him this information. He admitted that it was valuable, and that he would not now confide the secret to his nephew; and when I told him further that I had not drawn on the thousand pounds, and explained my motive for deceiving him, he not only forgave me but was moved to offer his assistance.

Timothy and I had observed with much concern the rapid depletion of our capital: and when the Major proposed that I should live with him in his house in St. James Street I gladly availed myself of the offer. There the Major taught me to play whist, by which we profited somewhat at the clubs, and later he arranged with a Jew to lend me a thousand pounds on my prospects.

About this time the mania to discover my father returned with redoubled force; and having read somewhere that the nose was the feature most likely to be transmitted from father to son, I began to scan every face for a nose that resembled my own. This led to unpleasant consequences. Twice was I arrested,

suspected of picking pockets, while running after people in the street; my release was effected only through Major Carbonnell's influence with the magistrate. My confused explanation, for of course I could not tell the truth, led my friend into the conviction that I was a little mad at times, and I know of at least two others who agreed with him heartily. One was the Bishop of E——, and the other a duchess of my acquaintance, a bit of whose secret history had come into my possession.

The first admitted a resemblance in feature, but denied the honor of my parentage with much confusion, for he had had his youthful romance also; and when I delicately hinted to the duchess that I might be the result of *her* forgotten love-affair, she went into violent hysterics.

Thus disappointment met me at every turn; and a melancholy overwhelmed my spirits, which was deepened by the death of my amiable friend Carbonnell in a duel. To my surprise, I found that he had made me sole heir to his property, which, including the house in which I lived, was valued at about nine thousand pounds; and all his debts, which I paid, did not amount to above a thousand. He had recently been fortunate at cards, which explains how he was possessed of so large a sum at his death.

During the period covering these events I occasionally visited Fleta at the school, and was always received with the greatest affection. I felt bound to her by ties stronger than ordinary friendship, and resolved to restore her to her parents if possible. I spoke of this to Lord Windermear and Mr. Masterton, with whom I was now on terms of cordiality, and they laughed at my increasing mania for searching out lost parents. However, they began prosecuting the search for my own father in a practical manner. To begin with, Mr. Masterton recommended that I appear in my true character.

"You will not only gain the approval of your conscience," he urged, "but your transformation will be talked of and the eyes of your parents directed toward you."

Though aware that I was sacrificing many of my friendships, I was weary of a life so filled with duplicity and followed his advice. The result can be foreseen; my revelation to a single person was borne over the town on a gale of rumor; and

the fashionable Mr. Newland with ten thousand a year was now, as Japhet, the foundling, the impostor, fairly hooted out of society. His name disappeared from visiting lists, and his friends passed him on the farther side of the street.

Ever since my arrival in London I had regularly sent word of Fleta's welfare to the address named by Melchior, until the person residing there attempted to bribe Timothy to tell the name of the school she was attending.

This indicated that Melchior was interested in securing possession of Fleta's person; and my suspicion was almost verified when I discovered that a gipsy-looking man was watching my movements. Timothy recognized him as the man who had brought Melchior the message on the day of his departure from the encampment.

"Let me disguise myself," urged Timothy, "and make this fellow's acquaintance. Perhaps I can find out who Melchior is." I consented to this, and my faithful friend left me for the time.

Acting under the practical instruction of Mr. Masterton, I called at the Foundling Hospital to ascertain if any person had ever inquired there for me, and learned that about two years before a strange gentleman had done so. He had been referred to the apothecary shop, where an old rival in business had told him that I had been transported for forgery. I was of course deeply incensed at this infamous fabrication, and so frightened the apothecary that he hastily examined his day-books and found there a memorandum of the inquiry, made at the gentleman's request, with the latter's name taken down as Derbennon.

"I never heard that name before," said Mr. Masterton, when I gave him the information; "it is in all probability intended for De Benyon, an Irish family of high rank."

The next day, happening to call at Long's Hotel, I was startled to read this address on some trunks in the entrance: "A. de Benyon, Esq. To be left at F—— Hotel, Dublin." I instantly made up my mind that this Mr. de Benyon was either my father or that he could tell me who he was, and leaving a short note for Mr. Masterton, I took the next coach to Holyhead, bound for Dublin.

On awaking the next morning, after a night's ride in the

coach, I found myself next to a man who held a small packet in his hand. I should not have taken further notice had not the name "T. Iving," in the corner above the direction, attracted my attention. This was the name of Melchior's correspondent who had attempted to bribe Timothy, and, interested at once, I read the direction on the packet, which was: "Sir Henry de Clare, Bart., Mount Castle, Connemara."

Arriving in Dublin I found the Mr. de Benyon whose address on the trunks had been the cause of my journey, and learned that there was an earldom in the family; but my investigation into the lives of its various members yielded no information of interest to me. However, the Earl's eldest brother, Colonel de Benyon, who was unmarried, had passed many years in the East Indies, and as the events of his life were obscure by their very remoteness, I decided that he must be interrogated.

Before leaving Ireland, however, I resolved to seek out Sir Henry de Clare, or Melchior as I believed him to be, and if possible extort the secret of Fleta's parentage. So, without taking into account the dangerous character of the man, I posted off to the wild and lawless district where he resided.

I learned from the peasants that years before Sir William de Clare's only child, a little girl, had mysteriously disappeared, and many months later a body purporting to be hers had been found in a pond near the castle. Now I had every reason to believe that the body of another child had been substituted for Sir William's daughter, and that Fleta, whom Melchior had spirited away, was heir to the estate. As the description given of Sir Henry was identical with that of Melchior, I no longer doubted the correctness of this theory, and determined at once to convey my information to the widow of Sir William, who resided in London. But at this point I felt the power and vindictiveness of the man I was attempting to deprive of his estate.

Learning of my presence, he had me waylaid and taken a prisoner to the castle, where I was confined in an old cellar. There Melchior himself came to see me; but after a quarrelsome interview he withdrew, and shortly afterward sent two of his creatures to murder me. I escaped in an extraordinary manner, for one of these men turned out to be Timothy, who had re-

turned from London with the gipsy after the latter had attempted to abduct Fleta, and had engaged with his companion to cause my death. Timothy killed the gipsy outright, and together we managed to escape from the castle and make our way to Dublin. In London I learned of the suicide of Melchior, who no doubt feared ruin and imprisonment as a consequence of my exposure.

Here, also, I had the great pleasure of restoring Fleta to the arms of her mother, Lady de Clare, who rendered the identification complete by recognizing a chain that Nattee had given the child as one her own little daughter had worn on the day of her disappearance.

The happiness of the reunited mother and daughter recalled my own forlorn condition; for by this time I had been abandoned by all my former friends except Lord Windermear and Mr. Masterton; and as they ridiculed the idea of Colonel de Benyon being my father, I sank into a state of utter hopelessness.

In a reckless mood, I gambled away the property left me by Major Carbonnell, and fleeing from my few remaining friends, once more found myself a wandering vagabond. While journeying on foot I was accused of robbing a wounded man I found by the roadside, and narrowly escaped hanging. The excitement of the trial and horror of this detestable end threw me into delirium; and when I was at last released from prison I wandered to another town, where I was recognized and taken in by my old friend, Mr. Cophagus.

This excellent man had married a Quakeress and embraced the tenets of her sect; and as I slowly recovered from the fever under the sympathetic nursing of his beautiful sister-in-law I became much of the same mind as himself.

I had regained my health and entered on my old profession as an apothecary, with capital provided by Mr. Cophagus, when one day I read an advertisement in a newspaper that Japhet Newland would hear something to his advantage by calling on Mr. Masterton. I answered the advertisement in person, and at last my expectations were rewarded. Mr. Masterton had discovered my father, and, curiously enough, in the very man I had so whimsically selected for that honor, Colonel, or as he now ranked, General de Benyon.

"It appears," Mr. Masterton told me, "that when very young General de Benyon married against his father's will and secretly; but as soon as each party to the contract discovered the other was penniless they quarreled and separated. As the young woman was supposed to be on a visit to relatives at the time, no one was the wiser for their wedding. At your birth your mother took some means to avoid exposure, and notified her husband of the event; he took possession of you, and with her consent left you at the door of the Foundling Hospital. Your mother, passing as a single woman, afterward married an army officer and died recently in India, after sending for the General and securing his promise to seek you out and acknowledge you as his son."

The General was then in London, and we at once called upon him at his hotel. As the attorney warned me beforehand, I found him surrounded by all the state of an Eastern potentate—a terrible old tiger, without any paternal feeling, who had amassed great wealth, and sought me out only on account of his promise, and because he wished an heir.

This was not what I expected in a father whom I had sought with such love and constancy; but as he rejected my affectionate advances with fury and treated me as a selfish aspirant for his favor and wealth, I in turn lost my temper, and the General ordered me thrown out of the hotel.

I was obliged to clear the room of his attendants and read him a lesson on the courtesy that was due a De Benyon, though only recently acknowledged, while he sat nursing a gouty member and stifling with rage.

In the end, however, I conquered. After persisting in my duteous attentions until the second day, my father having had opportunity for reflection, I formally took my leave of him. But some spring of paternal feeling had been opened by my presence, and he denied me that privilege as vociferously as he had formerly encouraged it.

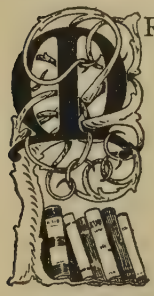
In brief, after several days we met with less reserve, then with pleasure; and in the end I found him all that a father should be, generous and considerate, whose only weakness was an invincible partiality for his son. With his hearty blessing, I married the beautiful Quakeress who had nursed me during

my illness at Mr. Cophagus's. I am happy to add that she has resolutely prevailed over her own inclinations, and, discarding the garb of her sect, now appears as the best-dressed woman of the distinguished circle in which we move.

Cecilia de Clare, whom we have known as Fleta, married a worthy gentleman of my acquaintance, and when we meet it is still as brother and sister. To my faithful friend Timothy I presented the apothecary shop, which I purchased from Mr. Cophagus, and there he does a flourishing business to this day.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY (1836)

No story of Captain Marryat's is so well known as *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. By putting his extreme conservative doctrine into the form of a rollicking sea-story he obtained a hearing that otherwise he would not have received, and has held his audience more than seventy years.



R. NICODEMUS EASY was a gentleman in easy circumstances living in Hampshire. After a married life of ten years Mrs. Easy presented him with a fine boy, whom he named John. Then Mr. Easy turned philosopher, the best profession a man can take up; for he must be very incapable indeed who cannot talk nonsense.

Mr. Easy fixed upon Equality and the Rights of Man for his especial brand. His woman acquaintances would not acknowledge the rights of men, and, as the men who visited Mr. Easy were gentlemen of property, they failed to perceive the advantage of dividing with those who had none. But they allowed him to discuss the question while they discussed his fine old port.

Mr. Easy early instilled into his son his own peculiar doctrines, and Jack was an apt pupil. But when he attempted a practical application of his father's philosophy on the neighboring orchards and fishing-preserves, he found the vulgar prejudices of organized society so overwhelmingly against him that after a few beatings and arrests he announced his intention of going to sea; the boundless ocean being, in his opinion, the only place where actual freedom and equality could be enjoyed.

"The earth has been nefariously divided among the few," said Jack, "but no man claims his share of the sea."

"The very best thing you can do is to go to sea," said old Dr. Middleton, the friend and physician of the family. When Mr. Easy objected, Jack replied that he was born his own master, and had a right to his share of the sea. Mr. Easy had to sacri-

fice either his philosophy or his son. Like all philosophers he preferred to give up anything rather than his hypothesis, and so Jack went to sea.

It was arranged that Jack should go out as midshipman with Captain Wilson, a sort of cousin of the family. Jack was at the ripe age of fourteen, and finding himself in Portsmouth with plenty of money and five or six companions whom he had picked up, or who had picked him up, he was in no hurry to report on board Captain Wilson's vessel. Lieutenant Sawbridge was sent to find the youngster and bring him on board. He found him at the Fountain Inn preparing to give a little dinner.

"May I ask who you are, sir?" said Jack.

"I am Lieutenant Sawbridge of his Majesty's sloop-of-war *Harpy*, my young buck, and if you do not report yourself on board by daylight to-morrow morning I'll send a file of marines and fetch you."

"I shall go on board when it suits my convenience," Jack replied, "and as to your being a lieutenant I can admit only of equality. We are all born equal. I trust you will admit that. And I must say, sir, that you seem to have a pretty good opinion of yourself."

"He must be mad!" exclaimed Sawbridge.

"No, sir," said Jack, "I am not mad—I am a philosopher."

"A what?" shouted the lieutenant. "Damme! What next? When I get you on board I'll teach you philosophy you never dreamed of, my joker. I'll teach you the philosophy of the thirty-six articles of war. But he's mad—stark, staring mad!" and the Lieutenant bounced out of the room.

Captain Wilson explained to his angry executive the peculiar notions of which Mr. Easy, Sr., was an advocate, and also the obligation he was under, because Mr. Easy had lent him a thousand pounds, without interest or legal security, in order that he might fit himself out for his command and leave his family in comfort.

Sawbridge at once declared that he would overlook what had passed between himself and Jack, and all that probably would pass before they could make the boy what he ought to be. "But he must be got on board, and if we send a file of marines it will do more harm than good."

"I will invite him to breakfast with me," said the Captain, "and I think we shall be able to manage it without proceeding to extremes."

Jack breakfasted with the Captain, who carefully explained to him that there was true equality in the navy—because everybody was equally bound to obey the orders of his superior. Before the boy could digest this new phase of Equality and the Rights of Man the *Harpy* was at sea.

Sawbridge became his friend and took a deep interest in forming the boy's character, and Jack became devoted to the first lieutenant, as he had been from the first to the Captain. He formed a close friendship with another midshipman named Gascoigne.

He became a great favorite with the men, who called him Equality Jack. So by the time he was turned fifteen he was a lad to be proud of; strong as a young bull, a first-class boxer, tall enough and big enough for a boy at least two years older, and—as it was in the time of the French wars—accustomed to battle.

When the *Harpy* was off Tarragona she was short of officers because of sickness, and Jack was sent out in command of the second cutter in a boat attack upon a small convoy coming up from Rosas under the protection of two gunboats—an attack which was rendered necessary by a flat calm that prevented the *Harpy* from getting at them. Mesty, a big black Ashantee man who had become devoted to Jack, begged to be allowed to go along, and Jack obtained permission for him.

"T'ink of it, Massa Easy!" said Mesty; "I boil kettle for young gentlemen, and was prince in my own country."

Jack's boat captured a one-masted xebeque at a distance from the rest of the fleet, and failing to hear, or rather to heed, the recall gun, the middy ran in with his prize among a fleet of anchored merchantmen and by a stealthy night attack managed to cut out a large ship from under the very guns of a battery without being detected by the enemy.

On board this ship as passengers were a Spanish gentleman with his wife, a son, and two daughters. One of the girls was a dark-eyed beauty of the Italian type, and her presence at once caused the susceptible heart of the young officer

to quicken its beats, and he vowed that he would learn Spanish at once.

The prisoners were all placed on board the xebeque and set at liberty when Jack steered for the open sea with his captured ship. To the don and his family Jack was especially polite and considerate.

The problem now was to find the *Harpy* or some other vessel of the British fleet, and as Jack had scorned to apply himself to the study of navigation seriously he knocked about the Mediterranean a long time before he found the sloop-of-war. Just as the *Harpy* was at last sighted a Spanish corvette hove in sight and the *Harpy* came on rapidly. It was Captain Wilson's evident intention to sink the *Nuestra Señora del Carmine*—Jack's prize—first, and then tackle the corvette.

"What shall we do?" said Jack. "We have no colors on board, and must hoist something."

Mesty hurried below and came back with a green and yellow silk petticoat which had been left by the don's wife. Running it up to the peak he said: "Now, there, Massa Easy; that what we call flag of all nations. Everybody strike to that flag. Now fire at the Spaniard."

"She has hoisted her colors," said Sawbridge on the deck of the *Harpy*, "but I can't make them out. She is firing at the Spaniard."

"Evidently a privateer," said Captain Wilson. "Good! She will cut off the escape of the corvette."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Easy, where did you come from?" exclaimed Captain Wilson when, the corvette being sunk, Jack reported on board the *Harpy*.

"From that ship astern," replied the middy. "If you please, sir, we captured her with the second cutter on the night after we went away. I am not much of a navigator, and was blown to the Zaffarine Islands, where I remained two months for want of hands; as soon as I procured them I made sail again. I have lost two men by sharks and had two wounded in to-day's engagement. The ship mounts twelve guns, is laden with lead and cotton prints, has fourteen thousand dollars in the cabin, and two shot-holes right through her, and the sooner you send some men to look after her the better."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Easy!—but you will please furnish me with a more detailed account later."

"By the way," said Captain Wilson when he had given Jack a mild hauling over, "what were those colors you hoisted?"

"It was the banner of Equality and the Rights of Man," Jack replied.

When the *Harpy* touched at Malta, Jack was foolish enough to go ashore, with Gascoigne as second, to fight a duel.

Jack had been challenged both by the steward and by the boatswain; and Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, who was master of ceremonies, placed his men on a triangle and bade Jack fire at the boatswain, the boatswain at the steward, and the steward at Jack. Jack put a hole through the boatswain's cheek, knocking out a few teeth; the boatswain shot the steward fairly, but not in a dangerous place, and the steward missed Jack entirely.

"Jack," said Gascoigne, as they were walking back, "let's go on a little cruise of our own. You see, we are so scared at the results of the duel that, believing the steward killed, we take a boat and go off to Sicily, leaving a letter for the Captain and begging forgiveness and permission to return."

"Hurrah! Come on!" cried Jack.

The young men hired a speronare—a small one-masted vessel—and set sail. The crew, seeing that they had plenty of gold about them—which the lads imprudently displayed—tried to murder them in the night, but were killed in the attempt and their bodies were thrown overboard. Then a storm came up, their speronare was wrecked on the Sicilian coast, and the boys wandered inland.

Soon after daylight they came to a large house. As they approached it a cry of terror was heard coming from the mansion. Rushing into the house, they found an elderly gentleman defending himself from the assault of two young men, who were held back by an elderly lady and a young one. As they entered the door the old gentleman fell, and the two young men were about to despatch him with their rapiers. Jack seized one of the men by the collar and placed the muzzle of his pistol to his head, while Gascoigne did the same for the other.

"Tell these chaps to drop their swords or we fire," said Jack.

Gascoigne gave the order in Italian, and the young men sullenly obeyed, while the women, rushing to the elderly man, raised him in their arms.

The old man then sternly addressing his recent assailants, said: "It would appear, signors, that a providential interference has prevented you from committing a foul murder. You are free to depart. You, Don Silvio, have indeed disappointed me. And as for you, Don Scipio, you have been misled; but you have both disgraced yourselves. Take your swords and go."

The young men departed without a word. Gascoigne, who was a master of Italian, translated to Jack the thanks which the don and the women now rained upon the two middies, and explained to their host that they were British officers who had been wrecked upon the coast.

"You have saved my life," said the old man. "Tell me in what I can be of service."

"You might give us breakfast," suggested Jack, and Gascoigne translated the request in a slightly modified form. On learning that Jack could speak Spanish—for in that language he had been perfecting himself ever since he captured the *Nuestra Señora del Carmine*—the host, who introduced himself as Don Rebiera, said: "Ah, my daughter Agnes can then converse with him. She was educated in Spain. We are closely related to a noble house of that country and she was educated in a convent near Tarragona."

After breakfast, when they were walking in the garden, Donna Clara, the mother, again spoke of her daughter, a subject to which Jack led the way.

"Yes," said she, "my daughter has seen English naval officers before. She had a narrow escape once. The ship on which she and her uncle, aunt and cousins were returning from Genoa was captured in the night by the English; but the officer in command of the attacking party allowed them to depart next day, very handsomely permitting them to take all their effects."

"Oh, ho!" thought Jack. "I thought I had seen the fair face of Donna Agnes before."

Just then Agnes joined them, and they took a seat in a rustic pavilion.

"Ah," said Jack, "it is very pleasant to be here. I little

thought this morning that such good fortune was in store for me—I can tell the fortunes of others, but not my own."

"You can tell fortunes?" said Donna Clara.

"Yes," replied Jack. "Permit me to tell your daughter's. Allow me to see the palm of your hand, Donna Agnes."

With an incredulous smile Agnes extended her hand and Jack began to tell her all the details of the capture of the ship on which he had first seen her. The beautiful girl listened at first with wonder and finally, looking long and earnestly at the middy, exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, it is he! I recollect now; it is the young officer who captured us and was so kind."

Meantime Don Rebiera had been telling Gascoigne the story of his life, or at least that part of it which accounted for the strange and perilous position in which the young man had found him. He had had an illegitimate brother, the father of Don Silvio, who strongly resembled him in appearance, and after the death of his father and mother this brother had committed many crimes, among which was the murder of the father of Don Scipio, one of the young men who had sought his life that morning. Although Don Rebiera had proved his innocence of the charges against him, Don Scipio still persisted in believing him guilty, influenced thereto by Don Silvio, who was his most bitter enemy.

For a fortnight the young men were guests of Don Rebiera, and when they departed for Palermo the don showered upon them his blessings and good wishes, his wife kissed them both, and the tender lips of Agnes trembled as she bade them adieu.

When they were some distance on the road, Gascoigne said: "Well, Jack, if I had been like you, beloved by the beautiful girl, I never could have torn myself away."

"Loved by her! What makes you think so? I thought people were always melancholy when they were in love."

"That is when the one they love is absent," replied Gascoigne. "I'll lay my life the gentle Agnes is crying this minute."

"Do you think so?" said Jack. "Let's go back. I feel that I do love her, and I'll go and tell her so." The middies did not turn back, but when Jack arrived in Palermo he wrote Agnes a letter in bad Spanish, in which he swore that neither time nor tide nor even the first lieutenant should prevent his coming back

and marrying her. And Agnes cried and laughed over the epistle, and thought it delightful, classical, and even grammatical.

The young men had letters of introduction from Don Rebiera to his sons in Palermo, Don Philip and Don Martin, and also a letter to a banker, which enabled Jack to draw a fairly heavy draft on Mr. Easy, Sr. Jack and his friend cut a wide swath in Palermo; but when they entertained at dinner the Captain of a British man-of-war, the escapade ended in their being taken on board ship by a file of marines and carried back to Malta under arrest.

Captain Wilson was breakfasting with the Governor when Jack and the two culprits were returned on board the *Harpy*. Their return was reported to him, and he told the story of the duel to Sir Thomas, who asked that Mr. Midshipman Easy be sent for at once.

Captain Wilson sharply reprimanded Jack, but Sir Thomas begged leniency for the young man and his companion. Sir Thomas, the Governor, was a very great man compared with a mere captain; and so Wilson found an excuse for listening to the promptings of his own heart, and when Jack expressed his contrition he agreed to let the matter go with a reprimand.

The Governor asked that Jack might be allowed to stay and breakfast. Before the meal was over Sir Thomas had got from the lad the whole story of his adventures since leaving Malta, and declared that Jack must never come into port again as long as he ruled there without having a good story to tell him.

Soon after Jack had returned to duty the *Harpy* sailed on a cruise westward. At Port Mahon orders were found promoting Captain Wilson to the command of the *Aurora* frigate. Jack went with the Captain to the new ship, and at his request Gascoigne and Mesty were also transferred.

Meantime the lad had never ceased to think of Agnes, and had written to her and to one of her brothers, repeating what he had said in his letter from Palermo. One day at the Governor's table in Malta Jack met a young man calling himself Don Mathias, who had come from Sicily with letters of introduction to Sir Thomas, and whose face seemed familiar both to Gascoigne and to our hero.

"I have seen him!" suddenly cried Gascoigne, when the two

midshipmen were alone after dinner. "It is Don Silvio, one of the men who were attacking Don Rebiera!"

They told the Governor what they knew of the false Don Mathias, and later in the day Gascoigne carried Jack's challenge to the impostor's hotel. The challenge was accepted, but when the two midshipmen came on the dueling-ground early the next morning Don Silvio was not to be found. Instead, an aide-de-camp of the Governor appeared, and placing both young men under arrest took them before Sir Thomas.

"Come here, young gentlemen," said the Governor. "Do you see that vessel about two miles off? Don Silvio is on it, going back to Sicily under guard. And now remember what I say. By consenting to fight with a blackguard you as much disgrace your cloth and compromise your characters as by refusing to give satisfaction to a gentleman."

Another long cruise ensued. At last Jack was overjoyed to hear the order given to shape the frigate's course for Palermo. As the *Aurora* was making her way along the Sicilian coast a galley was sighted, fast on the rocks and rapidly going to pieces. Through the glass it could be seen that the galley-slaves were still chained in her, and Captain Wilson ordered Gascoigne and Jack to take the armorer, go on board the stranded vessel, release the criminals, and place them on the beach. As Jack pulled off from the shore after landing the last boatload one of the slaves called out to him: "I will acquaint Don Rebiera of your arrival, Signor." It was Don Silvio, whom they had thus liberated along with a lot of other hardened criminals at a point not far from Don Rebiera's estate.

The next morning the frigate anchored in Palermo Roads. Jack and Gascoigne obtained leave and set out immediately for the estate of Don Rebiera. At five o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at the house. Jack flew to Agnes, who screamed when she saw him, and was so agitated that he had to support her. He was kindly greeted by the old people and the brothers. After a few minutes he explained the cause of his expeditious arrival. Don Rebiera agreed that the house would probably be attacked before night. While they were preparing for the expected attack Jack managed to renew his suit to Agnes, who replied:

"I don't know of anybody I like better."

"Is that all?" Jack asked.

"Is it not enough for a maiden to say?"

That night the galley-slaves, under the lead of Don Silvio, attacked the house, as had been expected. The fight was fierce, and when a detachment of soldiers came on the scene at daybreak the house was on fire, the lower part of it in the possession of the galley-slaves, and the little garrison at its last extremity. The soldiers took forty-seven prisoners, but the rest of the slaves escaped, and among them Don Silvio.

Don Rebiera, filled with gratitude to Jack, consented to his marrying Agnes. But they must wait a little—both were very young, etc.

The whole party now repaired to the Don's house in Palermo —all except Mesty, who was missing. In a few days the negro appeared. The wily African, knowing that Don Silvio was the mortal enemy of Jack and his friends, had tracked the galley-slave into the forest and put a knife through him while he slept.

The *Aurora* sailed for Malta, and four days after her arrival at Valetta Jack received a letter from his father announcing the death of Mrs. Easy and filled with such wild talk as proved that the poor man's mind was unbalanced. He received also a letter from Dr. Middleton telling of the erratic actions of Mr. Easy and urging him to return home at once.

"One thing is certain," said the Governor when Jack had shown him the letters, "your father is as mad as a March hare. You had better go home at once."

"And leave the service altogether, sir?"

"Well," replied Sir Thomas, "I do not think you are altogether fitted for it." And so Mr. Midshipman Easy resigned and went home and was midshipman no longer. He procured Mesty's discharge and took him along as his body-servant.

Jack found the paternal estate going to ruin. The servants were running the house, and gipsies and other vagabonds, encamped all over the place, were cutting down the trees and burning the park palings.

"What! My son John?" exclaimed Mr. Easy. "Glad to see you, John—very glad indeed. I wanted your assistance in my great and glorious project. Very soon shall Equality and the Rights of Man be proclaimed everywhere. The bulwarks

of our present ridiculous and tyrannical constitution must soon give way; kings, lords, aristocrats, landholders, tax-collectors, church and state will soon be swept away. You see that machine there?" pointing to a curious contraption of rods, frames, and tubes connecting with a large air-pump. "It is my invention. They may talk of Gall and Spurzheim—what did they do? Nothing, except divide the brain into sections, classify them and locate them. Now I, by putting a man's head into that machine, can enlarge or reduce these organs and make the man's nature over as I like. I myself am suffering from too large a bump of benevolence, but since I have been putting myself into the machine to compress it I find I am rapidly improving."

As gently as was possible the management of affairs was taken out of Mr. Easy's hands and given to Jack, who began to restore order and straighten out the involved finances.

One morning Mr. Easy did not appear at breakfast. They found him hanging dead in the machine which he had invented to bring about the equality of man. Some of the mechanism had gone wrong and killed him.

Six months later Jack was in Palermo, arguing with Don Rebiera and his lady the pros and cons of an immediate marriage with Agnes. Jack won the argument and took his bride to England, where he lived ever afterward upon his ancestral estate, surrounded as the years went on by many sons and daughters.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE (1848)

Among juvenile stories of adventure *The Little Savage* has held first rank from the time of its publication. It has gone through many editions, the original having been illustrated by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

HOUGH we have more than one narrative of persons cast away on desert islands, I believe I am the only boy thus left alone to live by his own resources.

My first recollections are, that I lived on this island with a man who was very unkind to me, though I was his only companion. But he was of a morose and gloomy disposition and would frequently remain the whole day looking out at sea as if watching for something; if I spoke at such times he did not reply, and if near to him I was sure to receive a cuff or heavy blow.

I may as well state here what I gathered at different times relative to our being left on this desolate spot. It was on one occasion when he was lying sick that I gained the information, and then only by refusing to bring him food and water. He was very angry and threatened retaliation when he got well; but I cared not, for I was growing strong, while he was getting weaker every day, and I had no love for one who had never shown any to me.

He told me that about twelve years before an English ship had been wrecked near the island, and seven men and one woman were saved. With pieces of the ship they had built the cabin in which we lived, and where I had been born.

By the time I was two years old, all others of the party had perished through sickness or accident, except himself and my mother, and she died a few months afterward.

I was obliged to ask him many questions to understand all

this; for the words "birth" and "death" meant nothing to me, and I did not even know what a ship was. Had I been left with any other person, I should have learned much by conversation; but he never would converse, except to order me to procure what was required for his comfort. He called me Boy, and I called him Master. He did, however, talk in his sleep, and as I grew older, I used to lie awake and listen that I might acquire information. Then he used to cry out constantly: "A judgment, a judgment on me for my heavy sins! God be merciful!" I did not then know what judgment, or sin, or God was, though I mused on words repeated so often.

Our island was very small, perhaps not three miles round, with rocky, precipitous walls, and washed on all sides with deep water. It was, as I afterward discovered, one of a group of islands, to which the Peruvians despatch vessels every year to collect the guano of sea-birds; but the one on which we were was at some distance from the others, and no ship came near it; the neighboring islands were to be seen like clouds on the horizon only on very clear days. Our cabin was built about fifty yards from the water, with a small flat in front; and over the cliff that sheltered us poured the rill of a limpid spring. The cabin contained our bunks, filled with the feathers of birds, and no other furniture than a mess kid, a tin pannikin, and some rude vessels cut out of wood. We procured our firewood from a forest of brush on the island's summit, but the climate being mild all the year round, we required very little fire, and the feathered skins of birds, sewn together with sinews and a fish-bone by way of a needle, sufficed for clothing to keep us warm.

At a certain season of the year these birds came to the island in numberless flights to breed, and this was our harvest-time; for as soon as the young birds were within a few days of leaving the nest, we collected hundreds of them daily and carried them to our cabin, where we busied ourselves in skinning and splitting them, and hanging them in the sun to dry. We also caught large fish from the rocks by means of lines made of the sinews of man-of-war birds, and a hook of fish-bone.

Living an eventless life, with our few wants periodically and easily supplied, it may be imagined that I had but few ideas. My surly companion suggested none, and I could only look at

the sun and ocean and stars, wondering, afraid to ask questions, and ending all by sleeping away a large portion of my existence. There was a book and I asked what it was for, but received no answer. It remained on a shelf; for if I looked at it I was ordered away, and at last I regarded it with a sort of fear, as if it were a silent, incomprehensible animal.

One night when the moon was shining brightly, I saw my master, whose murmured speech had awakened me, sit up in his bed on the floor, and scratching away the feathers and mold, lift up a piece of board underneath. After a minute he replaced everything and lay down again, but it was evident he had been asleep the whole time. Here at last was something to feed my thoughts with, and I stayed awake wondering what he had hidden there.

The next day, however, a more remarkable incident attracted my curiosity to another quarter. This was the approach of a ship, which appeared a living object to me, and I ran to the man proclaiming my discovery. He became as greatly excited as myself, though he called me a fool for asking if the ship was alive, and added a cuff on the head to hasten my aid in piling brushwood on the rocks.

"They'll see the smoke," he cried, as he fired the pile from a spark of flint," and,thank God, I can leave this cursed hole at last."

"Then it has eyes," I said; "does it mind the wind? for look, the clouds are coming up fast."

"They see us," he said, unheeding, and began capering like a madman. "Now watch, and see if she sends a boat, while I go into the cabin."

He went into the cabin, and I perceived he was busy at his bed; then I looked again toward the ship on which I could now perceive people moving about. The squall I had discovered was advancing at a furious speed, but on board the vessel (I speak now from my after-knowledge) they did not seem aware of their danger; the sails were all set and flapping against the mast. A boat left the vessel; then suddenly turned back; the next moment the vessel bowed down to the fury of the gale, and then disappeared in the driving mist.

As the tornado burst over the island, I ran to the cabin, where my master now sat lowering and silent, while the thunder

shook the skies and lightning darted in every direction. For two hours I crouched shivering in the mist that the deluging rain drove into our refuge, then the storm abated somewhat and we ventured forth. It was now black night, and I stood straining my eyes to see the vessel; suddenly a blinding flash of lightning revealed her, dismasted, and pitching in the awful breakers that bore her down upon the rocks.

"I am going down to the rocks and see what goes on," I cried.

My master was shouting the most awful curses. "Go and share their fate," he called after me.

I began a descent of the steep cliff, but before I had gone fifty paces another flash, followed by a loud shriek, recalled me to my master. He was standing where I had left him, and at the sound of my voice commanded me to lead him to the cabin. There he threw himself on the bed and called for water, with which he bathed his head and face. After a time he threw himself back, groaning heavily, and though he would not respond to my questions, I felt that some strange misfortune had befallen him.

The next morning when I told him that fragments of the ship strewed the rocks, "What do I care?" he answered. "I am blind, and must die and rot on this cursed island."

As he started up I saw there was no light in his eyes; and when he began to threaten me for not obeying his commands on the instant, I did not move. A new, grateful sense of freedom animated me. I was then, I suppose, about thirteen years old, strong and active, and being emboldened by the man's condition, told him that I was now master and he was boy.

"I wish I had tossed you over the cliffs," he said bitterly; "but I shall get my hands on you yet."

"You have never answered my questions, or even spoken kindly to me," I reminded him; "you hate me and have made me hate you."

"It is quite true," he admitted, "but I had cause."

I went out and sat in front of the cabin, where I could hear him begging me not to go away. "He cannot get water without falling down the rocks," I thought. "I do not wish him to die, for then I should be alone; but I know what he must do to live."

I went back and convinced him that he should be left to die of thirst and hunger if he did not answer all my questions, and to this he assented reluctantly.

The first thing I ascertained was that his name was Jackson, and my own Frank Henniker. He gave this information cursing and grinding his teeth, but I did not mind that, and soon after brought the water he had been pleading for.

"Why does he feel so angry at my name?" I wondered. "Well, he shall tell me—tell me everything, for I have gained the mastery"; and I resolved to set him a task before he received his daily sustenance, for I had never seen mercy called forth and knew it not.

I turned the course of the rill, so he could not by any chance approach it, and was rewarded by seeing him attempt to do so and fall miserably by the dried-up channel; then I drove him crawling back to his bed.

We had long been accustomed to bathe in a certain pool of salt water separated from the sea by a low ridge of rocks, over which the waves beat only when they were very high. On going down to this pool I found that the sea had thrown into it two articles from the wreck; one a large cask and the other a seaman's chest. In the latter I found clothing, fishing-lines, two books, and several tools, all of which I laid out on the rocks, though I handled the books with considerable awe. I was delighted to find two knives also, and attached them both to my person with fishing-line.

When I returned to the cabin it was night, but by the moonlight I could see Jackson in his bed. He asked me to bring him some water; but I refused because he threatened to injure me if he got me into his power, and he said quietly: "Be it so; I shall not want water long."

His calmness made me suspect him. Though I went to bed, I did not close my eyes, and presently saw him creep out of his bunk toward me. I allowed him to come up and pass his hand over the side of the bed to seize me. Then I caught his right hand with my left and passing the knife across his wrist, more than half divided it from his arm.

"He has a knife," shrieked Jackson, holding his severed wrist. "Now, if you have any charity, kill me at once."

He attempted to crawl to his bed, but, weakened by loss of blood, soon dropped on the floor, where I left him while I slept. When I awoke in about two hours, I perceived him still on the floor in a pool of blood, and was alarmed to reflect that he might die without telling me all I wished to know; so I bound up his ghastly wound with feathers and a piece of fishing-line, as I had seen him do with cuts.

You may exclaim that I was a tyrant; but remember that all my life I had been educated only in oppression, hatred, and vengeance; and a remarkable longing for knowledge was the only incentive I could have for saving Jackson's life.

As Jackson's wound healed and the consequent fever abated under my care, for I followed his directions implicitly, his demeanor gradually changed, and as I did not know what to make of it, he explained that he was grateful to me. This had a good effect, and I became anxious not to cause him more pain than was necessary, without being aware that I was prompted by better feelings.

In our first conversation after Jackson felt well enough to talk, he told me I was English-born, and gave me a long description of my native land. Then day after day he unfolded to me the history of my parents' life, and his own.

Though I did not understand the meaning of many of his words, I gathered it from the context as well as I could; and as my mind began to teem from the ideas thus sown, I lived in a state of strange and pleasurable excitement. During this period we lived in great harmony; for Jackson's forlorn condition had softened his nature, and I now looked on him as a treasure beyond price.

The substance of his narrative was as follows: Some thirty years before, Jackson and my father had been clerks together in the great house of Mr. Evelyn, at Valdivia, in Chili. An intense rivalry between the two young men in business, and later for the hand of their employer's daughter, had been ended with Jackson's dismissal from his position for intemperance and gambling. Years afterward, with Jackson reduced in fortune to a common seaman, they had met again aboard a vessel on which my father and mother had taken passage to England.

At this point in his narrative which, with its accompanying

detail and the interruption of my questions, occupied many days, Jackson showed a great unwillingness to proceed; and though he finally did so, the description he gave of the wreck, and the subsequent fate of the party, was very vague and unsatisfying. However, I did not insist on particulars evidently so painful to him; and, besides, another idea had taken possession of my mind. This was to learn to read, for I had by this time ascertained from my companion the nature of books.

This at first appeared impossible of accomplishment, as my teacher was blind; but he resorted to an ingenious expedient. I had brought the contents of the sea-chest to the house; and after feeling the two books Jackson decided that one of them was a prayer-book and the other a Bible. He opened the prayer-book as nearly as he could guess at the Morning Service, and then with a pointed stick marked letters on the ground, asking me if any part of the writing began that way. I found the place and he was much pleased.

"That is the Lord's Prayer," he said, "and from that I can teach you all the letters, for of course I know it by heart."

When my lesson in the letters was completed I wished to know who God was; and after telling me that He lived beyond the stars and would some day make happy those who did good on earth and punish those who were wicked, Jackson related the story of Jesus Christ, which impressed me deeply.

This was the first of a number of conversations on religious subjects; and though I felt exalted after them, Jackson was always filled with melancholy, and would call on God to forgive his sins.

In the course of several months I was able to read aloud portions of the Bible or prayer-book, and every day Jackson would listen to me attentively, as if comforted by what they contained. My curiosity reverting to the book that had remained so long on the shelf, I took it down, and found it to be a natural history of beasts and birds, with a plate representing each and a description annexed. My astonishment and delight knew no bounds, for I had never before seen a picture; and Jackson was obliged to tell me all about the countries in which the animals were found, with many anecdotes of each. He also taught me to count, and advised me to clothe myself properly in the garments taken from the seaman's chest.

One day, while my companion was relating the story of a monkey that had intoxicated itself with spirits, I thought of the cask that had been thrown into our pool from the wreck, and spoke of it for the first time.

Jackson entered warmly into the question of its contents, and urged me to obtain some for him. Accordingly, at his direction, I bored two holes in the cask, and filled a pannikin with the liquor that poured out. I did not understand how anyone could drink this, for it tasted like fire to me; but Jackson took long draughts, declaring it was fine old rum, though he warned me it was very bad for boys.

After this he fell into a merry humor, and for the first time I heard him sing. Though he felt the ill effects of the rum next morning, he asked for more of it, which I brought willingly, for I liked to see him in such good humor, and to hear the sea-songs he sang so musically. That night when he lay in a drunken stupor he talked to himself.

"Who can ever prove they are Henniker's diamonds?" I heard him cry suddenly. "No one—they are all dead and will tell no tales." Then he gave a groan and was silent.

All night I brooded on these words that called to mind the hiding-place Jackson had under his bed, and his unsatisfactory account of the fate of his companions on the island. But I did not voice my suspicions and continued supplying him with liquor, until another night he spoke from his uneasy slumber.

"She said I destroyed them both, but I did not—only one—not for the diamonds, but love—hate."

A thought struck me that he might reply to a question.

"Then you killed Henniker? for love of his wife and hatred of himself?"

"Yes, I did. Who are you that have guessed that? I'll have your life."

He started up in his bed and I heard his teeth chatter.

"Who spoke?" said he, but I made no reply, and presently he took another drink and fell asleep.

I lay meditating whether I should kill him in revenge for my father; and only the words of the Bible which Jackson himself had impressed on my mind saved his life.

I fell asleep at last, but toward daylight was awakened by a

faint cry, and seeing nothing of Jackson went out in search of him. I found him at the bottom of the precipice, over which he had fallen while seeking water, and, though terribly injured, he soon revived enough to talk to me. Convinced that he was about to die, he confessed to the murder of my father, whom he had thrown over a cliff while fishing, after overhearing a conversation that convinced him my mother had diamonds of great value concealed on her person.

The other members of the party had died by accident and sickness, until my mother with her baby remained alone with Jackson; and under the privations this man put upon her my mother also perished after a few months.

After relating these circumstances, Jackson said solemnly that God had avenged his victims, and implored my forgiveness. I answered that I forgave him; and as I repeated at his suggestion some verses of the Bible that I remembered, he died. Then, though I was dismayed by death, which I had never looked upon before, I covered the body with stones, and left the spot forever.

According to Jackson's account I was now about fourteen years old, and as only one ship had been seen by us in all that time, it was not likely that I should ever again have communication with my fellow-creatures. I abandoned myself to grief and loneliness, and would sit for hours in perfect vacuity of thought.

This state of listless inactivity endured several days, when, remembering the diamonds—whose value and place of concealment Jackson had spoken of in his confession—I looked under his bed and found a belt of soft leather, on which was written: "The property of J. Evelyn, 33 Minories, London." The belt was sewn in squares, each of which I knew contained a diamond, though I did not open one of them.

In wandering about the island at this period, I found several flowers and planted them on the flat in front of the cabin. They flourished, and I began to tend them carefully, from time to time adding to my collection until I had a little garden. I conceived quite an affection for them and would sing as I had heard Jackson do, fancying they listened to me. Finding the solitude less irksome when employed, I continued to beautify

my home in various ways, and visited places in the island until then unexplored. During one of these excursions I captured a young seal, after a lively encounter with the two old ones, whose skins afterward formed my bed. I named my new pet Nero, and a most loving companionship grew up between us, for he was faithful as a dog, and so intelligent that I easily trained him to catch fish for me in the pool. When the time for taking the birds arrived, I collected the usual number for drying, and six I captured alive and took to the cabin, where in time they became quite domesticated.

Thus in continual activities I employed myself for three years; long explorations, encounters with seals, and adventures fishing off the rocks, giving boldness and confidence to my character. And I believe my mind expanded in this healthy state, for though I read my books, even the Bible, for amusement only, and came to many odd conclusions from my imperfect knowledge, the few truths fixed in my mind suggested others, and stimulated a habit of thoughtful inquiry.

When I was about seventeen years old, a great change occurred in my condition, though the incident at its source was unexpected and fleeting. One day a boat from a wrecked whaling vessel put in at the island. The party aboard consisted of seven men and one woman; and while the men, after listening to my story, immediately began loading the boat with casks of water and my dried birds, in anticipation of a long voyage, the woman went to my cabin. There she slept that night, while I lay without, on a pallet of skins, in a fever of joy at my prospect of liberation from the island. But unfortunately I had told the seamen of the cask of rum that still lay in the shallow water of the pool; and after a night of carousing, they suddenly manned the boat about daybreak and stood out to sea. When first I caught sight of that diminishing sail I abandoned myself to a frenzy of grief and dashed myself against the rocks; though my companion in misfortune, standing beside me, set a noble example of fortitude and resignation.

As this was the first woman I had ever seen, her appearance at first astonished me; the soft eyes, the long dark hair and clear white skin being in such contrast to the stern, bearded face of Jackson. Now her voice and manner seemed strangely adapted

to consolation, and from that moment I felt trustful of whatever she told me. From the story of her life, afterward related to me, I learned that she was the widow of Mr. Reichardt, a missionary who had been killed by savages in the Sandwich Islands, and had been on her way home to England in the whaling vessel that was wrecked. She was about forty years old; and her long residence among uncivilized peoples had yielded many experiences that were useful in our present mode of living.

She took up the life I had lived, but with such animation and cheerfulness that I soon seemed to breathe in a lighter atmosphere. As time went by, my untaught spiritual nature developed in her charge, and this seemed to adjust my mind to a new balance; truth lost its vagueness and became explicit to my understanding. She instructed me in the proprieties and customs of that world which I did not relinquish in our abandonment, but learned to view from a distance with intimate concern.

Firm in the belief that she had been sent to the island by God, that I might be taught the truths of Christianity, my mother (as I learned to call her) spared no labor to that end; and for two years we lived as happily as people might sequestered from the sociability of their fellows.

We often laughed at the diamonds, so valueless in our condition, but they also were destined to fulfil their mission. For one evening a mutinous crew, after landing their captive officers on the island, left them under guard and ventured a distance into the interior. The guard was negligent or drowsy, and creeping from a place of concealment whence I had observed their approach, I loosed the bonds of one of the prisoners, who overpowered the guard and released his companions. With the arms thus acquired, and those found in the boat, the other mutineers were subdued on their return, and the escape of my mother and myself from the island was thus assured.

But I had still greater cause for rejoicing when, through his interest in my experiences, I learned that one of the former prisoners of the mutineers was that same Mr. Evelyn to whom the diamonds were addressed, and who now came into their possession. He was a passenger on the ship bound for Val-

divia, but having discovered his grandson and the long-lost treasure together, he determined to return to England as speedily as possible. And here in London at his grandfather's house, the Little Savage resides now, with his adopted mother, who will remain with us as long as she lives.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN

(Ireland, 1782–1824)

MELMOTH THE WANDERER (1820)

Maturin's romance of diabolism at publication was barely a success of esteem, though the genius, bordering on insanity, which imagined its somewhat formless tissue of horrors, was recognized by such judges as Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Southey. It was not till later that the enthusiastic expression of Goethe in Germany, and afterward of Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Baudelaire in France aroused a keener appreciation among Englishmen, which gave the romance a unique place.

JOHN MELMOTH, a student in Trinity College, Dublin, was summoned, in the autumn of 1816, to attend his uncle, resident in County Wicklow, who was in his last illness. He was the heir of this relative, who, a miser, possessed considerable wealth but lived in the most penurious fashion in an old weather-beaten mansion. Young Melmoth found the ragged servants and neighbors gathered over the turf fire in the tumble-down kitchen, indulging in a riotous feast, the very thought of which would have killed the moribund miser. One of these, an ancient crone and reputed witch who was supposed to have enjoyed the confidence of her master, said of his illness with weird earnestness: "It's not here"—tapping her wrinkled forehead—"it's all here—it's all about the heart," pressing her hollow bosom. There was something thrilling in her look and action, and just then the violent ringing of a bell summoned attendance in the sick-room. John Melmoth accompanied the housekeeper, and his uncle greeted him with a novel kindness, asking him to read the service for the dying. As the old man was very weak, his nephew proposed to get him a stimulant and was given the key to a large closet. Securing a bottle of Madeira, he was about to

emerge, when he perceived in the dim light a portrait hanging on the wall. There was nothing remarkable about the subject, except in the extraordinary glare of the eyes, which seemed to illumine the whole canvas with a baleful look. Holding the candle close to it, he read, "Jno. Melmoth, 1646," and when he came forth from the closet his uncle told him speedily that he was not dying of disease or of age, but of fright. "That man I have reason to believe is still living," he muttered, with a look of extraordinary fear; "you will see him again." Then he sank back into a deathlike stupor.

John sat in a distant corner, watching and waiting, when the door opened and a figure entered, looked about, then retired, but not before the indescribable eyes had declared identity with the subject of the portrait. A few moments afterward, when the young man had recovered from the first shock of this spectacle, the visitor reëntered, nodded to him, and beckoned. John, who had a resolute spirit, would have followed, but his uncle was just then in the death-throes, screaming that everybody was trying to rob him, but that he was a beggar, and so passed to his account.

After the funeral the will was read; it left a large property to the young man. A clause in the testament enjoined on the heir to destroy the mysterious picture and to read, if he chose, a certain musty old manuscript, which was then to be committed to the flames.

On questioning the servants, John learned that just on the eve of the master's illness a strange person had crossed the courtyard as he was locking the doors for the night, on seeing whom he had fallen in a fit. There was a dark legend in the family, but to learn more about it he must needs go to the ancient sibyl, Biddy Brannigan. From her he finally extracted the story, so far as it was known.

The first of the Irish Melmoths was a Cromwellian officer who obtained a grant of confiscated lands. An elder brother of his had spent his life in strange lands, and the family knew little about him, though startling reports came occasionally concerning his life and doings. The stranger relative finally returned on a visit and his very presence disconcerted the whole circle of kin by something alien to all their experience, though

he revealed nothing of himself. He gave them his portrait and departed. Some years later a person arrived, showing the keenest solicitude to know the whereabouts of John Melmoth the Traveler, as he was known. He displayed great agitation, and when he took his departure left, whether by negligence or by intention, a roll of manuscript, and that, with the portrait, had been preserved. Rumors had been prevalent that John the Traveler had been seen from time to time down to the present generation by those members of the family, just on the eve of death, who had been noted for evil passions or conduct.

The young heir addressed himself that night to a perusal of yellow pages much defaced and with many a hiatus, purporting to have been written by an Englishman named Stanton in the latter part of the seventeenth century. From this narrative the reader assembled the following facts: Stanton, a man of superior acquirements and intelligence, had been a brief sojourner in Spain just after the Stuart Restoration. His attention had been called, while traveling in Valencia, to the disastrous results that attended the presence of an alleged Englishman who often appeared at the most unexpected times and places, so that it was believed he must have diabolical assistance. The Holy Inquisition, with all its mechanism of discovery and arrest, had tried in vain to lay hands on him. Stanton himself, too, had once seen this mysterious personage, under circumstances which imprinted indelibly on his memory the strange visage and especially the appalling expression of his eyes, the effect of which had been heightened by a demoniac laugh. Four years later Stanton was in London, his mind still full of the Spanish episode which had so obsessed his imagination, and recognized in the playhouse the man about whom he had been so curious. Into the street he followed the stranger, who turned on him when they were alone the blaze of his look and a horrid smile, saying: "Have you anything to inquire of me?" Then, after a few brief words he said: "You will be undeceived when next we meet."

"When will that be?" Stanton inquired. "Name your time and place."

"The hour shall be midnight," was the answer; "the place shall be the bare walls of a madhouse, when you shall rise

rattling in your chains and rustling from your straw to greet me —yet still you shall bear the curse of sanity and of memory. I never desert my friends in misfortune. In the lowest abyss of calamity they are sure to be visited by me."

A few years later Stanton, by a conspiracy of his relatives, was actually plunged into the horrors of a private bedlam. Its brutal cruelties drove him almost to real insanity. One night, tossing on his loathsome pallet, enfeebled in mind and body, he was visited again by the stranger, that mysterious Melmoth, whose name he had once casually heard in the course of his investigations. He knew the stony features, the infernal eyes, as the figure broke silence with a mocking laugh: "My prophecy has been fulfilled!"

Of the dialogue that ensued only a little was legible in the manuscript. The visitor offered Stanton prompt release and social restoration—but on one condition only, a condition so horrible and appalling that Stanton, with the utmost rage, ejaculated, when he grasped its full meaning: "Begone, monster, demon, to your own places! Even this mansion of horror trembles to contain you." Finally released from his prison, he wandered far and wide to find the man or devil whose frightful fascination he could not conquer. He traced him to the Melmoth mansion, but in vain, though he left the manuscript behind him as if in warning.

John Melmoth finished his reading at a late hour, and looked at the picture, as if he would demand an explanation. He snatched at it, and the moldering canvas fell at his feet, to be transferred to the turf embers, where it soon became ashes. Fatigued with his emotions, he wooed sleep in his chair. If he slept, it was to waken with a notion that he had had a most vivid dream with power to leave an eloquent trace, indeed, for his wrist was black and blue, as from an iron clutch. He thought a figure with burning eyes had stood over him with a scoff at his futile action. A few days later a terrible storm swept earth and sea, and the people rushed to the beach to launch a boat, if possible, for rescue of inmates of a laboring ship. John ascended a promontory for a better view, and there, a few paces from him, gesticulated a cloaked person, who cried aloud: "Let them perish!" A spring that he made for the ex-

ultant wretch carried him over the brink into the roaring surges. He was happily rescued by the wreckers, and, when he came to himself in bed, he learned that there had been one survivor from the ship, who, the old housekeeper said, could speak English though a Spaniard. His guest proved to be a man of noble but melancholy presence, and had indeed helped to save young Melmoth's life in spite of his own deadly plight.

"Señor," quoth the Spaniard, "I understand your name is ——" and he shuddered with a convulsion. "Had you a relative who about a century and a half ago was said to have been in Spain?"

His host's gloomy nod was a shock too great for the stranger's debility, and it was several days before he was strong enough for another interview. Young Melmoth then learned his sinister story.

"I hardly knew my parents in my childhood"—thus Don Alonzo Monçada began—"though in their occasional visits to my seclusion they displayed all the signs of wealth and rank, as well as of affection. A sudden change occurred, and a carriage conveyed me to the Monçada palace, where I received the blessing of an aged nobleman, for whom the tomb already gaped. My father came to his ducal title, and it was speedily made known to me that my younger brother was looked on as the preferred heir, while every sort of ecclesiastical and family pressure was bent to win my consent to enter a monastery as a novice, with the view of becoming a monk. For a long time proof against the persecutions—which harrowed my own life and were mainly instigated by my mother's spiritual director, after I had passed through my preliminary studies—I was finally persuaded to enter the novitiate. The tremendous forces of religious intrigue and cunning were unsparingly applied to enforce my unwilling spirit, as the time drew near to assume finally the monastic vows; for all the energies of my spirit were alive against the sacrifice. Nor did I finally yield till my mother came, dissolved in tears and shame, to reveal the family secret.

"I was the fruit of an illegitimate connection, and the marriage which had legitimatized me under Spanish law failed to quench the remorse of my mother, who had, indeed, dedicated me to the cloister even from my birth. Her spiritual director, an

ex-Jesuit, had forever kept the wound sore, once he had discovered it, to strengthen his ascendency in the powerful Monçada circle. I became a monk, and thenceforward my spirit, however passive my habits, was armed into the bitterest rebellion against the system that had blighted my existence.

"Several years of this death in life passed, when I was thrilled by the reception of a secretly conveyed note from my brother, who had at last become acquainted with all the facts in my case, and who, with fully aroused fraternal affection, now desired to rescue me from my religious grave. One of the lay brethren of the convent, a villain of the deepest dye, who had there found immunity from parricide, was employed under a large bribe to arrange my escape. Through subterranean passages, choked with ghastly relics, we finally emerged beyond the convent walls, where my brother awaited me with a carriage. Before he could embrace me my fiendish guide stabbed him to the heart, and then croaked with sardonic glee that in taking my brother's bribe he had accepted a still larger one from the Superior, in whose confidence he had acted.

"I found myself again in a convent cell, when I had recovered a little from so terrible a shock. Here I had remained delirious for months. Transferred to the dungeons of the Inquisition, I was questioned by the Holy Office and avowed my fervent attachment to the Catholic faith, but narrated, in palliation of my offense, how my objections to assuming the vows had been overcome by trickery and deceit unspeakable. My grim questioners permitted me to imply in what they said that I should remain immured for life to obviate Church scandal.

"Then began that episode which more than all my suffering convulsed the center of my being. One night I awoke in my cell and in the corner stood a dark figure with a candle, who answered my alarm, in a soothing voice, that he, too, was a prisoner, permitted by indulgence to visit me. He kept his countenance shaded while he conversed, till in the energy of his confidences he unmasked the naked face. I never saw such a blaze in mortal eyes, a glare so preternatural. He seemed to have come without help or hindrance, and my first suspicion was his being one of the accredited persons who conduct the secret espials of the Holy Office. But his rage of vituperation,

fierce satire, and license of speech, expressed in unbridled tones, convinced me that his indignation was unfeigned. He came again and again on successive nights, arriving and disappearing as if by magic, utterly indifferent to the chance of discovery. One fact struck me peculiarly. That was his frequent allusion to events and personages beyond his possible memory, in narratives extraordinarily vivid and intelligent, just as if he had been present himself. Fearfully as I shrank from the man, the charm of his talk was unspeakable to a lonely wretch. I was visited one night by an Inquisitor and told that some mysterious person, whom all the power of the Holy Office had failed to arrest, came and went at will. He enjoined me, for the good of my soul and body, to report if such a figure appeared in my cell, and to repeat what he said. For a while I refrained from doing this till the climax came. The unknown offered to secure my immediate escape from my dangerous plight, and protection from the buffets of the world afterward, and of his power to do this he left no doubt. Then he whispered in my stunned ears the incommunicable condition—which I never can repeat except as a deathbed confession—causing my very mind and senses to reel.

"When next called before the Inquisitors, I eagerly narrated the truth, but the callous judges construed it as a personal confession of guilt and decreed the uttermost sentence. From this doom I was saved by the mercy of fire, for a conflagration occurred in the Holy Office buildings, consequent on which the prisoners were brought out with unfettered limbs and huddled in the courtyard. In the confusion I escaped through the open gates, and after much blind stumbling I found shelter with one Manasseh ben Solomon, a Christianized Jew, through whose fears or sympathy I secured a secret hiding-place. It was in a subterranean chamber, wherein sat an ancient man with rolls of parchment on the table, who was apostrophizing a skull with great fervor. Agitated to frenzy by the thought that here might be another Satanic tempter, I began to babble of my recent terrors, saying: 'Better the Inquisition a thousand times than to become yours.'

"Old Adonijah soon calmed my fevered spirits, gave me food and drink, and satisfied me of his good-will. He finally

offered to make me his scribe in the work of transcribing the contents of the manuscripts before him. Repelled as I was by the grisly furnishing of the room, which contained several human skeletons, I had naught to choose but consent, especially as I was softened by his tears, for he gazed fondly on what were to him the canonized bones of his wife and child. He hoped to join them speedily, when he should have completed his life-task. 'Thou didst use words,' said the withered but stately centenarian, 'concerning the temptation offered thee to renounce the Most High. Even such a tempter as that points out I knew many long years since, and of his accursed doings I have written. Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, all those who worship the One God, have suffered from the solicitations of the accursed demon, whose human life has greatly surpassed that of nature.'

"With trembling fingers I took one of the scrolls and found it written in Spanish with Greek characters. Just how Adonijah had discovered all the details which he had noted he did not reveal. Suffice it that nothing could be more certain than the identity of the fearful being of the manuscript with him who had come to me in the Inquisition dungeons, with him who has stamped European legend of more than a century and a half with the name of Melmoth the Wanderer.

"Of the stories recording the blasting footprints of this personage across the generations, that of 'Immalee' made the deepest impression on my mind, black in its etching as were all the rest. Its chronicle was divided between an East Indian island and Spain. In the Indian seas lies an island which is a veritable Eden. Once dedicated to the cruel Kali, its later devotees, who came thither from the mainland, laid their homage at the feet of a gentle divinity—not a goddess of stone, but a creature of exquisite flesh and blood, of divine innocence and purity. How she had originally come there, this Adamless Eve in her paradise, no one seemed to know; but she had grown there since childhood to a surpassing prime, which seemed to stamp her descent as a veritable daughter of Krishna. Immalee—for thus she was known—lived content with her birds and flowers and the wondering reverence of the natives from the mainland, till a European stranger landed on the island. Some of his words awakened a chord of memory, and she found

that the visitor knew the language which she carried fragmentarily in her brain, and which was resuscitated more and more as their intimacy increased. The startling luster of his eyes did not frighten her, for it stirred her tender pity as if it were the blaze of some quenchless torment within, which she longed to soothe. He opened to her mental vision the marvels of the world of which she was ignorant. Under his guidance Immalee ate of the fruit of the tree of good and evil; and though her heart was wrung with the vision of the terrible and miserable affairs of life, she loved her teacher for the initiation. The Wanderer, too, declared his love, and in the same breath tore himself from her soft assent and departed from the island like a madman, to return no more.

"Three years later, in Madrid, the most beautiful among a group of Spanish ladies fainted on the Prado at the sight of a passing stranger of remarkable appearance. It was Immalee, now Isadora di Aliaga, whose father, a great merchant doing business with India, had lost her and her nurse in a shipwreck many years before. She had been rescued from the island and restored by a strange Providence to her family, the utterly unsophisticated child of nature enmeshed in the gloomy artifices of a priest-ridden society. The day after the meeting with the Wanderer the family went to their country villa, Isadora greatly shaken by her emotions. One night she sat by her lattice, when a voice in the garden called her to come into the shrubbery. Night after night she met him, the mysterious lover to whom every heartstring sang. He told her that her father, then on his way home, had selected a husband for her, and the next day brought letters announcing the fact. There seemed to be no escape, and when the gloomy man, who alternated between the most ferocious irony and ardent passion, pressed her to marry him, Isadora consented. There was a holy hermit who lived in a cell at no great distance, and here one night, when all the terrors of nature were let loose, their hands were joined, but the celebrant's face was cloaked, and his hand was marble cold. In due time Don Francisco arrived with the chosen bridegroom, and the bridal day was set. Convulsed with fear, Isadora, who knew that she now carried a double life, consented to fly with Melmoth. At a masked ball he was withdrawing her from the

revelers, when her brother Fernem interposed with drawn sword, only to be pierced through the heart at the first thrust.

"The wretched Isadora fell insensible, and the guests crowding about were driven back appalled by the terror of the unmasked face, while his name of dread passed from lip to lip. The truth of her condition became known, as also her connection with the accursed Melmoth, and she was handed over by her horrified family to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. She lived long enough to bring a child into the world, and died blessing the tender blossom with her last breath, yet not before Melmoth had penetrated her prison and vainly offered the sole condition on which he could save her."

Monçada concluded his somber tale—which had gone on continuously for many days—one dark, stormy night, itself fit for any tragedy. Young Melmoth started, and said: "I thought I heard a noise as of one walking." The door opened hard upon his words, and in the figure that entered both recognized him who was in their thoughts.

"Your ancestor has come home," he said heavily to Melmoth; "his wanderings are over. I have been on earth a terror but not an evil. None could suffer the penalty of my temptations but by their own consent. No one has ever exchanged destinies with Melmoth the Wanderer. I have traversed the world in the search, and no one to gain that world would lose his own soul. Not Stanton in his cell—nor you, Monçada, in the Inquisition—nor—nor another. My existence is still human, but anon?—" His derisive smile chilled their blood.

"The clock of Eternity is about to strike," and as he spoke his eyes grew lusterless and they noted signs of extreme age. "Leave me alone in this room where I first drew breath."

His stricken auditors retired, and in a short time the sounds that issued thence were those of indescribable agony and horror. When silence came they entered, to find the room empty, and they hastened to trace the footmarks out of doors, through the garden, over the heath to the summit of a cliff overlooking the sea, where young Melmoth had parted from his dreadful relative once before. The sea was still heaving angrily from the storm, and the foam was brilliantly touched by the rising sun, The only sign was a scarf hanging far below on a crag.

HERMAN MELVILLE

(United States, 1819–1891)

TYPEE (1846)

This romantic narrative, which made the author a man of literary mark at the very beginning of his writing career, possessed a peculiar freshness in the fact that at the time of publication but little was known of the life and social organization of the Polynesian islanders by actual observations. However much the primitive, almost Eden-like, charm of the story owes to the imagination of Herman Melville, it is sufficiently evident from the verisimilitude of the narrative that it had a generous basis of personal knowledge and experience.

HEN my ship, the *Dolly*, whaler from Nantucket, bound on an indeterminate cruise after sperm oil, arrived at Nukahiva, belonging to the Marquesas group, the crew was full of discontent, alike from bad luck and bad treatment. I shared this feeling in an excessive degree, perhaps because my own station in life was farthest removed from shipboard experience so degraded and revolting. Toby, another sailor of the better sort, agreed to take "French leave" in my company, as our imaginations were fired by the thought of fascinating adventure in the mysterious recesses of the island. Nor was this lessened—on the other hand, rather stimulated—by the croaking of the islanders who lived near the harbor and represented the interior tribes as immitigable savages and cannibals. This was alleged specially of the Typees, between whom and the Happars, a less intractable sept, who lived in nearer vicinage to the port, there was incessant warfare. Toby and I found easy opportunity, when our starboard watch got shore-leave, to escape and push for the woodland gorges that pierced the mountain barrier, thrusting up its bastions on the verge of the sea-rim. We were ill provided for wandering, as we had only a few sea-biscuit and a little tobacco;

for we had relied on visions of an illimitable supply of bread-fruit, bananas, cocoanuts, and other tropical products always ripe for the picking. All this proved delusive. Several days elapsed, during which we experienced extreme privation and constant peril to life and limb in the ascent and descent of the mountain ridges that frowned in almost inaccessible precipices. My own misery was enhanced by an injury to my leg, and fits of the ague resulting from the rainy season, which kept us wet to the skin.

At last from a lofty aerie we descried a delightful spectacle. It was in aspect a valley of paradise stretching its smiling greenery for many miles, and showing all the signs of human habitation. Descending its rugged frontier with much difficulty, we got our first glimpse of the people among whom we had come for weal or woe. They were boy and girl, standing on the verge of a pool in which they had been bathing, and as beautiful in grace and symmetry as antique bronze statues. They were startled, but did not fly, though they slowly retreated, only half-reassured by our signs of amity. We followed them, Toby certain of mind that we had fallen among the amicable Happars. A throng of natives gathered around as we advanced, while our young cicerones told their story with amazing volubility, till we were conducted to a handsome bamboo building, where we were speedily confronted by a group of noble chiefs. One of them, a savage of colossal build and evidently the most important, gazed at me with a strong glare and refused the gift of tobacco that I offered.

"Typee or Happar?" I thought, with quaking spirit.

This question was that put by the chief, too, as I surmised from a little knowledge of the common island dialect, which I had picked up at Nukahiva.

"Typee," I said. "Typee mortarkee" (very good).

The dark figures clapped their hands with transport as they chanted the talismanic words again, after which the great chief burst into an oration, which I could easily perceive to be a philippic denouncing the Happars. He gave his name as Mehevi, and I answered with mine as Tom, which was modified into "Tommo." As an interchange of names makes a treaty of peace, we thenceforward became warm friends, and the initia-

tion of Toby and me was complete. As we were near starvation, some vehement pantomime translated our needs, and there was great scurrying to provide a calabash of *poee-poee*, the principal national dish, a pasty manufactured from breadfruit, with natural goblets of cocoanut milk, both of which we found very palatable, though the *poee-poee* was awkward to eat with the fingers, from want of experience. Some other really delicious fruit courses followed.

An embarrassing experience occurred consequent on our stripping off our rain-sodden garments, for the intensely curious Typees would not leave us alone with our natural modesty. Men and women, old and young, joined in eagerly, feeling of our white skins much as a mercer would handle a piece of fine satin. It was much as if they never had seen a white man before, though they must have met some of the occasional boat-crews that come ashore to trade for fruit. The next morning Mehevi visited us in all the panoply of his warlike toilet, accompanied by several of the lesser chiefs. Elaborately tattooed on every square inch of his body, with a gaudy coronal of bird plumage and carved ornaments of boar's tusks and whale teeth, a voluminous tunic of dark-colored tappa, a beautifully carved paddle spear fifteen feet long, and a richly decorated pipe hanging from his girdle, this bronze Hercules presented a picturesque spectacle. He was intensely curious about the land whence we came, which he called Maneeka; and even more so concerning the French naval squadron then anchored in Nukahiva harbor, as well as gesticular eloquence could interpret. But he speedily submerged curiosity in the kindest sympathy when he perceived my swollen, inflamed leg. The chief of the tribal medical staff, a skinny old wizard, excessively venerable of aspect, was summoned, who practised on me a series of manipulations infinitely worse than any Turkish-bath treatment, while I writhed with the agony of it. Finally he completed his manhandling with macerated herbs and a leafy bandage, whispering at the same time a spell in exorcism of the demon supposed to have entered my leg.

The household to whose primitive intimacy Toby and I were assigned was the permanent home of my stay in the valley. It was housed like all the other families of the tribe, but on a little

grander scale. On a stone foundation about eight feet high was a bamboo frame thatched with a sloping roof of palmetto beams. A great divan composed of gaily colored mats was lounging-place by day and couch by night. From the ridge-pole were suspended the wardrobe and other packages; against the farther wall spears, javelins, war-clubs, and various implements useful to the communal inmates, who lived as freely as ants or bees. Kory Kory, personally detailed as my valet by Mehevi, a stalwart savage hideously tattooed from forehead to feet, proved the most faithful of servitors. Several nymphs swelled the size of our primitive family, among whom the beauteous Fayaway was my favorite. The perfection in face and figure of this charming creature was beyond description, and she was a perfect incarnation of the goddess Flora when decorated with the odorous jewelry of the fields and groves. The great drawback to my comfort from the first, indeed, was the devotion to which I was subjected, anticipating my slightest movement or wish, as if I were a helpless infant, an assistance far beyond the needs of my swollen leg.

As soon as I could hobble Mehevi escorted me to visit the taboo groves, where were located the temple with its grotesque gods, the priestly college, and the headquarters of the chiefs, a bachelor club called the Ti—a holy seclusion, this "Hoolah Hoolah" ground, where no female could enter under penalty of death. The club-house, where I lounged and slept, ate and smoked, almost as if I were a chief, became thenceforward a free resort, and as I soon began to pick up something of the language it was a source of great pleasure. I surmised that in this vicinage had been held many a horrible cannibal rite, and it was on my tongue's tip often to make some inquiry, but I could see that my genial hosts carefully guarded any approach to the subject.

The first night that Toby and I slept in the Ti we were awakened by dancing flames in the grove, and several entered, among them Mehevi, carrying platters of food, some kind of steaming meat, and the chief said: "Ki ki" (eat). Toby turned pale, and I had fearful qualms, as we looked on what might have been a baby, or part of an adult carcass. But when a light was brought, I discovered a mutilated pig. Kory Kory

grinned with delight, and chuckled "puarkee" (pork), as if it had been a huge joke. A retinue of islanders escorted me home, bearing the remains of the feast and great quantities of fruit, as if to stock my larder to repletion. To feed us to excess seemed to be the desire of my cannibal friends, and Toby insisted on a sinister motive, to which I replied that I could not fancy a more humane and amiable set of epicures. As my leg appeared to be getting worse, and to demand treatment more scientific than any savage therapeutics could give, the chiefs were reluctantly persuaded to allow Toby to attempt the journey to Nukahiva for medical advice from the French surgeons. He failed, however, to get through the Happar country, and came back with a great wound on his head. A little later Toby succeeded in getting away with a boat-party that landed to buy fruit for a ship in the offing, but I was not permitted to go to the beach. My hosts appeared determined to keep me among them. Yet this obvious purpose went in hand with such solicitous attention to all my needs and comforts, with such an exhibition of personal attachment, that in spite of sinister reminders of cannibal orgies which sometimes protruded on my mental horizon, I could not reasonably doubt the good faith of the Typee chiefs.

I expected to hear very soon from Toby's mission, but the weeks rolled on with no sign—weeks soothed, in spite of mental disquiet and some physical suffering, by the pleasures of a lotus-eating life. The slightest wish expressed to my faithful Kory Kory was promptly obeyed, and often anticipated. The lovely and loving Fayaway was constantly devising something to amuse the monotonous hours or give me some novel pleasure. Had she been bred under the finest civilization she could not have shown more delicate tact, sympathy, and devotion. No limits were set on my movements except in the direction of the sea. Bathing, one of the principal recreations of the island, found its daily indulgence in an immense pool, almost a lake, of the clearest water, where I romped and splashed with Fayaway and her retinue of nereids, to my heart's content. Sometimes we sailed around in a canoe when the breeze permitted, with a novel mast and canvas. My beautiful companion, standing in the bow, would spread wide her voluminous tappa robe, her statue-like body constituting the mast; and we thus traversed

the little lake, a bevy of swimming nymphs accompanying our progress. My siestas were watched by Kory Kory and Fayaway, who incessantly swung their fans to drive away occasional insects or to make my slumber the sweeter.

There seemed to be no cares, griefs, troubles or vexations in all Typee. The only violent excitement was an occasional skirmish with the adjacent Happars, ordinarily without much bloodshed on either side. Each side was always sedulous to carry away its own dead and wounded, if there were such, a stern anxiety which carried with it to the suspicious critic its own train of reflections.

An interesting episode came in the arrival of Marnoo, a native of another tribe, whose freedom of intercourse illustrated a singular custom among the hostile septs that inhabited the valleys of the island. He was *taboo* among them all, entertained with friendly hospitality everywhere. He was a splendid figure of a man, and he looked at me disdainfully on first entering our domicile; but after a while he relaxed and greeted me, to my amazement, in English. He told me he had just come from Nukahiva, and gave me news from the outside world which awakened to keener hunger my desire to escape. Several chiefs who had entered with him looked with disfavor on a conversation they could not understand, and Mehevi particularly frowned. Marnoo took the cue, and though he assented to my wish to plead with the chiefs that I might go with him to Nukahiva, he showed by his manner that he dared not press the matter far.

After Marnoo's departure Mehevi continued to show indications of sullen anger, but these relaxed as the Feast of the Calabashes drew near. The arch-chief, as he might be called, became his old genial self and insisted on my daily visits to the Ti, where in the sacred groves he took delight in showing me the preparations for the jubilee. I failed to get from him, however, any clue as to the origin of the festival rites, though I was curious as occasion offered to make all possible research. The Typees seemed always reluctant to reveal anything about themselves, or their customs, or their race antecedents, though otherwise garrulous enough. It was always to-day, never yesterday or to-morrow, in which they were interested. Even Mehevi failed in elucidating the problems of tradition. Certainly

the great Calabash feast was the most gorgeous of the Typee holidays, and in its honor the mysterious law of *taboo* was partly suspended. The girls, a throng of beauties surpassing those of any court, Fayaway resplendent among them, were decked in gala costumes, consisting largely of flowers. As to the feast itself, Warwick gorging his retainers with beef and ale was niggard compared with the noble Mehevi dispensing the luxuries of the season to the assembled Typee court. *Poee-poee* without limit, fresh bread-fruit ready to be baked, innumerable little leafy packages of roast fowl, all kinds of tropical fruit in profusion, and fermented arva juice (the factory, unfortunately, being the human jaws) invited to repletion on every hand. The second day was more uproarious than the first, the din would have startled pandemonium. Dances—not confined to the voluptuous and graceful antics of the girls, but including the grotesque capers of hideous and nearly naked old hags —contributed to an enjoyment without restraint. The priests intoned an incessant chant, when they were not eating or smoking, and their drummers banged on their instruments with iron arms. One more day of this festivity made it rather tiresome, and I rejoiced at its finish. I could detect no trace of cannibal rites, and I began to flatter my hopes that, after all, my charming Typee friends did not deserve anthropophagous scandal. It was bad enough to see them devour raw fish, of which they were inordinately fond—for even my little friend Fayaway would nibble at a delicate fishling a finger long, right out of the water, as if it were the most delicious candy.

One great cross that I had to bear was the persecution of my friends, instigated by the ambition of the chief tattoo artist, to permit myself to be ornamented with the highest brevet of barbarian taste. He looked on my white skin with such ferocious longing that I feared he would lay violent hands on me. Mehevi entreated no less, and even Fayaway thought it would add to my beauty; but I was proof against all these seductions. It added a sharper edge, however, to the discontent that no other allurement could assuage. Then came another darker cloud, before which the persecutions of Karny the artist were a bagatelle. One day I entered the house suddenly and found Kory Kory, Marheyo, his father, and others examining closely

several mysterious packages, which were wont to hang from the ridge-pole. I caught a glimpse of three human heads that had been smoked into a mummy-like condition, and one had evidently been that of a white man. Profuse explanation did not satisfy me, and at once all my old sinister terrors and anticipations returned in full force. About a week later there was a war-skirmish with the Happars of more than usual fierceness. Loud pæans heralded the approach of the victors, and as they passed near the palisade of the Ti, where I stood, I could see the three long bundles which they carried in their midst with blood dripping through the palmetto leaves shrouding their contents. The bearers themselves were ensanguined with wounds, the faces of all the procession still furious with the rage of battle. Kory Kory insisted on hurrying me back to our own dwelling; but my curiosity could find only one answer to the mental questions which became clamorous.

At sunrise next morning came the same thunder of drums that made the Calabash feast hideous; but Kory Kory firmly refused to permit the customary morning walk to greet Mehevi. The noise that went on all day certified that some sort of festival was progressing, though the natives in general showed no change of demeanor as I went among them. On the second day I was permitted to go to the Ti, and found no excitement in the sacred groves, Mehevi and his warrior companions greeting me cordially as ever, as they lounged and smoked on the mats. When I took leave, my eye fell on a large wooden vessel in the corner of the piazza, and I raised the leafy cover. Horrors! there lay the remains of a grisly feast, the *disjecta membra* of a human body with shreds of roasted flesh still clinging to the bones. The chiefs and Kory Kory united in shrieking "*taboo! parkee!*" but the ghastly proofs could not be mistaken. The disquieting phantoms that haunted my dreams that night no words can picture. All the seductive charms of lotus life—of a primitive paradise, of a delightful people—were submerged in the thoughts of what I had discovered and the possibilities in its train. I had dallied with the vague notion before. Now it had become an incarnate terror, which grew more appalling each day.

A ray of hope gleamed in the unexpected arrival of Marnoo;

but, apprehensive for himself as well as for me, he at first discouraged any plan of escape, and dilated on the joys and freedom from care in Typee life. My distress, however, so worked on his sympathies that, before taking his leave, he told me the easiest route to Pueearka, his native valley. His word would protect me there, and I could remain till he could take me to Nukahiva in his canoe. But I was so closely watched—as if, indeed, my savage guardians had become suspicious, even Kory Kory being unusually alert—that every attempt to steal away by night was foiled. My leg, too, which for two months had become vastly better, suddenly grew worse, so that I could only walk by leaning on a spear.

About ten days after Marnoo's visit, when my soul was wrapped in the blackest despair, Mow Mow, a sullen, one-eyed chief, who never had regarded me with much favor, suddenly appeared in the door with the news that Toby had arrived. I made my way on Kory Kory's back to the Ti, and there importuned Mehevi for permission to go to the beach to meet my friend. At last he unwillingly consented. Accompanied by about fifty natives, I was transported rapidly toward the ocean, which for so long had been *taboo* to me. Kory Kory came running back to meet me with the information that it was all a mistake about Toby. "*Toby owlee permi*" (Toby has not come), said he, with a plaintive look mingled of joy and sorrow. There were strangers in the bay, indeed, but my escort could see no reason why I should see them, and he set me down on the mats in a house near by. I appealed to Mow Mow, who permitted me to pass out, and then I perceived his cunning, for he had forbidden any native to carry me. Seizing a spear, I stumbled on till the roar and flash of the billows delighted my senses.

A few fathoms in the offing rocked an English whale-boat manned by Kanakas, and on the edge of the water stood Karakoee, an Oahu man whom I had often seen on the *Dolly* at Nukahiva. He held in his hands a bolt of cotton cloth, several bags of powder, and a musket—all greatly prized by the natives. My savage retinue were quarreling among themselves as if there were two factions; then I suddenly shook myself free from detaining hands and sprang toward Karakoee, as the boat,

too, pulled close into land. Fayaway, who had accompanied me, was at my side, and I gave the poor girl, who had been the Eve of my island Eden, a warm embrace, as I was pulled into the boat. Kory Kory and his father made no attempt to stop me, but the wranglers on the beach, stupefied at first, hurled a dozen javelins, which hurtled around us without harm. The savages, led by Mow Mow, raced for the point that we must go round to reach the ship, to intercept us in the water, and in that final successful struggle it fell to me to knock Mow Mow over the head with the boat-hook. Thus I escaped from my paradisiacal prison, to carry with me delightful as well as appalling reminiscences.

MOBY DICK: OR, THE WHITE WHALE (1851)

This story of whaling adventure was the sixth of Herman Melville's sea-tales to appear. It was written at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where the author took up his residence in 1850. Nathaniel Hawthorne was then living in that neighborhood, and to him the book was dedicated. The action covers rather more than a year of time in the second quarter of the nineteenth century and the scene is placed successively at New Bedford, Nantucket, and on the high seas. In 1892 a new edition of *Moby Dick* was issued with an introduction by its editor, Arthur Stedman.

SHMAEL, a native of Manhattan, very desirous of adventure, determined upon going to sea as a sailor on a whaling voyage, and, packing his carpet-bag, set out for Cape Horn and the Pacific. On reaching New Bedford he had two days to wait before the next packet would leave for Nantucket, and he accordingly put up at the Spouter Inn for the time intervening, since he had resolved to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft. The inn, though of the humblest, was full, and Ishmael could secure quarters at all only by consenting to share the bed of a harpooner. This strange bedfellow proved to be a South Sea cannibal islander supporting himself temporarily by selling embalmed heads of New Zealanders in the streets of New Bedford. His name was Queequeg, and he soon conceived a great regard for Ishmael, whom he presented with his one remaining embalmed head, and insisted on his accepting half of his fortune, amounting to thirty dollars. Next, setting up a small idol, he appeared to wish Ishmael to join him in worship thereof. Ishmael, although born and bred in the bosom of the infallible Presbyterian Church, reasoned that worship was to do the will of God, or, in other words, do to one's fellowman what one would have him do to oneself; and as he would wish Queequeg to unite with him in his particular Presbyterian worship, so, for the time, he turned idolater with Queequeg.

Filled with a desire to visit Christian lands, Queequeg had left his native island in a Sag Harbor ship as whaleman. He had hoped to learn among Christians the arts by which to make his own people happier; but what he saw of whalemen's practises convinced him that Christians could be infinitely more miserable and wicked than all the heathens of his native island. Once in Sag Harbor and seeing what sailors did there, and then witnessing their doings at Nantucket, Queequeg said to himself: "It's a wicked world in all meridians; I'll die a pagan." For the present he meant to cruise about in all oceans as a harpooner, since he was afraid that long association with Christians had unfitted him for returning home and ascending the undefiled throne of thirty pagan kings before him.

Ishmael now told him of his own purpose to embark from Nantucket as a whaleman, and Queequeg at once resolved to embark in the same ship and share every hap with his new friend, to which plan Ishmael joyfully assented.

On Sunday Ishmael explored New Bedford, wondering at the mariners of all nations he encountered in the streets, and attending a Whaleman's Chapel in which the chaplain reached his lofty pulpit by a perpendicular side ladder which he then hauled up after him and deposited within the pulpit interior, leaving him impregnable in his little Quebec. Very appropriately the sermon was from the text: "And God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah."

The next day the two friends carried their few possessions to the Nantucket packet, the *Moss*, among whose passengers were some young fellows inclined to jeer at Queequeg. In return the savage lightly tossed one of them into the air, to his intense alarm. Shortly afterward the young fellow was caught by the boom and swept overboard, upon which Queequeg dived into the sea and rescued his late tormentor. Everyone now regarded Queequeg as a hero, but he did not seem to think he deserved a medal, and mildly eying those around him, seemed to be saying to himself: "It's a mutual joint-stock world, in all meridians. We cannibals must help these Christians."

At Nantucket Ishmael and his companion had been recommended to try pot-luck at the Try Pots, directions to find which involved "keeping a yellow warehouse on our starboard hand

till we opened a white church to the larboard, and keeping that on the larboard hand till we made a corner three points to the starboard, and this done, asking the first man met where the place was."

That night Queequeg informed Ishmael that his little black god, Yojo, on being consulted, had strongly indicated that the selection of a ship must depend on Ishmael, and in the morning the search began while Queequeg was still closeted with his black deity. Ishmael presently learned that there were three ships up for three years' voyages: the *Devil-dam*, the *Tit-bit*, and the *Pequod*, and, beholding the *Pequod*, he decided that to be his choice for Queequeg and himself. On its deck he discovered an old mariner in Quaker garb, and to him he told his errand, adding that he knew nothing of whaling but had been in the merchant service.

"Want to see what whaling is? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab?"

"The captain of this ship."

"I thought I was speaking to the captain himself."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg. It belongs to me and Captain Bildad to see the *Pequod* fitted out for the voyage. We are part owners and agents. But if thou wantest to know what whaling is, clap eye on Captain Ahab, and thou wilt find he has only one leg."

"What do you mean? Was the other one lost by a whale?"

"Lost by a whale? Young man, it was devoured by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat."

As Ishmael still held to his resolve, Captain Peleg announced his willingness to ship him, and in the cabin they found Captain Bildad, also in Quaker costume, and reading the Bible. After some bluster from Peleg, and solemn adjuration from his crony, Bildad, the papers were signed and permission was accorded to bring Queequeg on the morrow.

When Ishmael made inquiries concerning Captain Ahab, Captain Peleg averred that he was a good man—not a pious, good man like Bildad, but a swearing good man, not unlike the speaker himself. After some expressed doubts of Queequeg's conversation Ishmael succeeded next day in getting his friend's

papers signed on the strength of his being a member of the First Congregation of the whole worshiping world and his dexterity with a harpoon.

As Queequeg and Ishmael were sauntering about on leaving the *Pequod* a stranger hailed them, inquiring whether they had shipped in that vessel and whether anything was said about their souls in the articles they had signed. The stranger, who gave his name as Elijah, uttered various other enigmatical remarks concerning Captain Ahab, and the two came to the conclusion that the said Elijah was a humbug.

In the gray of the morning when the *Pequod* was to sail, Ishmael dimly saw some sailors running toward the ship, and at that moment Elijah accosted him:

"Elijah," said Ishmael, "you will oblige my friend and me by withdrawing. We are going to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and would prefer not to be detained."

"Ye be, be ye? Coming back before breakfast?"

"Never mind him, Queequeg. Come on," said Ishmael.

But he stole up to them again and said: "Did ye see anything like men going to that ship a little while ago?"

"I thought I saw four or five men, but it was too dim to be sure."

"See if you can find 'em, will ye?"

"Find who?"

"Morning to ye," he said abruptly, moving off. "I was going to warn ye against—but never mind, it's all one. Good-by to ye."

No trace of the mysterious sailors appeared, but presently the crew came aboard the *Pequod*, and about noon the ship, under the joint pilotage of Captains Bildad and Peleg, weighed anchor, and at nightfall the two pilots returned to Nantucket in the sailboat that had kept alongside, but Captain Ahab was not yet visible. Starbuck, the chief mate, was a thin Nantucket Quaker; Stubbs, the second mate, a happy-go-lucky Cape Codder; while the third mate, Flask, was a ruddy young fellow from Tisbury, on Martha's Vineyard. The harpooners included Queequeg; Tashtego, a Gay Head Indian; and Daggoo, a gigantic coal-black negro; while the rest of the crew was recruited from all parts of the world.

After several days Captain Ahab at length appeared on deck, a tall, broad man disfigured by a scar or brand on one side of his face. He had a leg fashioned from the jaw-bone of a whale and upon this he partly stood, there being an auger hole in the quarter-deck on each side, in which he steadied his artificial leg while he held by one arm to the rigging. After this he was visible every day, either standing in his pivot-hole, or heavily walking the deck, but as yet, for all that he said, or perceptibly did, he seemed as unnecessary there as another mast. On one occasion Stubbs was recounting to Flask a singular dream of his regarding the Captain when Ahab suddenly shouted: "Mast head, there! Look sharp, all of ye. There are whales hereabouts! If you see a white one, split your lungs for him!" This adjuration led Stubbs to say to his companion that there was something in the wind. "A white whale—did ye mark that?"

Near the close of one day in the Pacific, Captain Ahab, standing in his pivot-hole, ordered Starbuck to send everybody aft, and when the ship's company was assembled he said: "All ye mast-headers have heard me give orders about a white whale. See this Spanish ounce of gold? It is a sixteen-dollar piece, men;" and then, nailing the bright coin to the mainmast, he continued: "Whoever raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw; whoever raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke, shall have this gold ounce. A white whale, I say, a white whale! Look sharp for white water. If ye see but a bubble, sing out."

The three harpooners declared that he must mean Moby Dick, which each of them had seen. The excited old mariner now shouted that it was Moby Dick that had dismasted him; it was that accursed white whale that had razeed him, but that he would chase him around Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round the Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames, before he would give him up. "And this is what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land and all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out."

The crew now applauded, though Starbuck demurred, and all presently drank to the death of Moby Dick and vowed to

pursue him to the end. Again the draught went the rounds of the frenzied crew ere Ahab retired to his cabin. Ishmael, who had shouted vengeance with the rest, now heard many a tale of this mysterious solitary monster, regarding which even supernatural terrors were felt by many seamen. He had often been pursued and had always inflicted damage upon his pursuers, and various fatalities had attended his chase. Since the encounter in which Moby Dick had bitten off his leg, Ahab had cherished a fierce vindictiveness against the whale which, in his monomania, came to seem the incarnation of all malignant agencies. The full force of his lunacy was apparent only in tempestuous seas, but it was evident that he had sailed on this voyage with the one fixed intention of hunting Moby Dick. His crew of mongrel renegades and castaways seemed especially fit for his purpose, their hate readily responding to his, and Ishmael felt the contagion of numbers. Although the slaughter of Moby Dick was Ahab's ultimate purpose, he was too good a whaleman to neglect entirely the nominal aim of the *Pequod's* voyage, and the customary usages of a whaling ship were still observed.

On a certain afternoon Tashtego, in the crosstrees, cried out: "There she blows!" and at once measures were taken to secure the whale now sighted. As the three boats were being swung off, five dusky phantoms suddenly surrounded Ahab on the other side of the deck and cast loose the tackling of the fourth boat. The chief of these was a tall and swart white-turbaned figure, his companions evidently aborigines from the Philippines and commonly supposed to be confidential agents of the devil. As the ship's company gazed at the strangers, seemingly sprung from nowhere, Ahab cried to the white-turbaned man, "All ready there, Fedallah?" and soon the four boats dropped into the sea with Ahab in the one with the five strangers. The presence of these men in the *Pequod's* hold had been dimly suspected by one or two of the crew, and while Stubbs confidently accounted for them as stowaways there were many conjectures as to Ahab's exact agency in the matter from the beginning. Ishmael now recalled the mysterious shadows he had seen boarding the *Pequod* in the early morning at Nantucket and Elijah's peculiar hints.

Captain Ahab knew very well that the owners of the *Pequod* never intended to furnish him with a boat for his especial use and supplied with five extra men, and he had accordingly taken measures of his own to get what he wanted. The Filipinos soon found places among the crew, but Fedallah continued to be a mystery to the end.

During the excitement of catching the first whale, the boat with Ishmael, Starbuck, and Queequeg was separated from the others as night came on with a storm, and in the early dawn they were nearly run down by the ship, but saved themselves by leaping into the sea, whence they were presently drawn on board. Considering his late peril, and the devil's chase for the white whale in which he was involved, Ishmael decided to go below and make his will with Queequeg as his lawyer, executor, and legatee.

While the *Pequod* was making toward the Java coast the cry was raised, "The White Whale!" and the ship's boats were quickly lowered, but the vast pulpy mass the seamen saw, furlongs in length and breadth, and with countless long arms twisting like a nest of anacondas, was not Moby Dick but the giant squid, which few ships ever had beheld and returned to tell of it. According to Queequeg, the presence of the squid indicated the neighborhood of a sperm whale, and the next day one was sighted and killed by Stubbs. After this event the *Pequod* encountered the *Jeroboam*, from Nantucket, but as this vessel had a malignant epidemic on board its captain refused to come directly into contact with the *Pequod* and little could be learned from it of the White Whale. The *Jungfrau*, from Bremen, was next seen, and at the same time a school of whales. The boats of both vessels now gave chase to the largest whale, but the *Pequod* won in the struggle and killed the creature, which sank almost immediately, while the *Jungfrau* departed in the wake of an uncapturable fin-back which was mistaken for a sperm whale.

In the Straits of Sunda the vessel was pursued by Malays, but escaped, and after this adventure it had several ineffectual whaling encounters, at one time securing a mass of ambergris from the body of a decaying whale. Not long after this Pip, a small negro member of the crew, was by some mishap left

adrift from one of the boats, and though rescued by the merest chance by those on the ship itself, he was an idiot from fright ever after. The English craft, the *Samuel Enderly*, now crossed the *Pequod's* path and was hailed by Ahab in order to know whether she had seen the White Whale.

"See you this?" said the Englishman, holding up a white arm of sperm whalebone, whereupon the *Pequod's* boat was manned and Ahab was soon on board of the *Enderly* displaying his sperm whalebone leg, and plying the commander with queries concerning Moby Dick. After an excited interview, in which Ahab learned that Moby Dick when last seen was heading east, our Captain returned to the *Pequod* so precipitately as to shatter his ivory leg. The ship's carpenter was summoned to make him a new leg out of jaw ivory; and while this was being accomplished Starbuck informed the Captain that some of the casks in the hold were leaking and should be examined. To this Ahab at first objected; but he consented at last, and while exploring in the chill damp hold, Queequeg caught a cold which developed into a fever that nearly brought him to his end. The carpenter even made a coffin for Queequeg, but he presently recovered and chose to use the article for a sea-chest, carving many grotesque designs upon it.

When the ship was in the South Seas they met the *Bachelor*, a Nantucket vessel, bound for home after a most prosperous voyage, which the crew were now celebrating in merriest fashion. Its commander implored Ahab to come aboard.

"Hast seen the White Whale?" called Ahab in reply.

"No; only heard of him, but don't believe in him at all. Come aboard!"

"Thou art too damned jolly. Sail on!"

Four whales were killed the next day, one by Ahab; and that night in a weird interview with the Parsee, Fedallah, the Captain declared that he should yet slay Moby Dick and survive it. In the Japanese seas the *Pequod* was struck by the typhoon, and while phosphorescent lights burned at the mastheads the Captain and the Parsee knelt to worship the flames. Starbuck now implored the Captain to give over his mad pursuit, let him square the yards and make fair wind of it homeward. Thereupon Ahab swore to transfix with his harpoon the man who

should cast loose even a rope's end; and as the men fell back in dismay he declared that all their oaths to hunt the White Whale were as binding as his own. After midnight the typhoon abated so much that the yards were squared; and following the standing order to report any decided change Starbuck went below to inform Captain Ahab of this circumstance. As he noted the loaded muskets in the rack a wild thought entered his mind, and holding one of these in his hand he soliloquized: "I come to report a fair wind. But how fair? For death and doom—*that's* fair for Moby Dick. This very tube he pointed at me. He would have killed me with this I handle now? Ay, and he would fain kill all his crew. But shall this crazed old man be suffered to drag a whole ship's company down to doom with him if he have his way? If, then, he were this instant—put aside, that crime would not be his. I stand with two oceans and a whole continent between me and law. Is Heaven a murderer when its lightning strikes a would-be murderer in his bed? And would I be a murderer, then, if—"and slowly he placed the loaded musket's end against the door. "On this level Ahab's hammock swings within; his head this way. A touch, and Starbuck may survive to hug his wife and child again. Great God! Where art thou? Shall I? Shall I?"

The musket shook against the panel; Starbuck seemed wrestling with an angel, but turning, he placed the death-tube in its rack and left, later sending Stubbs to inform the Captain of the change of wind.

In the morning it was ascertained that the compasses pointed east while the *Pequod* was going west, the needle having been transpointed in the storm, but with the aid of a lance without its pole, a small sailmaker's needle, and a topmaul, Ahab triumphed over the accident, exclaiming: "Look for yourselves if Ahab be not lord of the level lodestone."

The ship now held on toward the equator, and on one occasion, when a sailor at the masthead slipped and fell into the sea, the life-buoy, a long, slender cask, was tossed after him, but the sun's heat had shrunk the cask, which slowly filled and followed the sailor to the bottom. No cask of sufficient lightness was found to take its place till Queequeg suggested that his coffin be

used for this purpose, which was done after the carpenter had made needful alterations.

On the following day the *Rachel*, a large ship, was descried, and Ahab at once hailed her with the usual question: "Hast seen the White Whale?"

"Ay, yesterday," was the answer. "Have ye seen a whale-boat adrift?"

The Captain of the *Rachel* now came aboard the *Pequod*; he was a Nantucketer whom Ahab knew, and he explained that on the day before, while three of the *Rachel's* boats were chasing a shoal of whales, Moby Dick came in sight and the fourth boat was sent in chase after him but was not seen again. In this boat was the Captain's son, and he implored Ahab to allow him to charter his ship for forty-eight hours in order that the two ships might search for the missing boat. But to the most passionate entreaties Ahab turned a deaf ear, and soon the vessels parted, the *Rachel* yawing this way and that in the search for the lost boat.

Ahab's grim purpose had now reduced his crew to awestruck acquiescence in his will, and they obeyed him automatically. Meeting the *Delight*, they saw on its deck the shattered skeleton of its whaleboat, and to this the Captain pointed when Ahab signaled: "Hast seen the White Whale? Hast killed him?"

"The harpoon is not yet forged that will ever do that," the Captain replied, and the ships parted company.

At last Moby Dick was sighted from the *Pequod*, and for three days the pursuit and battle continued. On the first day the Captain's boat was stove in, but Ahab and his crew were rescued by the crew of Stubbs's boat, and all returned to the ship. On the morrow the frenzied chase was renewed, the White Whale in his mad evolutions inextricably entangling the three lines now fast to him and dashing together the two boats commanded by Stubbs and Flask. The crews were rescued by the ship but the Parsee was lost. Starbuck now begged Ahab to give over his mad purpose, but without success, and again in the contest on the third day, when the White Whale seemed to be "intent only on pursuing his own straight path in the sea." Ahab, however, was not to be moved, and the White Whale, after nearly capsizing Ahab's boat, turned his full force against

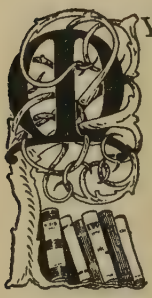
the ship, which reeled beneath the blow, settled, and presently disappeared. Once more Ahab darted the harpoon, and as Moby Dick sprang forward the flying line caught the Captain round the neck and in a moment he was gone. As the terrified crew looked about them they saw only the disappearing *Pequod* and soon, caught in the vortex, the lone boat itself vanished. The sole survivor of the ship's company was Ishmael, who, when tossed into the sea on that last day, by some chance escaped being drawn so swiftly into the vortex; and presently, discovering the coffin life-buoy, he was buoyed up by it for a day and a night, till rescued by a sail at last. It was the devious cruising *Rachel*, which, in her retracing search for her missing children, only found another orphan.

DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA

(Spain, 1500–1574)

LAZARILLO DE TORMES (1553)

This celebrated work, clever and ingenious in conception, is the earliest example of the *novela picaresca*, peculiar to the literature of Spain, and its author may be called the inventor of this narrative form. *Lazarillo* is the legitimate father, so to speak, of both *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas*. Mendoza raised an immortal monument to the genius of the Castilian tongue when he wrote this lively tale, which has always maintained great popularity in Spain, as well as in other lands.



MY surname was given me because I happened to be born in a mill, on the river Tormes, where my father was employed. I had only reached my ninth year when my unlucky father, charged with cheating customers, was taken into custody and suffered the full penalty of the law. After such persecution he went as mule-driver to a gentleman, who joined an armament, and in that expedition against the Moors my father lost his life. At first my widowed mother endeavored to earn a livelihood by opening an eating-house and doing washing, but an indiscretion forced her to become a servant at an inn, where I went on errands.

While we were engaged thus a blind man took a fancy to me, and in compliance with his request my mother confided me to his care, that I might lead him about. This sightless beggar soon proved himself to be a capital rogue, and gave me the benefit of his valuable experience, initiation to which being a violent thump of my head against a stone statue.

Now thoroughly awakened, as it were, to the responsibilities of my situation, I began to outwit my crafty and avaricious master, whose repertory of prayers wheedled tribute from even the

most sophisticated. Though he fed himself generously, I should have starved in his service had not my powers of invention and nimble fingers been equal to his vigilance. I succeeded in stealing choice morsels through a skilfully made rent in his provision-bag, and in reducing his charity farthings to half their original value by a clever substitution of coins.

The cunning rascal suspected me, however, and my dexterity was often sorely taxed. Once, when I was helping myself to his wine, by means of a straw inserted in a secretly bored hole in his jar, he suddenly raised the vessel and brought it with a crash against my mouth, breaking it along with most of my teeth. From that hour, though he cured me of my wounds, I bore him an inveterate grudge and planned how I might get rid of the vicious old curmudgeon. My vindictiveness was furthermore kept alive by the beatings he gave me, often without provocation. In return I led him over the worst roads I could find, where stones were sharpest or mud deepest. Omitting many curious anecdotes of this my first service, I will content myself with relating the manner of its termination.

One day while we were in Escalona, he gave me a piece of sausage to cook, the savory smell of which was supposed to be my only portion. The devil tempted me to substitute a near-by turnip, shaped like the sausage, in its place; so, putting the vegetable in the roaster, I ate the meat while on my way to buy wine. When I returned it was to see the miserable old sinner preparing to make a delicious repast on the cold, hard turnip stuck between slices of bread. One bite betrayed the nature of his delicacy. So deft had I been at the trick that I hoped he would not suspect me, but another. Alas! he seized me by the head, opened my mouth, and thrust therein his ugly, long nose! The rage of that villainous beggar was diabolical, and I believe he would have killed me except for outside interference. Smarting under his blows I regretted that I had not bitten off the old fellow's nose, but the following day, after our round of begging, I led my master in front of a large stone pillar, and told him we had before us a brook that must be jumped over. Pouring rain aided my plot. Pretending to leap myself, I bade him do likewise, and he hurled himself against the pillar with such force that he fell to the pavement unconscious. "Take that, you

unhappy old thief!" I cried, "and remember the sausage!" Thereupon I took to my heels, leaving him to the crowd that had gathered around. That was the last I ever saw of him.

At Maqueda I entered the service of a certain priest who, in a short time, turned out the most niggardly of miserable devils. All food was locked up in an old chest, save for a string of onions hanging in the garret, the key of which was also in the holy man's close keeping. I certainly should have died of hunger except that when we went to pray at convents or funerals a good meal was invariably provided. Naturally, my prayers besought God that He would be pleased to take His own to Himself, for on such an occasion I was sure of a full belly. It may be said with truth that at that time I took delight in nothing but death, and often I longed for my own to get rid of my healthy appetite. But one day in the midst of this misery an angel, in the guise of a tinker, appeared at an opportune moment, and I had the lucky inspiration to ask him whether it were possible to make a key that would fit the lock of the larder-chest. My angelic tinker had one that fitted on the bunch he carried, and in exchange for this precious gift I invited him to help himself to the bread disclosed to our longing eyes. I ate one loaf of my farinaceous paradise, and capered about the house for joy. Short-lived was the new-found happiness, as my wretched master began counting his white loaves, much to my mortification. Nevertheless, I dared nibble them, and the dismayed priest attributed the depredation to rats. This gave me a new idea, so I began boring holes in the old chest, and attacked the bread treasure tooth and nail. Then my master stopped up my artistic rat-holes with pieces of wood, which he nailed over them. But at night, while he slept, I continued to gnaw new entrances, afterward opening the chest to masticate my sweet reward.

At last, in desperation, the angry priest baited a trap, and thus to my nocturnal meal was added a piquant relish. Finding his efforts to catch the rodents in vain, my frantic employer concluded that a snake was at work, and arming himself with a cudgel he would wander about the house like a hobgoblin, seeking his prey. Fearing he might discover my key during such prowlings, I slept with it in my mouth, a feat of little difficulty

to me, as I had used the same hiding-place for a purse when engaged with the blind beggar.

But ingenuity can be of little avail when misfortune is our lot. While I slept my breath whistled through the hollow in the key, and his wakeful reverence hearing the noise, and thinking it surely a snake's hissing, brought down his club upon my head in the darkness. I was knocked senseless, of course, and my priestly reptile-killer discovered the instrument which had made the hiss. After fourteen or fifteen days I was able to leave my bed, and though I was only half cured, my worthy and truly respectable master put me into the street, saying: "Lazaro, I do not require so diligent nor so clever a servant!" Then he shut the door in my face.

Weak as I was, I gradually made my way to Toledo, where my wounds were soon healed. Charity being found chiefly in heaven, I found but a scant living in going from door to door. Therefore, when a well-dressed esquire asked me whether I was seeking a master I eagerly followed his heels, and thanked Providence for this good turn of fortune. This elegant gentleman walked about the greater part of the city, passing the markets without the slightest notice, which led me to conclude him to be a gentleman indeed, whose domestic concerns were carried on by a retinue of inferiors.

After attending prayers at the cathedral, he proceeded toward one of the back streets of the city. About one o'clock in the afternoon we reached his abode, a dark, dismal-looking house, with bare walls and no furniture to speak of. Carefully removing his cloak, my new master began cross-examining me as to my former situations, while I grew more famished every minute. No signs of dinner almost provoked tears at my fresh misfortune, but, concealing my emotion, I seated myself near the door, and began eating some crusts of bread collected in my career of charity. My master composedly joined me in this frugal meal, selecting the best and largest pieces, but I, realizing how matters must stand with him, redoubled my haste in demolishing the scraps, though he succeeded in getting the crumbs which had fallen. That night there was no supper, and I lay at my proud master's feet, upon a bed made up of a sort of platform of reeds, extended on benches, which had scant cover-

ing of doubtful cleanliness. I could not sleep, for the canes of my mattress were continually engaged with my equally prominent bones, and I was mad with hunger as well. A thousand times did I curse myself and my unhappy fortunes.

The next morning I helped the cavalier to dress, and when he praised the sharpness of his sword, I reflected that I could do more with my teeth than the blade, for I felt I could bite through a four-pound loaf and devour it afterward. Bidding me look to the house, he sallied forth like a well-fed count. Who would ever suspect that he had shared a poor boy's bread-crusts yesterday, and had dried his face and hands on the lining of his garments, because he lacked a towel? It gave me an opportunity to moralize on false ideas of honor. I breakfasted on some cabbage-stalks, and as my master failed to appear by noon, I went begging bread again. Talented in this art, at least, I filled my empty stomach and secured a surplus; in short, I returned home with two pounds of bread, a cow-heel and some boiled tripe, delicacies which were shared with my excellent cavalier, who pretended he was not hungry, though devouring the food ravenously.

Eight or ten days passed in this manner, my master taking the air like a man of fashion, and returning home to feast on my bounty. Though this was the reverse of what I had expected. I liked the proud gentleman, who strutted about the streets among the finest people, as the equal of anybody.

So time passed, until it pleased my miserable fortune to envy me even this precarious condition. The corn harvest having suffered, asking alms was forbidden by the magistracy. I barely kept body and soul together with the few morsels given me by some poor cotton-spinners. As for my master, he ate nothing to my knowledge during these days of want, though he swaggered out of the house with a straw stuck in his mouth for a toothpick! Then, by an extraordinary chance, he gained possession of one *real*, which was put in my hand that I might convert it into meat and drink. But on my way to the market-place I encountered a funeral procession, and in the rear the widow wept, lamenting aloud that they were taking her dear husband to a dismal habitation, where there was neither eating nor drinking. Frightened, appalled by these words, I concluded

they were bearing the corpse to our house! Forgetting my errand, I rushed back to my master with the terrible news, but he burst into a violent fit of laughter, while I held the door against the oncoming cortège. At length he convinced me of my absurd mistake; but my apprehension cost me my appetite, and it was considerable time before I recovered poise.

Not long after the aforesaid adventure rent for room and couch was demanded of my worthy master. Assuring his creditors that he would immediately change a piece of gold, he departed, but never returned. Thereupon I was seized and imprisoned, but my honesty could not be impugned, so I was released. Surely it was a singular performance, that of a master running away from his servant, and quite the reverse of the usual order. Of course I sought a new master, who turned out to be a holy friar, forever on the trot hither and thither, but I could not endure his pace, and took my leave of him without permission.

My fifth master was a *bulero* or dealer in papal indulgences, one of the cleverest rascals I ever hope to meet. He practised all species of deceit, was full of subtle inventions, and successfully suited his conversation and manners to the most opposed characters. A recount of his maneuvers would occupy a volume. When he could not extort money by his regular artifices he would hire an *alguazil*, or some other creature, to become his accomplice, and together they would palm off a manufactured miracle on the gullible congregations which, believing in the divine mission of the impostor, not a man, woman, or child in it could leave the church without buying an indulgence. After such a scene my sanctified commissary and his confederate would give way to much merriment. Long before I quitted this hypocrite I had ceased to be a child of grace, because of his vile practises.

For the next few years I cried water through the city, having engaged with a chaplain, who equipped me with pitchers and an ass to bear them. Success in this new office was mine, and it did not take me long to cut a very gentlemanlike appearance out of my master's wardrobe. No sooner had I noticed my own graces in my new apparel, and become conscious of my Cuellar sword, than I had done with the humble office which had been

responsible for them; and bidding the chaplain farewell, I went under an *alguazil*. It proved dangerous employment, however, the man of justice being killed in a fracas one night; therefore I threw up the place. Then, by the favor of good friends, I gained an office under the royal government, which I still keep, and flourish in it. My duty is simply that of making public proclamation of wine sold at auction, and at similar sales; I also publish to the world, in a loud voice, the faults of those who suffer persecution for justice's sake.

To complete the felicity of my present condition, the archpriest of Salvador, choosing from among his domestics, picked me out a wife, a woman of whom my lord was especially fond. Evil tongues wagged, but I heeded them not, and my apparent deafness was wisdom indeed, for it would have been the height of folly to doubt my lord's interest and kindness. All this happened the year that our triumphant Emperor Charles made his entry into this city of Toledo, where his court made merry.

Behold me, then, at the top of the ladder, the favorite of citizen and priest, and recipient of all kinds of favors, public and private. My satisfaction was further augmented by the birth of a daughter, a little beauty, which my wife declared all my own! But continuation of this happy state was not compatible with my fortune, which soon began to wear a different aspect. My wife failed in health and died. A fresh series of miseries and difficulties then followed, but to recount them would be too severe and cruel a task for me to attempt.

GEORGE MEREDITH

(England, 1828)

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL (1859)

Representation of sexual purity in man has not been a favorite theme of modern writers. Those who have attempted it have treated it with grotesque humor, made it a basis for satire, or, like Wagner in his music dramas, studied their subjects under the hazy conditions of ancient myths. Meredith, in *Richard Feverel*, undertook the extremely difficult task of such a study under contemporaneous conditions. He does not set a definite year for his events, but that the period is modern is established by the fact that on occasion the personages make use of railway trains. Most of the action takes place in the country enfolding the Thames west of London, a little in the metropolis itself, a little in the Isle of Wight, and a very little on the Continent. Many critics regard the book as the author's greatest achievement.

HERE was a baronet, a man of wealth and honor, who had one son and a book of aphorisms. The son increased in stature no faster than the book in length, and, as the boy grew toward manhood, so the book became more and more the storage of wisdom, until, if he had not thought so before, the fond father came to believe that he knew how to bring up his child. If he had succeeded, his book would have been the most valuable contribution to literature since—to be wholly conservative—the New Testament.

Sir Austin Feverel, of Raynham Abbey, was the father in the case. He did not have the assistance, such as it might have been, of the lad's mother, for Lady Feverel deserted her scientific husband in favor of a poetic scribbler shortly after their son Richard's birth. Sir Austin decreed that Richard's nature should be pure; that he should grow to be a man of perfect physical health, and that his purity of character should be assured by not subjecting him to temptations before he was old

enough to understand and withstand them. Therefore such dangerous influences as schools and university were denied to the lad. He was surrounded with tutors, uncles, and cousins older than himself. These influences, be it observed, were all those of mature minds. As it was unthinkable that one weak mind should gain strength from another weak mind, Richard was denied chums, that is, after his fourteenth birthday. For some time previous to that anniversary, which happened to be momentous in his history, he did have a chum, Ripton Thompson, the son of Sir Austin's solicitor; but on that festal day these boys fell into a terrible scrape, and before they were fully clear of it Ripton was summoned home and was not again invited to Raynham.

Maddened by a real enough offense, the boys, or, rather, Richard, for Ripton was merely his idolatrous follower, instigated an aggrieved laborer to fire the hayricks of Farmer Blaize; in consequence of which mischief the Baronet had to pay a heavy bill of damages, and Richard had to ask the farmer's pardon. The lad did it for the sole reason that any other course would not have restrained the farmer from prosecuting the poor devil who had actually touched the match to the hay, and Richard's sense of honor would not permit another to suffer for his misdoing.

When he called at the farmer's house on his humiliating errand he was admitted by a bright little girl, a year or so younger than himself, who made admiring eyes at him that he did not see. Farmer Blaize introduced her as his orphan niece Lucy, daughter of an officer, a Catholic, and a very nice girl. Richard gave her the minimum of bow required by courtesy, but did not see her. His mind was absorbed by that hateful apology. She watched him, when he departed, as long as she could see him as he strode up the lane toward Raynham.

Sir Austin's perfect poise, his calm but firm insistence on right conduct, his large magnanimity throughout and after this episode, opened the boy's heart to affection that amounted to blind worship of his father. There are men, whose fathers did not have a rigid system in bringing them up, who will remember what this means. Father in error on any conceivable topic? Impossible! He may at times be stern to the point of inflicting

corporal punishment (which Sir Austin was not), but wrong, never! There were friends of the Baronet, members of his family—ay, the tutors chosen for instructing the son—who quietly laughed at his system. They were honorable enough to do so to his face, calling him the Scientific Humanist, averring that he was attempting to play Providence for the boy, casting polite but frank doubts on the inerrancy of his wisdom; but, as they were also loyal enough to follow the system according to the lines he laid down, and as Sir Austin was rather pleased with their characterization of him, there was not only no quarrel, but nothing happened, so far as these mature minds could arrange events, to counteract the influence of the system or give it any other than a remarkably fair trial.

For several years after that fourteenth birthday the Baronet certainly seemed to be justified in standing by the system. Richard was a sturdy and sufficiently studious youngster, good to look upon, admirably behaved, and not a little given to serious contemplation of the future. The poetic fever assailed him when he was seventeen, and he wrote many rhymed lines. Literature was his ambition at that period, just as military leadership had been at another, but self-expression through what he called poetry was dearer than martial dreams. It really meant something to him; for, whether poetic talent lay in him or not, sincerity did; and his verses were not only symptomatic of the man just coming into sight, but valuable as a stimulus to hasten the coming of the finished being. A loyal tutor discovered what was accumulating under the midnight candle, and warned Sir Austin, who received the news with composure. It would have belied the system to be disturbed at any manifestation in growing youth. The system was for the very purpose of discovering error and correcting it. Richard was summoned to his father's presence and gently, affectionately informed that poetry was not for Feverels. None of the blood ever had descended to it. And when the gracious lecture was at end, the Baronet suggested—not commanded, observe—suggested that it would give him deep satisfaction if Richard would destroy his verses. Richard sighed and threw his manuscripts in the fire.

You may have noticed that a book, or even several sheets of

paper, thrown in a compact bunch into flames, will burn merrily at the edges, scorch and shrivel, but stubbornly refuse to be destroyed altogether. There is almost sure to be a page or two in the middle that merely smells of fire afterward and preserves its message legible to any who knows his letters. So it was in this case, though Richard was wholly unaware of the fact. The servant who cleaned his room found one almost uninjured sheet in the grate. Some undefined freak caused her to save it and give it to the serving-maid employed by Farmer Blaize, who, for the consideration of a bright gold sovereign, gave it to Lucy, that one-time little girl who made admiring eyes at Richard when he called upon his errand of apology.

Now that Richard was saved from the corruption of poetry, his father, cogitating upon this particular symptom, perceived that it was high time to guard the boy from the blandishments of the opposite sex. Sir Austin went so far in this matter as to banish from Raynham Richard's little cousin, Clare Forey. They had been to some extent playfellows, and Richard was her idol. Her mother hoped that some day Richard would marry her, but such an idea was not broached to the Baronet. Mrs. Forey, who had been an inmate of Raynham for years, reluctantly bowed to the system and withdrew the contaminating influence of girlhood from the place. The servants were strictly enjoined, on pain of dismissal, not to indulge in philandering, lest Richard should see and wonder.

Much was done for Richard's pleasure, for it was a fundamental doctrine of the system that youth should be happy; and there were times when the lad seemed to enjoy himself heartily; but—and this the system with all its watchful eyes could not have seen—the destruction of ambition, which was coincident with the destruction of boyish verses, made impossible all true confidence thenceforth between father and son. The boy was reserved, not to say moody. He had sworn not to write verse, and he kept his promise, often throwing himself into excessive physical exercise as if in desperate effort to work off the inward tumult. The Baronet had decided that twenty-five should be Richard's marrying age; and, about six years before that time should arrive, he set about finding his son's mate. He left Raynham to visit certain families whose blood he had reason to

respect, with a view to choosing from among their daughters one who gave the greatest promise of becoming worthy of his son.

The Baronet was hardly out of sight of Raynham when Richard happened upon a girl in the fields. He might not have noticed her, certainly he would not have spoken to her, if accident, which defies systems, had not made it imperative that he should be of some slight service to her. She was on the river-bank, reaching for dewberries, and would have fallen in if he had not assisted her. There was no danger for her, save the discomfort of wet feet, no sort of heroism on his part; but the episode brought them together, and on that instant the system crashed down in ridiculous ruins. The youth longed to be of greater service to her, and she told him she had lost her book in the river. Then she begged him not to go after it, and laid her little hand on his arm to restrain him. In he jumped forthwith. He could not find the book, but he did rescue a scrap of paper which she told him had been in the book and was the only thing pertaining to it that had any value to her. It was the charred salvage of his early poems!

Enough! Enough! The fire had been in Lucy's heart since that humiliating visit of Richard to Farmer Blaize, and though she had to remind him that he had seen her then, and had to tell him—what Farmer Blaize had not omitted telling—that her name was Lucy, his heart flamed with sufficient ardor to atone for that long interval during which her existence was unsuspected. They loved as naturally as the flowers bloom; and all the suppressed poetry in the young man's nature came to his lips in thousandfold sweetness when he looked at her. And look at her he did, every day. They met in the meadow sanctified by their first real meeting, babbled as—thank God!—the children of love still can, and dreamed of the future.

Their innocent bliss must be left to the inference of such men and women as can remember their youth; for the system had conscientious watchers, and we must concern ourselves here with the events it managed to bring about in spite of its wreck. Richard's hasty meals, his long absences from the house, his frigid assumption of indifference to everything under the sun, led to a certain spying, and this to discovery. A hur-

ried summons came to Richard to join his father in London. He balked stubbornly. Why should he have to lose one of those daily meetings with Lucy? His watchers, greatly alarmed at his entanglement with the milkmaid—for, having learned all about Lucy, thus they dubbed her—gave him to understand that his father was dangerously ill. Then Richard hastened away.

He might have opened his heart to his father if the system had not bidden the father close his own. The Baronet, therefore, had only denials that were nothing short of lies, to his questions as to how matters had fared with his son. Each was offended with the other when it proved that the Baronet had not been ill—the son because he saw that he had been tricked, the father because he saw that the son had not come to him in willing, filial obedience. Richard tried to go home immediately after being assured of his father's health. The Baronet, exercising paternal authority, kept him in town three weeks, dwelling in his talks on the everlasting folly of young fellows who imagine themselves in love. Richard was not named, but he knew that he was meant as the young fellow, and he shut the door to his heart while he gave silent, lying acquiescence to his father's views.

Meantime letters from Lucy ceased. The watchers had apprised Farmer Blaize of the situation. The farmer had his own views. He intended Lucy for his loutish son; and, falling into alliance with the system, he bundled her off to a convent for further schooling. When she was safely at a distance the Baronet returned to Raynham with his son. Richard rode his horse furiously over the downs all through a tempestuous night when he learned the truth. Then he called on Blaize and asked for Lucy's hand. The farmer refused him. On the heels of this came information as to Lucy's whereabouts, gained by Richard's servant. Instantly Richard set off to catch a train to take him to her. The exposure of his night-long ride, added to his unwholesome excitement, overcame him, and he fell unconscious before he reached the station. There was a long and critical illness, and when he recovered he seemed to be emotionally dead. He himself believed that his passion for Lucy had gone forever, though he knew that with it had gone all interest in life.

Sir Austin was content. His son's life was preserved, and he regarded the listlessness following on disappointed love but as an item pathological for which the system had its corrective. He must have change of scene, travel, new associations, mingling with one's fellows, and other distractions, all quite as beneficent to a disordered heart as if the scientific humanist had been the first to discover them. Richard was sent to London as a beginning, with a dyspeptic uncle, a tour of the Continent being planned to follow with a witty cousin. Tom Blaize, the lout destined to be Lucy's husband, went up to London by the same train, and Richard's servant readily learned in the course of the journey that Tom was going to fetch Lucy, and that they were to be married soon after her return.

Behold love revived as speedily as it was born! Tom Blaize, utterly unfamiliar with London, lost his bearings and went to the wrong station to meet Lucy, aided dextrously in his error by Richard's faithful servant. Richard himself went to the right station, deserting his dyspeptic uncle without explanation, and sending a note to Ripton Thompson requiring that worthy to secure "lodgings for a lady." The details of the plot and Ripton's confusion in attending to working out his share may pass; the upshot is enough. Lucy was installed with a Mrs. Berry, in Kensington, a middle-aged woman whose heart warmed to the young lovers, and who helped them in all possible ways to arrive at the altar. There was nothing very difficult in that, three obstacles only. The first was Lucy's fear that their marriage might work ultimate ill for Richard. This was overcome by the ardor of her young lover. He did not think, he knew, that his father would forgive them once he saw Lucy! His was the dominating confidence of the man in love, and the woman in the case yielded as she has been in the habit of yielding since some period eons prior to Adam. The second was the law, but that was made easy by itself. Richard had only to lie like a gentleman to the registrar and pay a liberal fee to get a license permitting him, aged twenty-five, or thereabout, to marry Lucy, also of independent age. The third was the time that had to elapse between the taking out of the license and the ceremony, during which period various and sundry lies had to be told and written to watchful relatives. And all things came

to pass according to the lies. The relatives did not discover what was afoot until the evening of the day when Mr. and Mrs. Richard Feverel set out for the Isle of Wight on their honeymoon. And it was not until that same evening that Mrs. Berry discovered that the handsome "Mr. Richards," as she had known him, was none other than the Feverel heir whom she had nursed during the first eighteen months of his existence.

Of course there was a terrible to-do in all the ramifications of the Feverel family. A Feverel marry a milkmaid! Horrible! Some were for taking drastic measures. They would have had the marriage annulled on the ground of the difference in religion, on the ground of the infancy of the principals, on the ground—God bless you, sir—of common decency! Sir Austin was sadly shocked, but he clung to such remnants of his system as could be clutched; and there is this to be said for them, that they saved him from the conventional error of disinheriting his son. The Baronet supplied Richard with plenty of money, but there was no sign of forgiveness or capacity for it. That was the one cloud on a honeymoon otherwise as glorious as ever fell to the lot of mortals. Richard could not be sad, but it was a cloud, nevertheless, and with all his pride and joy in his beautiful wife, he did long for a reconciliation with his father. Little by little other members of the family came to think that it might be as well to make the best of it. They were not sure. It was certain only that the Baronet ought not to be permanently estranged from his son. They persuaded that cousin who was to have traveled with the heart-broken youth to visit the Isle of Wight and make observations.

The cousin found Mr. and Mrs. Richard members of a gay society. There was yachting, in which Richard excelled, and the many social festivities attendant upon that luxurious sport. Lord Mountfalcon had taken up Richard, as the saying is, and the young people were welcome everywhere. The cousin was charmed with Lucy. He saw that she deported herself with dignity appropriate to her husband's station, and yet with a sweet modesty that made her doubly attractive. He so reported to the relatives, and it was decided that Richard ought to seek his father and ask forgiveness.

This was the one thing Richard wished to do, and if he had

been allowed to go his own way—well, the story would have been different. The cousin persuaded him that it would be most inadvisable to go with Lucy to the father; better see him alone first. The cousin also persuaded Lucy that this was the one way to bring about peace. It was well-meant advice, and that is all the good that can be said of it. Richard went up to London to see his father, and Sir Austin, still following what he believed to be the right course, kept away from him. Day after day the young man was on the point of returning to his wife, and was always restrained by the pleadings of his relatives that his father would be mortally offended to come to London and find him gone. And meantime another influence was set up to keep him from Lucy. Lord Mountfalcon, a notorious rake, had been captivated by the beauty of the little bride. He perceived that this would be a conquest of unusual difficulty, and it appeared to him that the only way to win her from her husband was to convict her husband of unfaithfulness to her. To that end he engaged the most alluring of his former mistresses to effect the downfall of Richard. This Siren was still young, dazzlingly beautiful, and of brilliant if shallow mental attainments. Richard was thrown in her way, made acquainted with her. As to what followed—do not smile, as you value your immortal soul! Rather weep, for it was the normal if fantastic result of the system. He could not be idle, alone in London. Love had revived the ambition of his earlier days, not the same precise ambition, but ambition of a general kind. He longed to be useful, to do great things in behalf of humanity. His very love, natural, sweet, and eternally right, led him to exalt love and to look with aching sympathy on all evil that might be associated with it. His heart carried a dismal weight when he saw the women of the half-world. Surely something ought to be, could be, done for their redemption, for had they not sinned through love, that divinest of agencies? He soon knew that the Siren was a bad woman; she told him so herself, and, poor fool! he undertook to redeem her.

She, who had entered on her task lightly, found here a subject well worth conquest. He was not to be won by ordinary wiles, and she was wise enough not to attempt them. She told her story; she alternated between weeping contrition and des-

perate defiance of the world. Not a word of love passed on either side, but frequent meetings occurred, and in public; for Richard, proud as youth in the courage of his convictions, also defied the world. And so the world began to talk, and those blessed relatives took on a fresh alarm. Sir Austin stubbornly remained away, for system said that the young man must be well tried. So uncles and aunts now fell to teasing Richard to go back to his wife before his reputation should be irremediably smirched. He loftily scorned their warnings, for he knew his own sincere impulses; he did wish to return to his wife, whom he loved as devotedly as ever; but he also still wished to be reconciled to his father; and, such was the fascinating power of the Siren, he was more than ever eager to save her. At last he decided to return to the Isle of Wight, and he made a farewell visit to the Siren. She set his sympathies in a whirl by her penitence for the past; she rebuked fate that had not sent her a man like Richard; she wept her farewell, she bewildered his mind with her brilliant talk and dazzled his eyes with her beauty; and all this while she studiously dulled one side of his sensibilities and fired another with wine. Without a word of love on either side, the victory was hers.

Good Mrs. Berry was in the way of hearing more or less gossip, and it came to her ears that Lord Mountfalcon was lingering long after the season in the Isle of Wight, and paying unmistakable attention to Lucy. Forth to the Isle went Mrs. Berry. She found Lucy innocently enjoying the friendship of his lordship, utterly unsuspicious of his baseness, but nursing a growing anxiety because Richard's daily letters had ceased. Mountfalcon, having heard of the Siren's success, was on the point of carrying Lucy away by strategy and force, for he despaired of winning her in any other way. Mrs. Berry, without knowledge of the extent of his plans, but suspecting him sufficiently, took Lucy to her house in Kensington, the anxious girl going readily because she felt that somehow her husband had failed her.

The truth about Richard was this: he had awakened from his frenzy with such unspeakable self-repugnance that he could not now return to his wife. He had been unfaithful; he was unworthy; it would be sacrilege to face her again. Fantastic? Remember

the system and its normal fruits! He went to the Continent and studied Italian language and history, with a view to joining the Italian army of liberation. His father at last wrote to him, signifying that paternal forgiveness was at command. Richard read the letter and destroyed it. Thereafter he destroyed all letters without reading.

Presently returned to England an uncle who had been journeying for years in distant parts of the world. He would better have stayed at home, for, as it proved, he could do things, system or no system. His first inquiry was about Richard. Among the things he learned was the birth of Richard's son. This wise uncle rested not until he had learned Mrs. Berry's address, whereupon he went to Kensington, loved the sad young mother and her baby at once, and, willy-nilly, took them and Mrs. Berry to Raynham. He sent no word of warning. The Baronet knew what was at hand only when Lucy and the baby were presented to him. System? Presumably the system had provided for this, too. He opened his heart to the mother and his grandson and made them welcome; not effusively, such is not the English way, let alone that of a scientific humanist; but there was no mistaking his cordiality, and Lucy's conquest of the father abundantly justified the wisdom of her husband's thwarted course in the matter.

The uncle went to the Continent in search of Richard, found him, and apprised him of his new relationship to the world. It was an overwhelming revelation. Another night Richard passed in a storm, wandering over mountain roads while he tried to reason out his course. The end of that was the triumph of Nature. He set out for England. He would see his boy and his wife, he would confess his fault to her, and he would abide the consequences. His way took him through London, where he paused at his old hotel to inquire for letters. There was one from Lucy, another from the Siren. The latter disclosed the hateful Mountfalcon plot, and was devoted mainly to frantic assurances that she had not accepted his lordship's money for her infamy. As if that mattered!

Richard called on Mountfalcon and insulted him so outrageously that a challenge had to be forthcoming. Then he went on to Raynham. His meeting with his wife was such as all

who knew Lucy might have foretold. There was nothing on her part but inexpressible joy in his return. She showed him the sleeping baby, and his heart stood still. Could it be possible to avoid that duel? It was not possible. For many minutes his painful happiness tied his tongue. Then, true to his conception of right, he made his confession. She did not seem to understand. "But you love me?" she said inquiringly.

"I never loved any but you," he cried truly, "but I have been unfaithful."

"Kiss me, Richard!" she replied.

He managed to tell her that he must go away, for three days at the utmost; that he might return then. She could not listen to this. Leave her now? Impossible! Leave the baby? Of course he would not go. She clung to him, she caught up the sleeping child and tried to follow as he rushed from the room. Mrs. Berry heard her fall and ran to her, finding her unconscious.

Richard had gone and could not be overtaken. The duel was fought in France and Richard was dangerously but not fatally wounded. Sir Austin, Lucy and the baby, and other members of the family went to France to nurse Richard back to life. They succeeded, but Lucy never recovered from the shock, and she died there before her husband was able to rise from his bed. The Baronet's grief was obvious, in spite of his studious reserve, and undoubtedly sincere; but his closest friends doubted whether, after all, he perceived anything wrong with the system.

THE EGOIST (1879)

This is a story of the present day, its scene laid in rural England. It gives a comprehensive view of the life of a wealthy young English nobleman who has been reared in an atmosphere of excessive adulation, but the account of his early days is brief and introductory to the main story which covers a period of only a few weeks. The author himself has described the work as "A comedy in narrative."

THE engagement of Sir Willoughby Patterne, of Patterne Hall, to Constantia Durham, the handsomest and richest belle of the county, was announced several years after he attained his majority and came into his title and property. Shortly before the day set for the wedding, Constantia went quietly to London and married Captain Oxford. Gossips of high and low degree marveled at the young woman's folly; not one voice was heard to utter a reasonable explanation of her course, for nobody could find a shadow of fault with Sir Willoughby; but with the same breath in which they exclaimed over the catastrophe they expressed their conviction that he would now marry his most ardent admirer, Lætitia Dale, and they agreed that she would be a worthier Lady Patterne than the fickle Constantia could possibly have been.

Lætitia was the only child of a soldier who lived on his slender pension in one of Sir Willoughby's cottages. She was a little younger than the Baronet, admittedly a beauty, well educated, of unexceptionable manners; in her childhood she had been the future Baronet's playmate, in girlhood his best friend, in womanhood, as always, his idolatrous worshiper, second in her devotion not even to the Misses Patterne, Sir Willoughby's maiden aunts—slaves proud of their bondage. Prognostications seemed to be justified by the fact that as soon as he knew he was jilted Sir Willoughby attended Miss Dale in

her walks to and from church, called upon her, sought only her companionship, and in every way appeared to be her assiduous lover. Months passed in this fashion, and just when the county agreed that a sufficient interval had elapsed to justify the announcement of his engagement to Lætitia, Sir Willoughby set forth on a tour of the world that occupied him several years.

On his return he greeted Lætitia with effusive kindness, using such ardent phrases that exalted hope was rekindled in her breast. What could she think when Sir Willoughby fondly assured her that he meant to call on her father at an early day upon a matter of the utmost importance? He did call, congratulated the old soldier on having so beautiful and talented a daughter, and—renewed the very favorable lease under which Mr. Dale occupied the cottage! That, it proved, was the "matter of the utmost importance," and Lætitia confessed to her diary that she had been a fool.

Sir Willoughby looked over his vast estate, took the reins of management well into his own hands, and then went to London. Town life wearied him before long, and when he returned again to Patterne he brought with him his cousin, Vernon Whitford, as his secretary. Whitford was an eager scholar. He had little money of his own and had made no great success in eking out his income by literary work. Altogether, it was remarked as a prettily magnanimous thing for the Baronet to rescue his cousin from poverty and put him at the same time in a situation where his studious tastes could have almost uninterrupted swing; for his duties, while not exactly nominal, required but a fraction of his time. He was excessively fond of pedestrianism, which Sir Willoughby abhorred, and Lætitia was often his companion in long jaunts about the country.

Whitford, having now no pressing need to use his little income, devoted a considerable proportion of it to Crossjay Patterne, a twelve-year-old boy, one of the several sons of a soldier whose distant relationship had come to Sir Willoughby's notice by a deed of gallantry in battle. The Baronet graciously permitted his secretary to teach the youngster, but he would not have him at the Hall, and so Crossjay was lodged at the Dale cottage, Lætitia becoming in a way his joint instructor. It was plain to Whitford that Crossjay's taste and talents, such as he

had, pointed toward the sea; and he wished to place the lad with a "crammer" so that he could pass examinations for the navy. The consummation of this design required financial help, for the fees were beyond Whitford's resources. Sir Willoughby was not inclined to help. He had come to like the boy, and thought he might be made into a gentleman. With his patrons pulling in different ways, it looked as if young Crossjay would not get anywhere before he was pulled to pieces.

The lad's fate was not yet decided when Sir Willoughby met Clara Middleton. She was just turned nineteen, a girl of rare beauty, the only child of the Rev. Dr. Middleton, a man of profound scholarship and considerable wealth. A dozen men were eager to marry her when Sir Willoughby appeared. He admired the girl at first sight and loved her certainly not later than the second. Utterly unable to conceive that he could be beaten in any contest he undertook, he made a whirlwind campaign for Miss Middleton's heart and hand and won them while she was still dazed by the intensity of his wooing. He wished to be married at once; she pleaded for a year; they compromised on six months. "A wasted eternity," he told her. "I love as no other man can love. I give all and I require all. I suffer intolerably while that which is the perfect complement to my nature is withheld from me."

Declarations of this kind are commonplace enough among lovers, but Miss Middleton may not have been old enough to realize it. At all events, she took them seriously and was deeply impressed by the devotion of her lover and his frequently reiterated assurance that he "required all." He harped amazingly on his contempt for the world, which Clara had found beautiful and interesting, and sought to instil in her his own desire to be apart from and above it. He would have her look upon him as the whole of life; immerse herself in his love and feel no need of anything else. Clara imagined that something of this sort was her duty, and faithfully she tried to attain his exaltation. One day, despite the tenderness of his tones and her own eagerness to feel as he did, he jarred her feelings. It began by his musing upon his own possible death before hers. "Woman," he said in effect, "speaking generally, is inconstant. It gives me frightful pain to think of the possibility that you might

marry another! A period of mourning, the casting off of the black garments at a stated time, a forgetting, a taking up with another—Oh! the dream will kill me!" And he urged her with all the passion at his command, which was immense, to swear a sacred oath then and there that, in case she should become a widow, she never would marry again, but still be his in spite of death.

Clara, wholesome girl, thought he must be unwell. She could not reconcile such morbidity of thought and discourse with perfect health; and an oath of the kind he urged was intensely repugnant to her. He pleaded long and eloquently, but she shrank from the test, asking him frankly in reply whether he were quite sure that she was the woman he wanted for a wife. In the end he had to leave her without the oath, and the kiss she gave him at parting was perfunctory and cold.

Much against her desire, Dr. Middleton accepted Sir Willoughby's invitation to spend some weeks at Patterne before the wedding. Clara would have liked to travel, or visit her girl friends. She longed for the full measure of liberty that was left to her, but her father disliked living in hotels; he had hungry eyes for Sir Willoughby's library; he was already fond of the scholarly Whitford; he regarded his daughter as already subject to the minor obligations of marriage, and so to Patterne Hall father and daughter went. Clara happened upon the boy, Crossjay, early in her stay there, and he became her greatest comfort, for at the very beginning of the visit she shrank from the caresses of her *fiancé*. She was ashamed that she did so, and again that her revolt was due, at last analysis, to her desire for liberty. Sir Willoughby gave her an impression of ownership. Crossjay, on the other hand, groveled at her feet like an affectionate dog after their first meeting. He fell in love as only a boy can with a woman much older than himself, not only unreasoningly but without desire, except to see her smile and do her bidding. For example, one day she told him to wait for her in a certain place and then forgot him, her forgetfulness being excusable by reason of the torments of the singular situation in which she found herself. Crossjay, who was forever disobeying both Whitford and Sir Willoughby, to say nothing of Lætitia and the housekeeper, stayed under the

tree through two showers; and when, hours afterward, Clara accidentally discovered him, he was soaked through but in no mind to go home, despite his boyish hunger, till she should give the word.

The difference between Whitford and the Baronet with regard to Crossjay's career and treatment came to Clara's attention, and she saw that Whitford was right. Sir Willoughby positively refused to give a copper for the boy's education for the navy, though he gave him as gratuities too many silver pieces for any boy's good. "My way, or not at all," he would say, with his most agreeable smile. Clara was deeply pained. Another circumstance, trivial enough from Sir Willoughby's point of view, gave her a pang. She heard of Flitch, a former coachman at Patterne, who had voluntarily resigned his post in the hope of "bettering" himself by an independent means of livelihood. Sir Willoughby had forbidden the man ever to reënter the grounds. Flitch had failed lamentably, and his wife and nine children were in want. The Baronet would neither help nor take Flitch back. "It is well understood," he explained. "I dislike change. I require absolute devotion from those around me. It is necessary to my nature. Nobody who leaves the Hall can ever under any circumstances come back to it."

Clara pleaded for both Flitch and Crossjay, only to be smilingly assured: "Your Willoughby is constant, my love. His life is governed by principles. You would not have him change, for then he would not be the man you love."

It occurred to him that the famous constancy of Lætitia Dale would be a wholesome example for Clara, and he accordingly invited Lætitia to the Hall. Only a few days of the prospective bride's visit had passed, but they were enough to convince Clara that she and Sir Willoughby had made a mistake. It took all the courage she could muster—indeed, the ordeal seemed beyond her powers—but she did face him and ask to be released. To comprehend his attitude in this contingency, the fact, among others, that he had once been jilted must be borne in mind; but of really deeper potency was his ingenuous inability to perceive the possibility that he should not be admired. That disagreeable fact of having been jilted impelled him to do all that in

honor he could do to prevent a recurrence of anything analogous to it. His estimate of his own attractions made it impossible for him to believe Clara, and both these facts convinced him that Clara was suffering from jealousy of Lætitia Dale.

Pondering this view of the situation, Sir Willoughby brought himself to the contemplation of a great sacrifice: he would give Lætitia, the constant, admiring Lætitia, to his cousin Whitford! That would relieve Clara of her shadowy ground for jealousy and demonstrate his own exquisite generosity, for anybody who knew him must have observed how he treasured constancy, and to give Lætitia to another meant to surrender the serene satisfaction of her unchanging devotion to himself. He suggested that Clara should prepare Whitford for the match while he undertook to prepare Lætitia.

Clara insisted almost angrily that she was *not* jealous, and not until after the failure of her appeals for release did she seek conversation with Whitford. Seek? She was forced to meet the scholar, and what to say to him she knew not. The result was that in a half frenzy she made him understand that she wished to break her engagement to the Baronet. She did convey to Whitford the Baronet's wishes with regard to a marriage with Lætitia; but the only upshot of the conference was advice from Whitford that convinced her of his wisdom and the sincerity of his friendship for herself. He did not seek to comfort her. On the contrary, he assured her, almost coldly, that nobody could help her. The situation was of her own making, and she was the only person who could resolve it.

A little later Clara opened her heart to Lætitia, much to the amazement of the constant one, who was inexpressibly shocked that anyone should find fault with Sir Willoughby. Clara, as a matter of literal expression, did not find fault with him. She accused herself, saying with varying phraseology that she was not good and great enough to appreciate her lover's goodness and greatness; but between the lines it was clear that she was repelled by his constancy to his own ideas and his tiresome iteration of his own lofty passion; in short, by his inordinate love of self. Lætitia knew not what to make of it, and was as powerless to give comfort as Whitford had been.

Meantime Whitford, for some reason that Sir Willoughby

could not understand, had obstinately refused to serve as best man at the wedding, and a certain Colonel de Craye had been summoned for that office. De Craye arrived immediately after Clara's talk with Lætitia, coming from the railway station four miles from Patterne and driving away toward the Hall in Flitch's cab. Flitch, a bit unsteady from drink, saw Clara walking in the road between his cab and a heavy wagon, and in trying to avoid running her down he turned his horse aside so abruptly that the cab was upset. De Craye was deposited unhurt but prostrate at Clara's feet. As she was a beautiful and frightened girl and he was a ready-tongued Irishman, it was inevitable that they should become acquainted; and, leaving Flitch to take the luggage to the Hall, the Colonel walked the rest of the distance with Clara.

De Craye was the hero of many conquests, which is to say that he had had much experience in the ways of women. He had not been at Patterne twelve hours before he perceived that matters were amiss between his host and the prospective bride. Clara had not breathed a word of her trouble to him. On the contrary, she had laughed gaily at his wit, for his jolly, care-free manner was a grateful relaxation to the tense strain on her nerves and a pleasant change from the pomposity of her *fiancé*. But Sir Willoughby happened to meet them at the door. He was plainly offended that Clara had walked on the highway unattended; there was a lack of such greetings as De Craye had a right to expect between engaged persons; he was witness to an unmistakable difference with regard to the truant Crossjay; and it occurred to him very early that, if Miss Middleton would not have the Baronet, she would be well worth the winning for himself. But the Baronet himself was not unversed in the ways of women, although he was painfully perplexed by the way of this particular woman whom he had chosen; and it did not take him long to infer that Clara had unbosomed herself to both Whitford and Lætitia. These two were loyal to himself, therefore he feared them not, much as he regretted that Clara had told anybody the deplorable secret of her heart; but, reasoning by analogy, taking his evidence from Clara's light-heartedness in the presence of the effervescent Irishman, the Baronet concluded that she had unburdened herself to De Craye also,

which was a most unpleasant conclusion, for it was notorious that, where women were concerned, the Colonel did not regard himself as restrained by considerations of friendship.

From these circumstances arose a situation of exquisite complexity, to which Clara contributed by running away. She had asked her father to obtain Sir Willoughby's assent to her paying a short visit to a girl friend. Dr. Middleton grudgingly agreed to go with her, unsuspecting that she shrank from telling him the truth about herself, and that she was determined, if once she got away from Patterne, never to return. He sent word to her room that her affianced had agreed to the visit, but Sir Willoughby found a way to prevent it. He played upon the scholarly doctor's excessive appreciation of ancient wine; brought up from the cellar some bottles of a remote vintage, and, in plainer terms than one likes to use in discussing the doings of eminently respectable persons, made the doctor mildly intoxicated. In that condition Dr. Middleton was deftly persuaded to see in another light the proposed absence of his daughter from Patterne; and when morning came he ridiculed her proposition. Desperate, and still eager to spare her father a scene, she eluded Sir Willoughby's watchful eyes and set out for the railway station with Crossjay as her guide. A terrific rain-storm came on; she was missed from the house; the men set forth in various directions with umbrellas and waterproof garments.

Whitford found her at the railway station. Her train was late, and he insisted that she should care for her health by going to the inn across the way and taking a dose of hot spirits. He did not try actually to dissuade her from going, but he put certain observations in her way which caused her to think hard. As they waited, a carriage containing a great lady of the county drove up. It would never do to let her see the runaway, and Whitford went to her to distract her attention. Her expected guest failing to arrive by a train from another direction, the great lady drove away with Whitford. Then Clara returned to the station just as De Craye arrived in Flitch's cab. Clara had bought her ticket, but her resolution had been shaken. She entered Flitch's cab with De Craye and went back to Patterne.

De Craye lied like a gentleman concerning the precise part

of the country where he had picked up Miss Middleton; Clara and Whitford said nothing; but Sir Willoughby discovered that she had attempted to run away by hearing certain remarks made by the guest of the great lady who had been inveigled from the station by Whitford. It proved that the great lady's guest really had arrived by the expected train, and that Whitford had prevented his hostess from seeing him. So, as it was raining hard, and as De Craye had the only cab available, the guest had taken refuge in the inn, where the landlady gossiped about a beautiful young lady who came there soaked, and drank brandy with a gentleman. Sir Willoughby's inferences were for the most part correct. He knew that Clara had tried to run away; he believed that De Craye had prevented her; that De Craye was in love with her and trying to win her, and that Clara was in love with De Craye. It was perfectly true that the volatile Irishman was paying the most delicate court to Miss Middleton, but it was Whitford who had saved the girl from an unwise escapade; and whether she were in love with De Craye, it might have been extremely difficult for her to say just then.

Days of anguish followed for Clara and her affianced, and for her father also, for she had to put the situation before him. Sir Willoughby prated of unalterable faith, the sanctity of plighted troth, his undying love; and Dr. Middleton rebuked his daughter for fickleness. Loving and admiring his child sincerely, he believed that she was a victim to mere maidenly apprehensions that marriage would cure; and nowhere in the world that he knew of could he hope to find such delicate wine as at Patterne. Clara was on the verge of hysterics more than once, but Sir Willoughby firmly refused to release her, while every hour he was hard put to it to prevent the fact of her reluctance from becoming public property.

At last, convinced that she was lost to him, he was forced to consider how the situation could be met with the least ignominy for himself. If Clara must be released it must appear that it was because he preferred another to her. Thus only could his pride be saved. He quickly persuaded himself that his first love, the constant Lætitia, had always been his only love, and that, despite her somewhat faded beauty, she would make a worthy Lady Patterne. He told her he had an important sub-

ject to refer to her and asked her to meet him in the drawing-room after the rest of the household had retired. On that day it happened that Crossjay played truant. During Lætitia's residence at the Hall the boy had a room there which, on this evening, Sir Willoughby locked so that the truant could not get in; for the Baronet knew that Crossjay had accompanied Clara to the railway station that fateful evening—an offense which never could be forgiven.

The house was still when the boy stole in by a back door. Finding his room locked, and afraid to arouse anybody, he stumbled downstairs and into the drawing-room, which was dark at the moment, for Sir Willoughby had gone to see why Lætitia did not keep her appointment with him. Crossjay tripped on a silken sofa-rug that the Misses Patterne had been embroidering, rolled himself up in it, and instantly dropped asleep.

He was awakened by voices. Knowing no better, he listened without revealing his presence, and heard Sir Willoughby propose marriage to Lætitia Dale, and heard the constant Lætitia firmly, ay, stubbornly, refuse him! The Baronet pleaded, argued, almost stormed; his model of constancy was adamant in her fickleness, and at last they parted with only one thing satisfactory to Sir Willoughby in the whole interview: Lætitia could be trusted never to speak of the matter.

It was all Greek to Crossjay with the exception of one terrible detail: Sir Willoughby did not want to marry his beloved Miss Middleton! That was an outrage to the boy's heart. He almost cried about it. What to do, and how to do it, were as dark as the night, but he was sure that he must not stay where the Baronet could get his clutches on him. So at early dawn Crossjay stole out and wandered about the park. De Craye happened on him, perceived the lad's agitation, and pumped him to such good purpose that he inferred the main parts of the conversation that had been overheard. It was too good an opportunity for a diplomatist like the Colonel to lose, and he promptly dropped a word in a quarter which was sure to set gossip at work. Before noon it was talked all about the neighborhood that Sir Willoughby had returned to his first love, and great ladies came driving to the Hall to verify the rumors and give Sir Willoughby and Lætitia their congratulations.

This was extremely embarrassing, for Sir Willoughby, rejected by Lætitia, was compelled to use every device now to make Clara keep her promise. He evaded the questions about Miss Dale with remarkable skill until the complication surpassed even his power of controlling, and then a last measure of partial satisfaction occurred to him. If he must be defeated, he would at least contrive to prevent Clara from falling into the hands of Colonel de Craye. Accordingly, he informed Clara that he would release her on condition that she marry Whitford. That involved the necessity of making Whitford propose to Clara, something he was very glad to do, for he had been in love with Miss Middleton from his first sight of her; and although the Baronet's conditions and insistence on managing matters made it all very awkward, that was what eventually came about, at which time it proved that it was Whitford whom Clara loved sincerely. Dr. Middleton was delighted, for, much as he admired Sir Willoughby and his ancient wines, he admired Whitford and his scholarship more; so that part of the comedy was happily settled.

The other part was settled in a way that may be regarded as happy or the contrary according to each person's convictions. Lætitia was put under such pressure by Sir Willoughby and her invalid father that at length, in the presence of the Misses Patterne, she consented to become her ladyship. "I do not love him," she said; "I see that he is an incorrigible egoist; he is vindictive; he loves only himself." Sir Willoughby's cheeks were spotted with red as he listened to this *résumé* of his character by the model of constancy. The maiden aunts protested that their Willoughby was not vindictive. "Then," said Lætitia, "let him take Flitch back into his employment, and let him pardon Crossjay and provide for his entrance into the navy."

The Baronet hastily yielded both these points, and, when Miss Dale had reiterated her worst, he bowed grandly over her hand and murmured: "I salute my wife!"

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS (1885)

This novel marks the middle period of the brilliant romancer's literary production, and is especially notable because of the fact that the Honorable Mrs. Caroline Norton (1808–1877), poet, novelist, beauty, and friend of Lord Melbourne, was the original of the fair Diana. The story is one of Meredith's cleverest attacks on the foibles of English society and its harshness to women that suffer from maligning tongues.

BEAUTIFUL, virtuous, and witty young Irishwoman, Diana Antonia Merion, the orphaned daughter of an Irish father and a half-English mother, made her appearance at a Dublin state ball, given in honor of Lord Larrian on his return from India. She was eighteen years old, and was pronounced a decided beauty: "quite Grecian—she might pose for a statue." She was "a splendid brunette, eclipsing all the blondes who came near her." Lady Emma Dunstane introduced her bosom friend, the fair Diana, to Thomas Redworth, an Englishman of the modern money-making type, a former schoolmate of her husband, Sir Lukin Dunstane. Redworth danced with Diana in the turn of a Mr. Sullivan Smith, a hot-headed Irishman, who, enraged at the Englishman's assurance, tried to provoke him to a duel. Redworth refused to fight and finally succeeded in pacifying Smith, whereby he received the praise of the ladies for not compromising Diana by a duel on her account.

Diana returned to England and visited her friend Lady Dunstane at Copsley, in Surrey, their country-seat, and Sir Lukin, while taking a walk with Diana, in "a momentary aberration" made love to her. Greatly shocked, she went away from Copsley at once to visit the Warwicks on Surrey Downs, and out of fright over her experience with Sir Lukin, and her exposed position in society, she became engaged to Augustus Warwick just as Thomas Redworth was about to propose.

The Warwick marriage turned out badly from the first, owing to the fact that Warwick was commonplace, "a gentlemanly official," mean, cheap, who had desired to marry Diana only because of her great beauty. She left him for a time to nurse his aunt, who lived at the Crossways, her father's old home. When his aunt's death occurred Warwick wished to sell or let the place, but Diana would not consent. They took a large house in London, entertained extensively, and gave fine dinners to eminent persons in the political world. Among their guests was Lord Dannisburgh, a polished but notorious old *roué*. After a time Lord Dannisburgh became Diana's intimate friend and adviser. Stories about the two began to float about. Mr. Warwick received an appointment to a foreign mission; Diana remained in London, and Lord Dannisburgh, "the gray and portly lord," seemed to Society more than a mere friend and adviser. A scurrilous newspaper hinted at positive scandal.

When Warwick returned from his mission he served Diana and Lord Dannisburgh with process in suit, Warwick *vs.* Dannisburgh, for damages in alienation. Writing Lady Dunstane that she was determined to depart from England and let the case go by default, Diana disappeared from London. Lady Dunstane divined that she had gone to give a last adieu to her old home, the Crossways, before leaving England and respectability. She therefore sent Redworth to the Crossways to detain Diana and bring her to Copsley, realizing that Diana was making a tremendous mistake in not remaining in England and boldly defending the suit. Redworth, deeply in love, found Diana hiding with her maid, Danvers, at the Crossways, in a melancholy frame of mind. She built a wood-fire for him with her own beautiful hands, and he fell more in love with her than ever. He argued with her, however, to return to the right course. The Crossways was rather the "parting of the ways" with her, demanding her freedom! "The brutalest tussle of a woman with the world was upon her." She was "Diana of the pride in her power of fencing with evil," by no means "the popular conception of the purely innocent." "Wretched at home," she concluded, "a woman ought to bury herself in her wretchedness, else she may be assured that not the cleverest, wariest guard will cover her character." She resigned herself "to the

recognition of the state of duel between the sexes," which was a shock to her simplicity. She wished to show the brave disdain of a pure woman for a wicked, suspecting world. But was she holding the position by flight? A night's sleep brought the thought that she must give up her freedom, and curb her rebellious, overflowing wit. "Freedom" with the glorious Diana did not mean loss of self-respect, but the right to be treated as honest man by honest man.

Redworth persuaded her, for her beloved Emma's sake, not her own, to go to Copsley with him. After a short visit she secured, through Redworth, cheap lodgings in London, and wrote a book, *The Princess Egeria*, to illustrate what she would like to be in society. Sir Lukin tried to persuade Warwick into a reconciliation, but failed. Many valiant and honest Irishmen in London volunteered to protect her. Lord Larrian sent her a big St. Bernard dog, Leander, and the Irish beauty walked London streets thereafter, always attended by "her husband," as she called the dog. Much sought after for her wit and beauty, she was invited to many balls and dinners, at one of which she met Sir Percy Dacier, Lord Dannisburgh's distinguished nephew. At a dinner she offended a Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, who said: "I don't think I hear myself calling to a dog in a name of three syllables—two at the most."

"No, so I call 'Hero!'—if I want him to come immediately."

This specimen of Diana's wit made an enemy of Mrs. Wathin. Diana explained her indifference to her husband Warwick because he was "dull, dull as a woolen nightcap over eyes and ears and mouth. Oh, an executioner's black cap to me!" Mr. Warwick failed to prove his case against Diana, and yet she was not "free." She was still his "lawful wife"; and on hearing that he had taken steps to control her, and force her to live with him, she left England on board the yacht of Lord and Lady Esquart for a voyage in the Mediterranean. At Cairo Diana again met the Hon. Percy Dacier, M.P., being introduced by Redworth, now also M.P. The former was then half engaged to a Miss Asper, an heiress. Diana passed the following summer with the Esquarts in the South Tyrol, and at Bellagio Dacier appeared again. At Rovio, owing to the repeated clang of the convent bells, no one was able to sleep, and one morning

Diana rose early and went out for a walk on the mountains, feeling the exquisite loveliness of the dawn. Dacier encountered her on the banks of a mountain torrent, where he had gone with the intention to take a plunge. Affected by the beauty of the scene, they fell in love with each other. He told her of his uncle's illness, and the next day he returned to London. She followed and found that her book, *The Princess Egeria*, had made a distinct triumph, owing largely to Redworth's efforts among the critics. Diana became a greater success than ever in London society, and talked so well that the men preferred to accompany the ladies to the drawing-room whenever she gave a dinner. She patronized a Miss Paynam, who had been deceived by a noble lord, and was interested in Arthur Rhodes, an admirer and a poet, a lad of twenty-two.

By and by Lord Dannisburgh died, leaving Diana a bequest in money, but making a strange request that she should sit an hour watching or "waking" his corpse. She consented willingly to do this, and Dacier met her again, pensive and sad, at his uncle's coffin, and loved her the more for her act of fidelity. Being in love with Dacier, she then wrote a second book, called *The Young Minister of State*, which was nothing more than a flattering portrait of Dacier. She took a run over to France, and Dacier followed, proposing to establish intimate relations, but she repelled him. Soon she returned to London and launched out into extravagant furnishing for her London house, writing a third book, *The Cantatrice*, in the endeavor to pay for it. Mrs. Wathin was sent to Diana by Warwick to effect a reconciliation, as the latter was ill and needed a nurse. Diana refused all effort at reconciliation, and Mrs. Wathin grew maudlin: "We have our little term," said the great dame, "it is soon over."

"On the other hand, the platitudes concerning it are eternal," Diana replied.

This interview threw Diana into a panic, as she feared that Lady Dunstane and Redworth had planned it to deprive her of her liberty. She visited Lady Dunstane to discover her attitude, taking with her her young squire, Arthur Rhodes, in order to read her unfinished manuscript to her friend. The latter disapproved of her new book, and also of young Arthur Rhodes's

attentions. Diana returned to her London house distraught and discouraged by Lady Dunstane's attitude. Warwick planned to "claim" her under the law as his wife. Dacier brought her this news, and persuaded her to consent to elope with him to Paris, and so escape her threatening husband. "Percy, dearest!" cried Diana, "I will not play the sex; I am yours, if it is your wish." Arranging to meet her at the station on the morrow evening, Dacier took his departure overjoyed. Ten minutes before she set out to meet Dacier, the next day, Redworth appeared at her house and rescued her a second time, and without any parley carried her off to the faithful Lady Dunstane, who was under the surgeon's knife at Copsley, undergoing a severe operation.

Dacier lingered around the station two hours, and his love grew cold in his reflections over the uncertainty of woman. He went to her house and found that she had gone to Copsley, whither he followed, and met Sir Lukin walking up and down, distracted over his wife's possible demise, and in a fit of remorse because of his habitually lax morality. His wife's life was saved by the operation, and so, too, in another sense, was Diana's. The two friends went on a yachting cruise with Lord Esquart, and Diana confessed to her beloved Emma her intended elopement with Dacier and was forgiven. Emma knew how to pardon "a wife, madly stripped before the world by a jealous husband, and left chained to the rock, her youth wasting, her blood arrested, her sensibilities chilled, and for whom the world is merciless."

In the course of time, Diana met Dacier again at a garden-party, where they observed Sir Lukin flirting with a *risque* beauty, Mrs. Fryar-Gunnett. Diana calmly invited Dacier to visit her again, it being a year after their former proposed elopement. They renewed their now purely platonic and high-souled intimacy. She became his "Princess Egeria," and advised him on political matters. Meanwhile her debts increased, and she determined to sell the Crossways. Redworth intimated that he had found a purchaser. Then Dacier forgot his platonism and tried to renew his old courtship, but Diana repelled him. He told her he would wait, as her husband had not long to live. Diana, to fill up the time, began a new novel, *A Man*

of Two Minds. Dacier confided to her a tremendous state secret—that the Premier was to call Parliament together and pass a series of revolutionary Reform measures. He bade her good night, and Diana went with her maid at once to Mr. Tonans, the editor of the London *Times*, and sold the secret for a sum of money.

The next morning the *Times* came out with a full disclosure of the Premier's plan. Dacier, astonished, called and accused Diana of betraying him. She confessed, and Dacier, overcome with astonishment, left her in anger. "To her it was like plucking the life out of her breast." Dacier, in anger and pique, called on Miss Asper and renewed his engagement with her. Soon after this Mr. Warwick was run over and killed, and Diana, overcome at Dacier's desertion, and in despair, tried to kill herself by starvation. The faithful Emma arrived in the nick of time, and revived her with kisses, love, and bouillon. Diana soon recovered from the shock, and Sullivan Smith proposed for her hand, now that her husband was dead, and was refused. Mr. Tonans sent his check, and it was burned at once.

Diana reflected that Dacier's cruel and unlistening condemnation of her, and his severity in leaving her, showed he could never have been a suitable husband for her, as he never would have allowed her any liberty. Mrs. Fryar-Gunnett started a new story of scandal about Diana—the latter had made a witty speech about the lady, and she meditated revenge. Dacier, who had finally married Miss Asper, introduced his bride to Diana at a garden-party. It was very apparent that, though married, they were not mated. Diana was coolly polite to them. Meanwhile a Scotchman, Alexander Hepburn, proposed for her hand and was refused. Visiting at Copsley, she saw Redworth playing cricket, and his muscles and figure were much admired. He had grown rich and powerful as a builder and promoter of railways, and was a member of Parliament. He invited them to visit the Crossways, which he had refurnished with Diana's own London belongings. Diana professed to scorn it, to Emma's great astonishment. The latter did her best to bring her two friends together, but Diana pretended to be in love with Arthur Rhodes. This youth was blindly infatuated with the beautiful

widow, proposed, and was refused. Meanwhile Mrs. Fryar-Gunnett told another malicious story about Diana, which was bruited about in society and reached Diana's ears. It was reported also that Redworth was about to wed Miss Paynam.

Poor Diana was much depressed. Redworth went to Copsley hoping to find her, but she was visiting at a neighboring country-house. He walked in the rain to fetch her back to Copsley. Sir Lukin appeared and repeated the new scandal uttered against Diana. Emma reminded Diana on her return how long the faithful Redworth had loved her, and said that he would marry her and protect her from scandal. Diana replied that she wished to be free, but Emma continued to urge his suit.

Redworth and Diana took a walk through the woodland, but he made no open advances. Finally he received the unwilling little hand, saying: "Lean to me." Diana replied: "I bring no real disgrace to you, my friend." His answer rang: "You are my wife!"

"Old Ireland won't repent it," exclaimed good and faithful Emma on the wedding-day. Diana rejoined, as she saw the stalwart and beaming Redworth advancing: "A singular transformation of Old England."

Diana was thus really wedded and mated, and was happy. Emma received her on their return from their honeymoon abroad with the wish that she might live long enough to be a godmother.

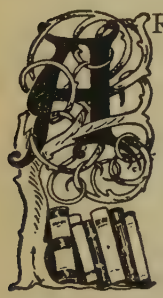
Diana pressed her hand.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

(France, 1803–1870)

CARMEN: THE POWER OF LOVE (1847)

Like *Colomba*, and others of his too few stories, Mérimée's *Carmen* was the fruit of the author's observation of scenes and characters during much varied traveling. This tale ranks among the greatest that deal with the complex gipsy character; its author knew his subject thoroughly, and often surprised the Spanish Rommany by his familiarity with the gipsy slang. All the world knows the melodic *Carmen* of Bizet, and knows that the opera was founded on the story written by Mérimée a generation before the musical work was produced in Paris, in 1875. M. Taine, in a famous essay on the novelist's *Carmen*, has said: "Many dissertations on our primitive savage methods, many knowing treatises like Schopenhauer's on the metaphysics of love and death, cannot compare to the hundred pages of *Carmen*."



RCHEOLOGICAL exploration lured me to Andalusia at the beginning of the autumn of 1839; and while engaged with my geographical problem I chanced upon Don José Navarro, the famous bandit, whose exploits were the talk of the country. Though he was all alone, and peacefully disposed, my guide Antonio evinced great terror in the presence of this redoubtable highwayman. Heedless of Antonio's winks and secret signals, I entered conversation with our unexpected fellow-traveler, offered him a cigar, and invited him to share our frugal collation, all of which he accepted. I knew the Spanish character sufficiently to fear no evil from a man who had partaken of my hospitality; therefore, when Don José suggested that we journey together to the inn, where we would pass the night, I unhesitatingly assented, in spite of my guide's mysterious signs. A real brigand interested me; there is a certain charm in being near a dangerous person, especially when he is in a gentle and good-natured mood.

We reached the inn, which was one of the worst I had yet seen; it consisted of a single dirty room, and the beds were old mule-blankets. In this charming retreat we were served a fricasseed fowl with rice and pimentos. Delicious Montilla wine accompanied our meal. At my request Don José sang, playing the airs on a mandolin. His words were in the Basque language and his song resembled the *zorzicos* I had heard in the Provinces. The bandit singer seemed absorbed in his own sad thoughts as he sat before the embers of the dying fire, looking like the noble but ferocious Satan of Milton.

Time for sleep came, and we lay down on our mule-blankets, Don José taking care to place a fresh cap on his blunderbuss. Fleas soon drove me from my shake-down to a wooden bench under the stars. I was about to shut my eyes when I became conscious of a skulking figure, which turned out to be Antonio, who whispered that he intended to ride to a post of lancers, inform them of the whereabouts of the notorious José Navarro, and obtain the reward of two hundred ducats for his arrest. Prayers and threats from me failed to detain the greedy fellow, who, driving his spurs into his horse, was soon lost to sight. Returning to the inn, I shook Don José and warned him of what had happened. He was profoundly touched at my solicitude and thanked me passionately. Before he galloped away I wished him a pleasant journey, and gave him cigars for company. True, the possible immorality of my action troubled me, but it did not hinder me from telling half a dozen cavaliers who rode up that the bandit had taken flight hours ago. Antonio suspected me, but we parted good friends at Cordova, where I gave my guide as generous a tip as my purse afforded.

For the purpose of consulting a certain manuscript in the library of the Dominicans I spent several days in Cordova, and during the evening of one of them made the acquaintance of a gipsy who sat near me on the quay that borders the bank of the Guadalquivir. She was *petite*, well formed, and had very large eyes. After we had smoked, eaten an ice, and chatted, La Carmencita, as she called herself, permitted me to accompany her home, where she promised to tell my fortune. Closely examining my *gitana*, I saw that she possessed a wild and savage beauty, a face which astonished one at first, and was never

to be forgotten. Our card-cutting was interrupted by the entrance of a man, who apostrophized the Señorita Carmen in no gentle fashion. Fierce altercation followed, and I divined in their strange jargon that Carmen wanted my throat cut; but fortunately the rough intruder proved to be Don José, my bandit friend, who led me into the street and pointed out my route. When I undressed that night I discovered that my gold repeater was missing, and certain reasons prevented me from going back to reclaim it.

Several months' wandering in Andalusia followed, and then I reappeared in Cordova to find the Dominican fathers overjoyed to see me, for they had thought I was dead. In my absence Don José had been captured, and was now doomed to be garroted the day after the next. I was informed also that my valuable watch had been recovered and awaited my identification. But before seeking the *corregidor* I visited the condemned murderer and asked him whether I could help him. Don José smiled sadly. All he wished was a mass said for the salvation of his soul, and another for a woman who had wronged him. Assured that it would be done, the prisoner gave me a silver medal to be sent "to a good woman," presumably a mother or a sister. Then from his lips I learned the following sad story:

Don José was born a Basque of good family, and had been intended for the Church, but a duel with *maquilas* forced him to leave his native heath. He enlisted in the cavalry and became a corporal. Promotion seemed in his path, when he was put on guard before a tobacco factory at Seville, where he grew enamored of the gipsy witch, Carmen, who succeeded in inducing him to let her escape after she had attacked with a knife a fellow-worker. The infatuated soldier was reduced to the ranks and imprisoned for a month, but he continued to think of the pretty mocking jade who had brought about his disgrace, and tenderly treasured a cassia-flower she had flung at him.

One day the jailer gave him a loaf of alcola bread, in the center of which were concealed a file and a gold piece. It was a present from Carmen. Don José, however, scorned to secure his liberty at such a price. Upon release he was put on guard duty as a common soldier, and in this humiliating situation saw his daredevil charmer, in company with other gipsies,

entertaining his colonel, surrounded by his gay friends, who watched the fascinating *gitana* dance. Gallant things said to her by the spectators fairly maddened Don José, who longed to kill those coxcomb flirts. But when she left Carmen whispered to her jealous watcher where they might meet.

Preparing as if for parade, the eager lover hastened to join the girl at the place named. They spent many hours in eating, drinking, and loving. Carmen danced for him and called him her *rom* (husband). There was no trick or folly that she did not commit. Don José was enchanted, and when he attempted to leave for his quarters she derided him. Against reason and duty he stayed, but the next morning the fickle gipsy wrapped herself in her mantilla and showed him her heels. She declared he was stupid. Some time elapsed ere Don José saw Carmen again, despite inquiry and search, but when he did see her it was only to fall once more into her snare. He was on guard at one of the city gates, and Carmen cajoled him into permitting a band of smugglers to pass unmolested. As reward she promised to meet him at their former rendezvous. She kept her word, but insulted him by proffering him money for his service. Enraged, Don José walked about the city like a madman. Changeable Carmen followed him and they made it up.

Shortly after this reconciliation Don José found her with a young lieutenant of his regiment. Swords were drawn, and the officer received a mortal wound. Don José and Carmen were compelled to flee. Thenceforth he must be an outcast, a hunted man. Carmen advised him to make his way to the coast and join a band of smugglers known to her, and helped him to get away without detection. Accordingly Don José was enlisted under one Dancaire, the chief of the smugglers, and Carmen served as a spy for the band. Don José was pleased with his new career until among his companions appeared a swarthy Rommany called Garcia, "the One-eyed," who proved to be Carmen's husband. She had only recently managed his escape from prison. Of course this was anything but a pleasant surprise to Don José, who grew morose and silent.

A dozen horsemen pursued the smugglers and scattered the band. Only Dancaire, Garcia, a fellow named Remendado, Don José, and the fearless Carmen succeeded in holding to-

gether. But Remendado had been wounded, and rather than bother with his burden the One-eyed deliberately killed him. Don José was horrified. That night, while Dancaire and the ugly Garcia played cards, Carmen kissed her lover. "You are the devil," said Don José. "Yes," she replied. The next morning the gipsy girl left the three men and announced that she was going to Gibraltar on "affairs of Egypt." They were to remain in hiding in the place she had suggested until she should send them money and information concerning unwary gentlemen who would pass along certain unfrequented roads. Their trade flourished in the mountains.

For a while nothing was heard from Carmen. Dancaire and the One-eyed, growing uneasy, and sure that she must have arranged some important maneuver, decided that Don José should go in search of her at Gibraltar, where they themselves were too well known to venture. Don José was delighted with his mission. Disguised as a fruit-seller, he pursued his quest. At first all effort seemed in vain; then one evening a woman's voice calling from a window arrested the pseudo orange-seller. Looking up, Don José saw Carmen on a balcony, and beside her an officer with gold epaulets. The latter looked like a great lord. Don José was ordered to come up, and he found himself in a magnificent apartment. Carmen was in luxury. She spoke in Basque, and told him to return on the morrow that she might disclose her latest "affair of Egypt," which was the fleecing of the rich "lobster"[1] beside her. Though Don José was angry at her brazen-faced performance, he could not reject her orders any more than he could resist her laughter. During this conversation, held in Basque, their English dupe was content to accept any translation of it vouchsafed by the wily witch.

Smothering his wrath, Don José returned the following day, and Carmen, bursting into one of her peals of laughter, threw herself in his arms.

"*Minchorro!*" (lover) said Carmen, "I would like to smash everything here, set fire to the house, and fly to the sierra!"

She never had seemed so beautiful. When she became serious she outlined her plan to rob the Englishman, who

[1] A name given by Spaniards to English military men because of their red uniforms.

would act as her escort on a false pilgrimage. At a stated place Dancaire, Garcia, and Don José were to fall on him and strip him of everything. Carmen made a final suggestion: as "the lobster" was brave, and skilful with pistols, she thought Don José should let the One-eyed tackle him first. "Do you understand?" she asked, with a diabolical smile. Her *minchorro* knew what she meant, but he took less cowardly means of accomplishing the desired end of her *rom.* Returning to his comrades, he asked the One-eyed to play a game of cards. In the second game Don José accused his opponent of cheating, and threw the cards in his face. Dancaire endeavored to separate the quarreling men, but they had gone too far. Blows were succeeded by a duel with knives, and Garcia fell, a blade buried in his throat. Don José had rid himself of his rival.

The ambuscade against the rich Englishman was highly successful. Don José with Carmen's assistance overpowered "the lobster," while Dancaire frightened off the servants. Carmen seemed nettled when she learned of her widowhood. She said Garcia should have done the killing. "But his time had come. Yours will come, too," she cried to Don José, who answered: "And yours, if you are not a true wife to me." This threat did not scare the gipsy, who declared that she had often seen their death together in the coffee-grounds. "Bah!" she cried, rattling her castanets, "he who sows reaps!"

Dancaire and Don José organized a fresh band of smugglers, who sometimes were forced on the highway to gain a living. Several months passed, during which Don José was content with the conduct of Carmen, who advised many of their successful operations. Once only she gave him anxiety, in regard to a wealthy merchant of Malaga, against whom she probably planned to reënact the pleasantry of Gibraltar, but Don José thwarted her scheme. Carmen was enraged, and swore she liked him less as a *rom* than as a *minchorro;* then she threatened him with the fate of the One-eyed. Dancaire acted as peacemaker between them. Shortly after this some soldiers surprised the band, killing a few of them, among whom was Dancaire, and capturing others. Only Don José, badly wounded, and a comrade escaped. Carmen was in Granada at the time, but hearing of the misfortune hurried to the aid of her crippled *rom,*

and nursed him back to health with skill and sleepless devotion. As soon as Don José had use of his legs she took him to Granada, where she secured him a safe retreat. When fully recovered he spoke to Carmen of quitting Spain for America, and of beginning a new, honest life. She laughed at him, and Don José let himself be persuaded into resuming his old career of smuggling.

While at Granada Carmen talked a good deal about an adroit picador named Lucas. A comrade told Don José that he had seen her with this man. Alarmed at this news, Don José demanded an explanation, which Carmen readily gave. She said Lucas had earned twelve hundred reals in the bull-ring, and that Don José and herself should either reap the money or secure the picador as an ally in their business. Don José forbade her to continue the conspiracy, or the intimacy with Lucas. "Take care!" she replied; "when one forbids me to do a thing it is soon done."

Happily the cause of the dispute left for Malaga, and Don José and Carmen became absorbed in a smuggling expedition. Lucas seemed forgotten, at least for the moment. In this temporary lull Carmen met the stranger on the quay and lured him to her house, where she stole his watch. That episode resulted in a violent quarrel, in which Don José struck Carmen. For the first time she wept, which shocked Don José. Three days later, however, she apparently forgot the episode and was as gay as a lark. Parting from her jealous lover, she declared it her intention to attend a *fête* at Cordova, where she would keep a lookout for their prey. Though he wondered at the sudden change of humor, especially in her giving up resentment, Don José permitted the gipsy girl to go. Not until he learned of a bull-fight at Cordova did he suspect treachery. Suspicion of the truth made his blood boil, and like a madman he set out after her. He saw Lucas acting the gallant with Carmen, tearing the cockade from the first bull and carrying it to her. She pinned it in her hair. After that Don José lost sight of his false *romé*.

About two o'clock in the morning Carmen returned home, and was startled to find Don José waiting for her.

"Come with me," he said.

"Let us go," she replied.

All that night they traveled on horseback. Not a single word was spoken. Daybreak found them near a hermitage. Don José declared he would forget all if she would promise to follow him to America, where a quiet life might be led. Sulkily she refused. Thereupon he said he was tired of killing her lovers, and that it would be her turn next. She regarded him fixedly, wildly, and said: "I have always thought that you would kill me. . . . It is fate!"

Don José then asked her whether she no longer loved him. Silence. Cross-legged on the ground she crouched and traced figures in the sand with her fingers. Again Don José pleaded with the inscrutable gipsy to change her life, to go with him to some place where they never need part. Carmen smiled. "I first, then you; I knew well 'twould happen thus," she said. Vainly he asked her to reflect. Finally, making up his mind, Don José walked toward the hermitage and requested the good man there to pray for one in grave peril—one whose soul was about to appear before its Creator. The father promised to say a mass within half an hour.

Don José lay down upon the grass until he heard the bell. When the mass was over he went back to the spot where he had left Carmen, hoping that she had taken the opportunity to flee. But she was unafraid. He found her engaged in some mystic enchantment, singing now and again one of her weird Rommany airs; but she desisted when he called to her to come with him. So they departed for a more lonely spot. Don José inquired whether she really wished to go whither he led. "I will follow you to death, yes; but I will never live with you again," answered Carmen.

They reached a solitary gorge. Coolly Carmen asked whether this was the place of her death. She looked Don José steadily in the eyes. For the last time the unhappy man begged her to reconsider. Carmen said that he might kill her, but that he never should possess her again. All was over between them She loved him no longer and hated herself for ever having loved him at all. Don José besought her to retract. She was unmoved. Fury seized him. He drew his knife—Garcia's knife, of which he had taken possession. Carmen did not flinch. He

gave her another chance, but she grew enraged, and flung his ring among the bushes.

Twice he struck her. She fell without a cry, only fixing her great black eyes upon him until they became dim. Don José was prostrated for an hour or so beside the body. Then he recalled that she had often said she would like to be buried in a wood. With his knife he dug a grave and placed her in it, together with the ring, which he had searched for and found, and a small cross. Having performed these simple rites Don José rode to the first guard-house and gave himself up. He said he had killed Carmen, but refused to disclose her place of burial. He felt satisfied to know that the hermit had said a mass for her soul. . . . Poor girl! After all, the gipsies were to blame for having reared her so badly.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL

(United States, 1822)

DOCTOR JOHNS (1866)

Ashfield, the scene of Mr. Mitchell's only novel, is the pretty village of Colchester, Connecticut. The title character of the story is believed to have been drawn from Dr. John Hall, master of Ellington Academy, at which the author prepared for college; it is a faithful portrayal of a ministerial type that was common and influential throughout New England before modifications of extreme orthodox views began to creep into theological seminaries that had been regarded as trustworthy custodians of the faith. We present here the venerable author's own version of the story.

HEN the Rev. Benjamin Johns was called to the pastorate of the only church in Ashfield, soon after the War of 1812, he was so fortunate as to be sufficiently orthodox to satisfy the most exacting members of his congregation. He also compelled respect by his unchanging gravity of manner and the earnestness and directness of his teachings. Ignoring the metaphysical niceties and subtleties which might lead to disputations, he preached the Bible doctrines as formulated by the Westminster divines. He recognized no necessities but repentance and faith; he had no reproofs save for those who refused Heaven's offers of mercy, no favor save for those who sought His grace whose favor is life everlasting. Although he had wedded and lost a wife whom he loved dearly, yet feared she loved him too much for her soul's good, at thirty he seemed as old as men of forty-five, so seared was he by the severity of his opinions and the tenacity with which he held them. He loved his only son, yet in time alienated him by overmuch theological instruction and by reproof unaccompanied by tenderness. It was not strange that a man so sound in the

faith did not have to wait long for his degree of doctor of divinity.

A few years after he had accepted the pastorate the good minister was startled by a request that he would take into his family, for home and religious training, the daughter of his college friend, Frank Maverick, who had been in business at Marseilles, France, ever since he left college. The child was motherless, and her father, although not at all religious, did not wish his daughter to be brought up under French social influences.

The proffered compensation was liberal, but Dr. Johns gave it little thought. The child had thus far been reared by her French godmother as a Catholic—in the doctor's opinion, a slave of the Scarlet Woman of Babylon; to snatch such a brand from flames eternal would be a reward beyond computation. His sister Eliza, who had succeeded his wife as housekeeper, was as orthodox as her brother, so the child would be well cared for in every respect.

Johns accepted the responsibility, and a few months later he journeyed by stage-coach and steamboat to New York to receive his new charge. He was somewhat embarrassed at finding a little saucy-eyed, brown-faced girl full of mirthful exuberance and dressed very unlike any lamb of his home flock. Her dark hair was banded showily, she had coquettish bows of ribbon at her throat, at either armlet of her jaunty frock and down both sides of her silk pinafore. When she approached him smilingly, as if confident of his caresses, the minister felt very awkward. But a frank look in her face reminded him of her father; his heart stirred within him, he kissed her forehead, took her hands in his own and said:

"This, then, is little Adaly?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Adèle. "My new papa calls me Adaly!"

French words suggested to the parson French principles, all of which he detested, so when the child continued, "Call me Adaly and I will call you New Papa," his heart joined his tongue in confirming the arrangement.

Within an hour Adèle was hanging on his chair and questioning him rapidly about her new home, the playmates she

would have and the school she would attend; meanwhile she caressed his great hands till his heart responded warmly to her dainty finger-tips. He found her a charming traveling companion, but, obedient to his duty, he began early in the course of the homeward journey to examine her soul.

"Do you love God, my child?"

"Love Him? To be sure I do. All good children love Him, and I'm good, you know, New Papa; don't you?"

"Ah, Adaly, Adaly, we are all wicked!"

Adèle stared at him in amazement, and asked:

"You, too? Papa told me you were so good! Ah, you are telling me now a little—what you call—lie, is it not so, New Papa?"

He could not argue the matter further without careful preparation in keeping with the ignorance of his pupil, so he patted her little hand, as if to say, "Poor child! Poor child!"

Miss Johns received Adèle with as much kindness as she could command; she had not the heartiness of the French godmother, the only woman with whom the child had been familiar. But Miss Johns had a New England woman's experience of a starved sense of beauty in feminine attire; so over the contents of the trunks from France the woman and the child often found themselves in sympathetic touch with each other. It was no small glory, even to a woman who dutifully believed that "all is vanity," to have a ward so well dressed that the congregation in the church stretched their necks to see her as she entered the parson's family pew on Sundays.

Reuben Johns was very unlike his father and his aunt. He was precocious, wilful, irrepressible, and domineering; he had reverted, apparently, to the type of his dead grandfather, who, although an estimable gentleman, husband, and father, was of exuberant and self-sufficient temperament. Although only ten years of age, Reuben often found his way into bad company, yet he was very fond of Squire Elderkin's son Phil and daughter Rose, who were the best boy and girl in Ashfield. Miss Johns trusted that Adèle would exert a good influence over Reuben, but the boy assumed from the first that the girl would accept his superiority and control as a matter of course. Both children were instructed frequently in the Catechism, and as their

memories were good they answered all questions correctly, but the repetitions of "what is required" and "what is forbidden," for "the reason annexed," did not affect either as the doctor desired.

"Ah, Adaly," he would say, "I wish that you could be more serious than you are."

"Serious? Ha! ha!" Seeing a look of pain in the good man's face, she would continue: "But I will be!—I *am!*"—and her own face would become unnatural and grotesque.

"I want you to think, my child, that you are walking on the brink of a precipice—that your heart is desperately wicked." Such talk might frighten her for a moment, but an instant after being released from the doctor's inquisition chamber she would burst into song that the good man knew was profane, for it was French; nevertheless, he would quickly find himself so profane as to enjoy it greatly.

Reuben had been catechized for years before Adèle appeared, so when his father repeated the familiar question, "Do you know the sinful estate in which you are living?" the boy would reply cheerfully:

"Know it? Know it like a book! 'Consists-in-the-guilt-of-Adam's-first-sin-the-want-of-original-righteousness-and-the-corruption-of-his-whole-nature-which-is-commonly-called-original-sin-together-with-all-actual-transgressions-which-which-proceed-from-it'—there's a wasp on your shoulder, father—two of 'em. I'll kill 'em for you." No wonder that the good man was sometimes disheartened or that Reuben found home formalities and school rules so irksome that he ran away from home and hoped to become a sailor. Fortunately a relative in New York saved him from the sea and the devil, for the time being, by giving him congenial employment and kind treatment.

But Adèle alone was enough to keep Dr. Johns uneasy. Her unvarying obedience and cheerfulness caused him most apprehension; that a child of French birth and Popish training should be so winning and lovable reminded him of the statement that "Satan sometimes appeareth as an angel of light." He soon had reason to hope that the errors of her earlier religious instruction had been corrected, yet he was compelled to write

her father that "a little rosary found among her effects has been the occasion of some anxieties to my sister and myself lest she might still have a leaning toward the mockeries of the Scarlet Woman of Babylon." The rosary had belonged to Adèle's mother, and Miss Johns's attempt to take it from the child roused an affrighting tempest.

Adèle's father had intended to visit his daughter from time to time; when first he wrote concerning it he asked that her knowledge of French might be freshened, if a suitable teacher could be found. By a fortunate coincidence the Johns's New York relatives were spending the summer season at Ashfield and had brought with them their daughters' instructor in French—one Madame Arles, a mild, retiring little woman who was greatly pleased by the warm girlish impulse with which Adèle darted toward her when she appeared. Suddenly the woman's aspect changed so strangely that Adèle said: "My dear Madame, are you suffering?"

"A little, my child." Her lips became pinched and blue; there was a strange double look in her eyes, one being fixed on the girl while the other seemed to gaze into vacancy, and she clasped her hands over her heart as if to stay its throbbings. Her pupils from New York explained that she was subject to spasmodic attacks; when Dr. Johns heard of this he sorrowed greatly for her; but he did not forget that Madame was French and a Papist, so he insisted that she should not attempt to modify the religious instruction he had imparted, by special request of Adèle's father as well as in conformity with his own duty as a shepherd of souls. He was mystified by the woman's eager willingness to comply with his wish; he was also apprehensive of harm resulting from the warm affection which quickly developed between Adèle and her French teacher.

Eight years after Adèle's arrival at Ashfield her father planned a surprise visit; Dr. Johns was in the secret. At the appointed time Maverick entered the village by stage-coach and looked eagerly at every girlish figure within sight. Suddenly he beheld his daughter; but when he saw Madame Arles, who was walking beside her, he uttered an angry oath, hurried back to New York, and wrote Dr. Johns begging that Adèle might be sent to him, prepared for a few weeks of travel with her father.

He also asked that Madame Arles might be dismissed and kept from any further communication with Adèle.

Maverick was delighted with his daughter's appearance and manners, but he was not entirely at ease with her until he had questioned her closely about Madame Arles and whether the latter had talked to her of her own family affairs or of any one whom Adèle or her father might have known in France. He and his daughter were so happy together during his stay that he longed to take her back to Europe with him. But there were obstacles; the home and associations of an easy-going American in France, with no family influences about him, were hardly fitting for a daughter whose respect he desired to retain. Adèle had questioned him about her mother, of whom she knew nothing except that the rosary which had caused a scandal in the Johns family had belonged to her. But Maverick had replied with much feeling:

"I will love you for both, Adèle. She was not worthy of you, child."

"Is she living, papa?"

"It may be, darling. She was living, not long since. Yet it can never matter to you and me more. You will trust me in this, Adèle?"

He kissed her tenderly; she returned his caress, but burst into tears as she answered:

"I will!—I do, papa!"

Maverick returned to France alone. Whether because of longing for him, or of what he had said of her mother, Adèle's health began to fail so noticeably that the village gossips said she was "goin' into a decline." Madame Arles, who had returned to Ashfield and shocked everyone by making her home with an unfortunate woman whose child's father nobody knew, begged that she might see her, and said to Miss Johns:

"I know that I could comfort her. You do not understand her nature. She was born where the sky is soft and warm. You are all cold and harsh; she has told me as much. I know how she has suffered. I beseech you to let me see her, good Madame!"

When told that Adèle's father himself had ordered that the acquaintanceship should cease, the woman continued:

"Monsieur Maverick? *Mon Dieu!* Madame, he is no father to her. He leaves her here to die with strangers. He has no heart! I have a better right. I love her!"

Miss Eliza was obdurate; she quickly reported the incident to her brother, who was deeply hurt. "Cold and harsh!" Could Adèle have said this?—Adèle, whom he loved more than he loved anyone but his son Reuben? And those songs of hers—how he had loved them! How he had labored for her, and with a full heart! Had he not agonized in prayer, that this lost lamb might be brought into the fold? His distress became greater when at night he saw on the opposite side of the street a slight figure in black pacing up and down and looking up at the window of Adèle's room.

Reuben had not been insensible to Adèle's charms; neither had his friend Phil Elderkin. But Reuben had fallen into careless city ways and become so wild that his fostering relative begged Dr. Johns to admonish his son. The troubled father did so from a full heart and a theological compendium, and the combination nearly crazed the young man. Yet he chanced one day to enter a church, where he heard a sermon so full of love, tenderness, and earnestness that his heart was softened and so great a change came over him that he was prompted to follow his father's example and prepare himself for the ministry. His principles did not keep pace with his emotions; he wavered between sentiment and self until his mind became unstrung, and he went abroad for change of scene which might act as a restorative.

One day Madame Arles fell mortally ill and begged that Adèle might visit her and bring with her the rosary that had belonged to her mother. Dr. Johns could not refuse the request of a dying woman, but he said:

"My child, I cannot bear that you should go as the messenger of a false faith and carry to her, as it were, the seal of her idolatries. I must attend you, my child, if only to protest against such vanities and to declare to her, if it be not too late, the truth as it is in the Gospel."

They found Madame Arles delirious. She imagined herself at an appointed wedding ceremony from which the groom was absent. She called wildly for him; Adèle, to pacify her, placed

the rosary in her hands. The woman pressed it to her lips; her reason seemed to return; she recognized Adèle, threw her arms around her, exclaimed in French: "My child!—my poor child!" and died.

Adèle, although mute on the subject, had suspected and at last believed that Madame Arles was her mother. Dr. Johns knew not what to believe. Maverick had confided to him, by letter, that Adèle had not been born in wedlock; to cause the mother to forget her he had published false notices of the child's death in the Marseilles newspapers. This disclosure caused the minister to moan to himself:

"A child of sin! Who could have thought it? Adaly!—my poor Adaly!" For himself, he asked what if the truth were to become public and it should appear that during a long period of his holy ministrations he had, as would seem, colluded with a brazen reprobate to shield him from the shame of his misdeeds and to cover with the mantle of respectability this French-speaking child, who, under God, was the seal of her father's iniquities?

Yet no awful facts, no awful thoughts, could change his affection for Adèle. He had counseled Maverick to make such reparation as was possible to the woman, the child, and the father's soul by marrying Adèle's mother, but Maverick replied that this was impossible—there were reasons; later he believed her dead, after hearing from Adèle of her own last experience with Madame Arles.

One day while Maverick, at a café in Marseilles, was talking with his nearest friend about his wonder that Madame Arles, with whom his friend had been acquainted, and who had accompanied her brother to obscurity in Smyrna, apparently to remain there, should have traced Adèle to America, despite the published announcements of the child's death, he turned pale on beholding a handsome woman, who entered on the arm of a well-dressed man with a brusque and foreign air.

"Do the dead come to haunt us?" he exclaimed. At the same instant the woman recognized him and fell in a swoon. It was not long before Maverick was obliged to write Dr. Johns some facts stranger than fiction. Adèle's mother was not dead, as he had been compelled to believe. Aside from her fault of

loving him too dearly her life had been without reproach; cheered and protected by a loyal brother, who had slowly risen from poverty to affluence, she had become accomplished and also extremely religious. It was not she, but her sister, who in youth closely resembled her, who had gone to America as a teacher, for the sole purpose of tracing, and if possible taking back to France, the daughter of Maverick and her sister. Consequently, Maverick explained to Dr. Johns, he had followed the minister's advice and married Adèle's mother, to whom he could not in justice refuse the custody of her child. So Madame Maverick would soon sail for America to claim Adèle, and, her husband was assured, to be unceasing in her efforts to win Adèle back to the faith in which she had been baptized.

Poor Dr. Johns! After all his spiritual care of her, his wrestlings in prayer for the salvation of her soul, Adèle must be allowed to return to Popish idolatries—to abide under the shadow of the Scarlet Woman of Babylon! Yet he wrote Maverick: "I have never ceased to believe that most of the Romish traditions are of the devil, but with waning years I have learned that the divine mysteries are beyond our comprehension and that we cannot map out His purposes with any human chart." In talking with Adèle, however, in view of the impending change of religious guardianship, he was true to himself and his lifelong beliefs, and he warned her earnestly against the delusions and the falsities of Rome—against a religion of creeds, of human authority, of traditions.

"And mind, Adaly!" he added. "Hold fast to the doctrine of the Westminster divines! That is sound!—that is sound!"

Meanwhile his son Reuben had been wandering, with no particular purpose, in Rome and other Italian cities, and when he came out of St. Peter's, the great Roman temple, his religious nature was more deeply stirred than it had been in years. He was so assured of the sincerity of the worshipers and the benefits they acquired through their devotions that he was not indignant when a fellow-passenger on the ship he took for home endeavored to convert him to the Catholic faith. He admired her religious earnestness and its visible effects on her character, and wondered how all this could have grown up under what his father would have called the heathenism of her life, and won-

dered also how his own heathenisms could have grown up under the roof of a New England parsonage. He found her charming and companionable as well as religious, especially after he learned that she was going to Ashfield for her daughter Adèle, and she discovered that he was son of her American guardian.

But the hearts ashore that longed for the dear ones at sea were doomed to disappointment, for the vessel was wrecked when not far from port, and Reuben, alive but mortally injured, was borne home to die. Dr. Johns labored for the soul of his boy.

"You see it, my son?—repentance, justification by faith, adoption, sanctification?" But Reuben replied:

"Those words are a weariness to me, father. They suggest methods, dogmas, perplexities. Christian hope, pure and simple, I like better." He died happy, with Adèle bending over him lovingly like a sister and his father utterly broken for the first time in his life.

Adèle's mother, whose body was recovered from the wreck, was buried beside her sister, Madame Arles. No longer had Dr. Johns any fears for whatever of true religion he had imparted to Adèle. He mourned when her father took her to France, but his sorrow was turned to joy when Phil Elderkin, her schoolday friend and Reuben's, went after her and persuaded her to take his heart and name and return to Ashfield, where were all her friends, both the living and the dead. Her father followed her, bidding farewell to France forever, and the most frequent visitor to Adèle and Phil, and their little son, named for his parents' old friend Reuben, was Dr. Johns.

GEORGE MOORE

(Ireland, 1857)

ESTHER WATERS (1894)

This story aroused much discussion and controversy on its publication, because of the opinion of many readers that its chief subject was unfit for treatment in a novel. It had a wide circulation, however, and was translated into several languages.

ITH great misgiving the girl approached Woodview, for she felt she could not hold a place in such a grand house. Her ignorance would surely be discovered and she would have to return to London. Then what excuse could she give to Lady Elwin, who had obtained for her the place of kitchen-maid at this imposing mansion? Of course she never could go back home, only to be beaten and put out of doors by her brutal stepfather.

Esther Waters was troubled with all these thoughts, when she suddenly came upon a young fellow smoking a pipe, who said his mother was the cook at Woodview. William Latch, after telling his attractive companion about the stables and their race-horses, and of his hopes to enter the service of the Gaffer —that was what Squire Barfield was called here—conducted her to Mrs. Latch, who scolded her son for delaying the girl when he knew six persons were coming to dinner. The cook turned toward Esther and ordered her to begin work immediately. A sullen look of dogged obstinacy settled on the new kitchen-maid's face. She insisted on having time to change her dress before preparing the vegetables. Two housemaids, Sarah Tucker and Margaret Gale, burst into loud laughter, and Esther fled from the room, but William followed her, urging

her to return. He was very kind, and she allowed him to lead her back. Such was the unfavorable *début* that Esther Waters made at Woodview; but she was not sent away, as she feared, and she came to mingle on friendly terms with her fellow-servants, though they sneered at her religion and at the absurdity of saying prayers. Her roommate, Margaret Gale, witnessed her devotions with astonishment; yet being one of the Plymouth brethren helped Esther to gain favor with her mistress, Mrs. Barfield, who was of that sect, and among the domestics was spoken of as "the Saint."

Esther soon discovered that her surroundings were unpleasant save for her kindly mistress's interest in her welfare. Gaffer bred race-horses, and the whole atmosphere was charged with stable-lingo and speculations about Silver Braid in a forthcoming trial for the Stewards' cup. All the servants were betting on this horse, and Esther was puzzled and pained at such negotiations. But she found consolation and happiness in the society of gentle Mrs. Barfield, who secretly grieved over the demoralized condition of her household.

Her position at Woodview was now assured, and Esther made friends with most of the servants. William Latch had been engaged as footman, against his mother's wishes, though he delighted in the livery. He frequently stopped to talk with Esther, and even persuaded her to take a ticket in a shipping sweepstakes, in which Silver Braid fell to her lot. Meanwhile that favorite animal was exercised daily and conviction of ultimate triumph gathered and settled on every face except Mrs. Barfield's and Mrs. Latch's. The wizened little butler, Mr. Randal, was in his glory during these days; he was reputed to possess enviable information regarding the race-track, and to be very wealthy besides.

Before Esther Waters appeared at Woodview Sarah Tucker appeared to be the choice of William; but the new kitchen-maid attracted the tall, square-shouldered footman, and he soon openly showed his preference, much to Sarah's disgust and ridicule. Esther and William would walk out together, while he talked of his ambition to win enough money on the horses to purchase a public house. Esther listened, absorbed in his personality, hearing interminable references to jockeys, pub-

licans, weights, and odds. The great day arrived amid intense excitement, and the Gaffer, his son, his daughter, and Peggy, his niece, went off in the drag. The Saint gave her servants a holiday, which they spent in various ways. For some unknown reason Esther made her way to the seashore. There she met a gaunt, melancholy woman, who turned out to be the wife of the sallow butler. Mrs. Randal explained to the kitchen-maid the evils of betting; it was a terrible recital of personal suffering, for which her husband was responsible. Esther listened in silence and in sympathy. A newsboy, crying out the winners of the Stewards' cup, startled the two women. They sprang to their feet, and after a brief period of suspense they learned that Silver Braid had won.

This victory for the Gaffer meant a golden prosperity while the winnings lasted. New race-horses were bought. Drink and expensive living, dancing and singing up-stairs and down-stairs, culminated in a servants' ball given at the Shoreham Gardens. William and Esther, among the other Woodview domestics, attended the affair, and William betrayed his jealousy when Esther danced with Arthur, the son of the Gaffer, and before the evening was over the ardent footman had declared his love. Esther was supremely happy, and she felt that she fully returned her big William's affection.

For days after the ball Esther acted as one in a blissful trance. There were fugitive meetings and hurried words, and when work was done the lovers lingered in the summer darkness, talking of love and marriage.

One evening, putting his pipe aside, William threw his arms around her and whispered that she was his wife. The words sounded delicious in her ears, but she could hardly hear what he said afterward; a sort of weakness seemed to come over her—she could not struggle with him.

Natural piety and a stern sense of duty, mingling with her shame, actuated Esther to avoid William, though he sought every opportunity of meeting her with declarations on his lips. He was sorry. Of course they would marry when he had saved enough. Would she forgive him? But Esther was stubborn and sullen, and she was bound to win his respect at any cost. Then to aggravate her William went walking with Sarah.

Esther became more silent, and angrier than ever at such an affront. Her obstinacy was about going under, however, when it was rumored that William spent a great deal of time in the drawing-room with Peggy, who had become enamored. It was true, Esther saw them together. That day she snatched up a large knife and rushed at her false lover. He retreated, and the maddened girl fell in a dead faint. Mrs. Latch was terrified, for she felt that her son had wronged the girl to cause her to make this exhibition of herself. That same evening the Gaffer dismissed William from his service, not because of his betrayal of Esther, but because of the conduct between his niece, Peggy, and the footman. And, in fact, Peggy had gone off with William. Despair settled upon Esther.

"I wonder whether they'll marry?" she had said.

"Most probable. She has a lot of money," Margaret Gale had answered.

Again and again the great misfortune of her life—William's desertion—overcame Esther; but it was not till December that she realized the worst consequences. She finally knew she would have to leave Woodview. Oh, the shame of confession! One day Mrs. Barfield sent for her, and the ordeal was over. Curiously, the Saint was more lenient than could have been expected, and when Esther told her simple, pathetic tale her mistress covered her face with her hands. Mention of Peggy's name brought painful memories. And, oh, the curse of that racing! Mrs. Barfield and Esther prayed together, and the good woman promised to see her servant through. She gave the unfortunate girl some money, which, with her little savings, would pay her expenses, and amid tears and regrets she left for London. Margaret cried. Mrs. Latch took the girl in her arms, offering her any help she might need when her time came. Sarah proposed a toast to the baby, the beer was brought, and after being kissed and hugged Esther turned her back upon the house. She had come to Woodview to escape the suffering of a home that had become unendurable, and she was going back in circumstances a hundred times worse than those in which she had left it, and with the memory of the happiness she had lost.

Esther found her poor sickly mother, with her brood of ill-fed children, in the familiar, squalid rooms. Mother and

daughter affectionately greeted each other. The former said her husband, the brutal, coarse Jim Saunders, was worse than ever in his treatment of his family. But Esther determined to induce her stepfather to allow her to remain at home until it should be time for her to go to the hospital. She could pay ten shillings a week for the parlor and board. At first Jim Saunders declared that she must live elsewhere, but the bait of money caught him, and he became anxious for Esther to remain.

"I'm sure we'll be glad to 'ave 'er," he said. "We was always good friends, Esther, wasn't we, though ye wasn't one of my own?" So saying, Jim held out his hand.

Though she ignored the proffered hand, Esther remained, that she might be near her mother. During her stay Jim Saunders was seldom sober; and whenever he demanded money for drink Esther, to prevent her mother from being beaten, had to put her hand in her pocket and give of her own much-needed money. When it was necessary for her to remove to a lodging nearer the lying-in hospital, that she might not be far away when she should be compelled to enter, it almost broke her heart to separate from her mother. Mrs. Saunders felt a foreboding, too, that they should never meet again. She bravely bore up, however, advised Esther how to procure admission to Queen Charlotte's Hospital, which was done through a subscriber, and aided the girl in every way.

Esther engaged lodgings with a Mrs. Jones, a good old woman, who was interested in the fate of the expectant mother. A week passed before Esther's condition warranted the hospital authorities in taking her. She thought the attendants heartless, as she lay in her bed listening to their conversation and laughter. They evidently regarded the birth of a child as merely an interesting incident, which served for professional data. But this cold, scientific attitude did not long occupy the mind of Esther Waters, for a beautiful baby son came to absorb her entire attention. Even the lady visitors, who asked questions, and the exhorting clergyman who paid her several calls, failed to arouse the rapturous mother from the object of her adoration.

But one day her sister Jenny stood at her bedside and said that their mother was dead and buried, that their father was going to Australia with the children, and wouldn't Esther give

her two pounds to pay her expenses to the remote land? The convalescent listener wept bitterly upon hearing the doleful tale, but she was loath to part with half of her savings—the baby's money—to procure passage for her half-sister to Australia. Jenny pleaded, declaring that Esther could spare the sum, as now she could earn five pounds a week as a wet-nurse. As the matron corroborated this statement, Esther divided her sovereigns, giving the triumphant Jenny two of them.

The young mother was indeed alone in the world. Necessity forced her to put her own child out at nurse, while she gave its rightful nourishment to the bloodless infant of Mrs. Rivers, a rich woman, who paid her but fifteen shillings a month for the sacrifice. Esther had to give almost half of this amount to Mrs. Spires, the woman who promised to care for her boy, but who in reality neglected him, after the approved style of baby-farmers. Vaguely feeling that something was wrong when Mrs. Spires failed to bring her child, one night Esther, against the positive orders of Mrs. Rivers, and upon pain of discharge, left the house to find out how her baby fared. She found him in a pitiable condition. To her horror, Mrs. Spires offered to do away with him. She knew how to do a good job, too! Five pounds was the only cost to a servant-girl like Esther, and the encumbrance would be removed. Esther fled from that house with her baby as from the plague. She walked the streets nearly all night. She had no friends, nowhere to go. A policeman directed her to the Lambeth Workhouse.

Those who came to the workhouse for servants offered miserable wages, and Esther considered herself lucky at securing sixteen pounds a year. This left her three pounds a year for dress—the rest went to keep her boy, Jackie, who was well cared for by Mrs. Lewis, a motherly widow. Esther's round of drudgery was only softened by periodic visits to her child, who, as he grew older, ran to her with glad cries of "Mummie, Mummie." She obtained several places, one after another, but lost them in turn, either because her mistress discovered she had a baby, or because Esther would not permit liberties at the hands of the men in the family. The way of the struggling servant-girl was beset with difficulties; often she had to pawn her gown, frequently go hungry, but somehow she managed to

make ends meet. Mrs. Lewis was very kind, and sustained Esther through many hard trials.

Finally she secured a place with Miss Rice in West Kensington. Miss Rice was a lady of seven-and-thirty, who wrote novels. She evinced an extraordinary interest in Esther, and listened sympathetically to her story, and went so far as to pay Esther eighteen pounds a year, an amount which that tender spinster could hardly afford. Jackie, at that time, was six years old.

Days, weeks, months went by, and Esther became more and more devoted to her dear mistress. She anticipated every desire and need of Miss Rice. Her Jackie was safe with Mrs. Lewis, therefore Esther was satisfied. Romance was not absent from her life either; she had admirers in plenty, but she would not consider them seriously. Fred Parsons, a meager little man, the stationer's foreman, almost won her heart and hand, and no doubt would have married her eventually, had not Fate willed it otherwise by sending William Latch into the suburb. It so happened that Esther and William almost collided in the street. Both were astonished. He followed her, begging that she would listen; he lived no longer with his wife; he was well off—had backed many winners—he hoped to buy the King's Head, a public house—he would like to make it up to her. Esther was angry, resentful; she could not be won over so easily, and she hurled bitter words in his face. Information of his child, their child, seemed to stun the man.

Despite all repulses William persisted in dogging her footsteps, advancing arguments to gain her forgiveness. He said they might marry, if she would, when he was divorced from Peggy. Esther unburdened her troubles on Miss Rice, who advised her to think of Jackie's future above all else in considering the proposal. Esther disliked turning away Fred Parsons, who had been so kind, so lenient, and withal one of the pious brethren; yet she realized the advantage of giving Jackie his own father in preference to a strange one. Long she weighed the issue, then one night Esther granted William permission to see his son. Together they visited the little cottage of Mrs. Lewis. Jackie ran to meet them. It was difficult for the child to comprehend that the elegant gentleman was his father, but he

obediently believed what he heard. After several visits Jackie grew to like William, and the father doted on his boy and showered gifts upon him. This put Esther in an unreasonable passion of jealousy, and she accused William of stealing her child's love. She recounted all her agony and shame of the years gone by, and compared it with his abandonment of her and Jackie. She was merciless in her denunciation.

William would not give up, and at last his persistency won. Esther consented to live with him, on condition that he would settle five hundred pounds on Jackie and herself, a stipulation he had advanced in one of his incessant overtures. After they had lived together, running the King's Head, the divorce William wanted would be forthcoming, and Esther would be made his legal wife. Fred Parsons was given over, Miss Rice had to engage another girl, and Esther Waters took her place as mistress of a public house.

During the racing season William was on the turf, adding to their profits by his skill as a bookmaker, and his gains often outbalanced those of the King's Head. Among the regular customers was old John Randal, the former butler at Woodview, who since the Gaffer died and the estate went to pieces, had been sinking into oblivion himself. The son of Mrs. Barfield dropped in occasionally, too, and participated in the race-track conversations, which were well-nigh endless.

One Derby, the first and last horse-race Esther ever saw, the Latches invited Sarah Tucker, then out of employment, to accompany them. She enjoyed her day to the fullest measure though she drank too much, and that fact was taken advantage of by a certain Bill Evans, a man with a notorious reputation on the track. From that day dated the downfall of the beguiled Sarah, who went to live with the welcher, stuck to him when he was forced to flee from England, and sacrificed everything and everybody for him.

When Esther next saw Sarah more than a year had elapsed, bringing many changes in the course of both these women's lives. Bill Evans had deserted his dupe, who now sought the shelter of the King's Head. Like a true friend, Esther welcomed the wretched girl, though she told her that their business was losing ground daily, and that William had a constant, bad

cough, which prohibited his going to the wet race-tracks. Therefore he was taking bets over the bar, an illegal proceeding, but one which kept them from financial ruin. Sarah remained with her friends until she was able to better her condition. She got a place, and, like the infatuated woman she was, embraced the earliest opportunity of being in her dastardly lover's company.

Meanwhile Fred Parsons, wearing the cap and jersey of the Salvation Army, had come into the King's Head and warned Esther that the law had been set in motion for suppressing betting-houses. The practise was demoralizing thousands of homes. He cited cases that she could not deny. This singular visit and visitor, however, had no more influence than to make William resolve upon more careful and secret negotiation of his business. Esther felt that it was all wrong, but she thought one should not interfere with one's husband.

"I should 'ave liked quite a different kind of life, but we don't choose our lives. We just make the best of them," was the sum and substance of his philosophy.

Sarah Tucker came rather frequently to the King's Head in these days, ostensibly to see Esther, though she persisted in staying in the public bar, where she listened eagerly to every word that was said apropos of the chances of the horses in the approaching Cesarewitch. Ben Jonson evidently was her pick. When the race took place this favorite came in second. Sarah was as one dazed, and she drank a quantity of whisky at the King's Head, getting drunk before anyone realized her purpose. Then the truth made itself known. Sarah had given Bill Evans the silver plate belonging to her mistress to pledge, and he had raised on it thirty pounds, which had been put on Ben Jonson. If the horse won, Bill and Sarah were to marry; if he lost—

Esther tried to comfort the miserable woman, and that night she urged her husband to lend Sarah the sum requisite to get the silver out of pawn. But Bill had decamped with the ticket, and poor Sarah could not recall the exact locality of the money-lender. Nothing but prison was the outlook now. Sarah was arrested in the King's Head, and in due time was brought to trial. The thirty pounds intended to redeem the plate went

for defense of the prisoner. Every effort to locate either the man Evans or the pawn-shop at which the loan had been obtained was unavailing. Therefore Sarah Tucker was adjudged guilty and sentenced to hard labor for eighteen months. In his arraignment his lordship censured racing and betting, and urged the police to uproot all forms of gambling. Hearing these words, William made up his mind not to bet with strangers henceforth. But not long afterward he neglected this cautious rule, and suffered the consequences. The King's Head was raided, evidence was secured, and its proprietor was fined one hundred pounds. Esther was for selling the house and going to the country to live; but the reputation of the tavern had been damaged, and an advantageous sale was made impossible thereby.

There was only one thing to do now: William must go back on the course as bookmaker. He tried it for a time, but his health would not permit it, so he returned to his forbidden practises, though another conviction meant absolute ruin. His cough grew worse, and once he broke a blood-vessel. The doctor spoke of Brompton Hospital, and Esther insisted on his going there for examination. He was told that he had consumption, one lung was gone, but he could be patched up.

The Latches removed from the King's Head, a renewal of license having been refused; but William, hardly able to bear the strain, continued to bet on the horses. He hoped to retrieve his diminished fortune, and to make enough money to take them to Egypt, where the doctors advised him to go. Esther understood. It was for his very life that her husband was now gambling on the race-course. Alternately the poor man won and lost; and at last the crisis came when he was an indoor patient at the hospital. The horse upon which he had staked money and life failed to win. Esther was stunned, but somehow she succeeded in telling William the dreadful news. Resignedly he heard her knell, and turned to the Bible for comfort.

They brought him home to die at his own suggestion. He talked seriously, solemnly, with Jackie, a splendid lad fifteen years of age. "Never have nothing to do with racing and betting. . . . It hasn't brought me or your mother any luck. . . . Your mother, Jack, is the best woman in the world."

These were some of the things the dying father said to his son, who promised to remember them.

After the little funeral Esther found her money almost gone. She went to work, and for three years slaved from morning till night in a common coffee-shop. Jackie was employed, too, and together they eked out a living. Then Jackie was out of employment. Suddenly, in the midst of despair, Esther thought of Mrs. Barfield, who was all alone at Woodview. She wrote; the Saint replied that she needed a servant, and enclosed five pounds. That was a turning-point in the lives of both women. When Esther reached the dilapidated and forsaken estate, once so beautiful, she was startled, but she accepted it as a final stage in her life. She desired no further change. Mrs. Barfield was rejoiced to have Esther with her, and they became companions and a source of consolation to each other. Want of prayers led them to farm meetings for the brethren at the house. Only her son's absence and indifference marred the peace of Mrs. Barfield; but Arthur was a devotee of the race-course, and could not be expected to relish the atmosphere of Woodview in its days of desertion and quiet.

Jackie had a thorny path in London, but with the help of his mother and that of the Saint he walked straight. Time passed. One fine day a tall soldier came through the gate at Woodview. It was Esther's son. What a fine fellow he was! She did not know he was so handsome, and, blushing with pleasure and pride, she glanced shyly at him out of the corners of her eyes, as she introduced him to her mistress.

"This is my son, Ma'am."

Mrs. Barfield held out her hand to the young soldier.

"I have heard a great deal about you from your mother."

"And I of you, Ma'am. You've been very kind to my mother. I don't know how to thank you."

And in silence they walked toward the house.

EVELYN INNES (1898)

This story was very widely read on both sides of the Atlantic, and its heroine was recognized as a popular stage favorite in England.

R. INNES, a dreamer and propagandist of old-time music and its instruments, had settled in Dulwich, where he gave his unique concerts which interested only a handful of enthusiasts. He hoped ultimately to restore the liturgical chants of the early centuries, and especially the works of Palestrina, and he dreamed of giving them at St. Joseph's, the parish church in Southwark, where he was organist. Up to the present, however, the Jesuit fathers of St. Joseph's had been unable to guarantee the support of an adequate choir for giving the old music; so Mr. Innes had to keep his project in abeyance and remain content with his concerts and his lessons. Three years earlier Mrs. Innes, once a famous singer, had died, and the bereaved husband would have been intolerably lonely had it not been for his daughter, Evelyn, who helped him in his artistic struggle. She sang extraordinarily well the quaint old songs that he taught her, and she evinced original talent for the viola da gamba. At his musicales she was the feature, and in this way she came to the notice of Sir Owen Asher, baronet and dilettante.

Sir Owen was a man of forty who had been fortunate enough to indulge every fastidious desire. The purchase of a musical periodical had brought him to one of the Dulwich concerts, a criticism of which he wished to include in his review. He was highly pleased and interested in the unusual programme presented, and the singing of Miss Innes took him by surprise. At the close of the concert he complimented her, and told her she should go at once to France to study with the celebrated Madame

Savelli. Evelyn was embarrassed by his praise, and more so by the presence of this tall, aristocratic man. He had a strange effect upon the young girl, and her life seemed for the first time to have come to a definite issue. As for Sir Owen, he was attracted to the fair girl, though he did not realize nor admit to what extent. But two days after that evening he made a visit to the Inneses to propose a concert at his mansion in Berkeley Square. The queer instruments were accordingly shipped to London, and the medieval music was rendered for the delectation of the Baronet's fashionable friends. Evelyn did not sing well, but personally she continued to arouse the curiosity and interest of Sir Owen. Indeed, their seemingly intimate conversation, apart from the assembly, stirred up the jealousy of a certain red-haired woman, who obviously ignored her host on that account. Sir Owen thereupon became painfully nervous and absent-minded.

Evelyn was conscious of all this, and when, on the following Sunday, he came to service at St. Joseph's to tell her father and herself that he had suddenly decided to take a trip round the world in his yacht, she felt that the lady with the red hair was at the bottom of it. For a moment Evelyn had an impulse to ask Sir Owen to stay, then she dismissed the idea as preposterous, though she was sure he would have stayed.

Life at Dulwich was a bore to Evelyn Innes with all her aspirations. Despite her father's sanguine expectations, she knew that they never would go abroad that she might train her voice; money was not plentiful, the concerts failed to appeal to a wider circle, pupils stopped their lessons, and she grew tired of the monotonous daily round. Even her beloved religion fell flat. Confession and communion lost their thrall. She made a retreat at the convent at Wimbledon, where the holy calm of a nun's existence exerted a quieting influence over her rebellious nature, but she truly began to enjoy living once more when she heard from her father that Owen was returning without completing his trip. Evelyn wondered whether he had come home for her, or for the red-haired woman. This last thought entered her heart with a pang.

It was not long before all doubt was settled, for immediately upon his return to England Sir Owen took the train for the

suburb of Dulwich, ostensibly to attend one of Mr. Innes's concerts, but in reality to see Evelyn and hear her sing. She was quite overcome by such attention. They soon became friends, and as they walked through the ornamental park or stood before the masterpieces in the picture-gallery, he told her of his past love-affairs and of how wonderful she was; and always subtly woven into these conversations was the hint, the suggestion, the incontrovertible right of her developing her genius abroad. Did not her father prove selfish, wrong, in sacrificing her to his own ambitions? Is not our first duty toward ourselves? She should not delay making herself a great artist. Sir Owen could help her. He was only too eager for the opportunity. But she would have to leave her father, and Owen made it clear that marriage was detestable in his sight. Evelyn long pondered these things and felt afraid of herself because she listened to and entertained his arguments.

Meanwhile Owen revolved the forthcoming intrigue in his mind. He had no doubt that Evelyn would make a sensational soprano under proper tuition. The game was worth while, he thought, and he determined to induce the girl to run away with him. To Paris! that would be their goal. He had availed himself of a dozen devices to tempt her—art, music, love, all that makes life a pleasure instead of a burden. And the wily pleader was gaining the ascendency, and even Evelyn's religious scruples were gradually weakening. Her devout Catholicism was yielding to his agnostic reasoning.

After many days of indecision, mental agony, and combat with conscience, Evelyn Innes took the momentous step that Sir Owen had urged so ardently. But she did not leave Dulwich without telling her father of her intention. He was aghast, horrified, but powerless. And one day while he went to discuss the reformation of music with an influential prelate, Monsignor Mostyn, Evelyn took the train for London, and that night she and her lover crossed the Channel, bound for Paris, where the future loomed up golden and glorious.

Days were spent in the gay French capital, doing shopping, dining, hearing opera, and seeing the races. Evelyn was delighted, bewildered; and the kindness and courtesy of Owen captivated her. Of course she wrote to her father, imploring

his forgiveness, and setting forth the advantage of her becoming a great singer, and their eventual union and happiness. Her father replied, urging her to return, but such a course was impossible; she must learn what Madame Savelli thought of her voice; then, if what Owen predicted came true, she would go back the finest soprano in Europe. Naturally, her salary would enable her to repay Owen and to support her dear old father, whose drudgery would then be at an end. So Evelyn dreamed.

Though she had looked forward with dread to her vocal trial, and had been a prey to misgivings and tears, the celebrated singing-mistress said that if Evelyn remained with her a year she would make something wonderful of her. Madame Savelli was charmed, and was sure she had discovered a star of the first magnitude. Owen experienced all the pleasure of a discoverer at hearing his opinion verified by expert authority, while poor Evelyn was dazed and overjoyed. She could hardly credit her senses. Nevertheless, it was true. That night Owen introduced her to an elderly woman, Lady Duckle, who had come to Paris purposely to chaperone the Dulwich girl with the wonderful voice. This addition to their little household was another mark of Owen's tact and forethought. Evelyn felt that she could not love him enough.

The progress of Evelyn Innes was something altogether extraordinary. In eight months she had learned ten operas under Madame Savelli; within two years she had made her successful *début* at Brussels as Marguerite, and half of Europe had also listened enraptured; within six years she had sung nearly everywhere. At Bayreuth Madame Wagner had pronounced her Brunnhilde matchless. But during this time she avoided London, until at Owen's urgent persuasion she accepted an engagement. She feared meeting her father, yet she longed for reconciliation. Since her success with Wagnerian operas, Mr. Innes had also attained the realization of his fond dream, that of giving Palestrina and other early composers at St. Joseph's. He had labored indefatigably and the powerful Monsignor Mostyn had raised sufficient funds, himself subscribing heavily. Fashionable London now crowded the parish church of Southwark.

Evelyn still regretted her engagement in her native land, though her Marguerite had been accorded a tremendous ovation, in which the young critic and composer, Ulick Dean, had led with an almost idolatrous eulogium. Evelyn was intensely interested in this eccentric, mystic Mr. Dean, and had hoped to go over some scenes in *Tristan and Isolde* with him. There was a fascination about the youthful Irishman, aside from the magnetic fact that he was a close friend of her father's.

For some time Evelyn hesitated in seeking her father. She once got as far as the familiar old church, felt its subtle influence, and, almost against her will, remained through mass. And at the moment of consecration she was compelled to bow her head, and her thoughts expanded into prayer. She had wished to avoid this; but her whole action seemed beyond her control. It troubled her, and she knew Owen would not like it, for he resented the power that her religion had upon her complex nature. From the peace of the Sanctus bell she then fled to a rehearsal of *Tannhäuser*, in which she played a wonderful Elizabeth, and the long-delayed reconciliation between father and daughter was again put off. Ulick Dean attended this rehearsal, and Evelyn rejoiced to see him. They talked of interpretation, music, and composition. He was writing an opera, *Grania*, and Evelyn found that his views on everything were singular but inspiring. When they talked of her father, Ulick was convincing in his reasoning that she should go to him as soon as possible. Then she agreed to visit Dulwich surely on Saturday, while he in turn promised to go through the *Isolde* music with her. The bargain was sealed and they parted.

Owen was waiting for her when she reached her house in Park Lane, and was anxious to know whether she had seen her father. But as questioning irritated her, he desisted. During their *liaison*, which had lasted the astonishing period of six years, Owen never had ceased to love this curious, capricious woman, and he never was certain of her. Perhaps that very fact kept him at her feet.

On Saturday Evelyn drove out to Dulwich. The dreadful deferred interview was not prolonged. Forgiveness was hers from the first, and they resumed their chumlike relations almost at once, talking over the many revolutionizing events in

the past half-dozen years. Monsignor Mostyn and Ulick Dean came up constantly in their rapid, eager conversation. Mr. Innes evidently esteemed both these men—in fact, he waxed enthusiastic about them, one the promoter, the other the coming composer of pure music—music in its true sense. Though Evelyn had become famous as a Wagnerian soprano, her father could not tolerate that master's music-dramas. The new system of orchestration invented by Ulick was far ahead of Wagner's, to Mr. Innes's way of thinking. Evelyn was satisfied to sit and listen, delighted to be there. On Sunday they went to St. Joseph's, where Evelyn heard the *Missa Brevis* of Palestrina and a sermon by the all-powerful Monsignor Mostyn, whose words entered her inmost soul. It was not the first time she had been forced to analyze her conduct, but somehow that sermon moved her strangely. Ulick had come out to dinner, and he and Evelyn indulged in long talks. She grew more and more interested in this Celtic lover of symbols and myths. That night she met Monsignor Mostyn, and was further impressed by the austere yet kindly priest.

It did not require much time for Evelyn to realize that a new crisis had come into her life. She felt herself falling in love with Ulick, yet she abhorred the very idea of an unfaithful thought against Owen. But the fact remained, nevertheless, and she must face it. True, she might marry Owen whenever she desired it; he had often said so; yet did she wish to? She was frightened at her own chameleon-like mind. Ulick had gone through *Tristan and Isolde* with her; they had had a wonderful evening together, but how narrowly they escaped an avowal—she had almost thrown herself into his arms. Then at their next meeting he asked her to go away with him, and she told him that she could not give up Owen. What was she to do now? Impulsively she sought Owen at Berkeley Square, and, though he had agreed that they should marry, he thought she should sing Kundry before leaving the stage. Again her mind veered, and she left Owen perplexed as to whether she really wished him to marry her. To tell the truth, she did not know herself. She seemed lost in a labyrinth of emotions. The performance—an incomparable one—of her Isolde decided the question on the opening night. Delirious with love and passion,

she gave herself to Ulick, and he was mad with happiness, though he had a dark foreboding that their intimacy would be of short duration. But the present was a gift of the gods, and they must enjoy it.

One day Owen telegraphed her that his mother was dead, and Evelyn hastened to him at the family estate. He told her that the dead woman had expressed a wish that he should marry Evelyn Innes. Real sorrow entered her heart for the middle-aged man whose affection had continued undiminished. Owen divined that she had finished their love-story, but he besought her not to forsake him.

Evelyn longed to tell him the truth, yet the words would not come. Silence gave him false hope, though the last memory of her visit was the unfathomable melancholy of her gray eyes. Conscience was assailing her. Bitterly she reflected on the course of her present life, yet she strove to vanquish these torments by her love for Ulick. They had gone out to Dulwich together, and were spending a week with her father. For a time the scenes of her childhood witnessed her happiness with Ulick; then came a change. It was wrought by the earnest ecclesiastic, Monsignor Mostyn, who requested Evelyn to sing at a concert for the benefit of the Passionist Sisters at the Wimbledon Convent, where she had once spent a week in retreat. Of course Evelyn was only too delighted to be useful in canceling the debt incurred by the late Mother Superior. Arrangements were made, and the concert was a great success, due to her influence and efforts.

Monsignor invited the singer to her old convent, which she had rescued from financial ruin, and, full of undefined trepidation, she visited the place of girlish memories and reverence. This occurrence had a singular effect upon Evelyn. She yearned for the quiet, the purity of a nun's life. Again the ever-conflicting questions attacked her as to her future. Owen had repeated his plea for marriage. Ulick also desired it. Should she marry either, or neither of them? Should she give up her stage career, and take up a calmer, less tempestuous, less tempting mode of life? How should she decide—for decide she must. Sleepless were her nights, and her days passed as if in a troubled dream of semiconsciousness.

At last she sent for Owen and told him their lives were henceforth apart, and that they must never see each other. Even when she confessed about Ulick, he offered to forget it if she would only consent to become his wife. He implored her to consider her choice. Evelyn was deeply touched at his constancy, but she could not take him back. Neither did she wish to unite her life to that of Ulick. She promised Owen to give up her relations with the musician, who had gone to Paris for a fortnight.

Insomnia haunted the nights of Evelyn. Thinking—thinking—thinking—she tried to come to a conclusion. She almost became crazy, and at one time entertained an idea of suicide. An overdose of chloral would have done it, but she was convinced that the Virgin Mary had stopped her hand. It was a miracle! That made her way clear. She would go to Monsignor Mostyn and lay bare the cankering secret of her wretched existence. Yes: her lovers would have to go, and the stage must be given up. While lunching with one of her favorite fellow-artists, she told her that she would never sing Kundry at Bayreuth. Her listener was astounded.

Evelyn went to Monsignor Mostyn, and in the first glance he read that she had come to confession, and it was for him a moment of extraordinary spiritual elation. He had known Owen at school, and was fully aware of the rôle he had played in the checkered career of the girl before him. To win her back to the true faith would be a triumph indeed; and this victory was easily won, for the penitent had become convinced of her sin, and abandoned herself to agonized repentance. Contrite, abased, she told all to the priest, and after she had vowed never to see either Owen or Ulick again, she received absolution. She now felt perfect peace in her heart, perfect rest in her body.

The solution of her monetary obligations to Owen still perplexed her; but she wrote to him, offering to return all the jewels he had given her, and telling him of the step she had at last taken. A letter was despatched to Ulick, in which she cast him off, and informed him that she could not sing in his opera. The replies of her two lovers were characteristic. Owen was scandalized; he would save her from herself; he was coming to

Dulwich. Ulick, on the other hand, accepted her decree with passionate, fatalistic resignation. These widely differing letters were given to Monsignor Mostyn for perusal, and that worthy prelate and protector advised her to seek seclusion in the shelter of Wimbledon Convent, where she would be a welcome guest and be free from molestation. Eagerly Evelyn grasped the suggestion, but she first craved communion at the hands of her father confessor, who kindly granted her wish. The sacrament exalted her, and she was fairly ecstatic.

Mr. Innes was sorely puzzled at the change in his daughter. He never could get accustomed to her vagaries. Evelyn whimsically likened him to a hen with a duckling, a creature that never could predict what plunge the other might take. Mr. Innes shocked Evelyn by his sympathy for Owen. "He seems very fond of you," he said, glancing at Owen's letter. Had he not offered to marry her? The simple old musician could not fathom the mind or intentions of his enigmatical child. That she should choose to spend a week at the lifeless convent to avoid Owen was an unanswerable riddle to him. Then, too, she had thrown over that genius, Ulick Dean, and had refused to create *Grania.* Mr. Innes sadly gave up his wondering. Evelyn was a great artist, yes, and a daughter to be proud of, but she was a strange being nevertheless.

All the nuns at Wimbledon were glad to see the singer who had saved them from calamity. The Reverend Mother was particularly pleased. Many of the gray-robed sisters appealed to Evelyn, and she became interested in their regulated, unruffled lives. Here was a harbor of joy and adoration. Evelyn experienced more pleasure in singing for these nuns than for the most brilliant audiences of Europe. So time passed, and the world-sick, passion-rent visitor found beauty in this devotional community of these holy, pallid brides of the Church. Their way of living attracted her. Books written by the renowned Sister Teresa were greedily devoured by Evelyn, who drew infinite consolation from this extraordinary visionary's pages. She felt strong, uplifted, and purified.

At last the day came for her to take her regretful leave of the convent and its inmates. She must again go down into the world and battle. The Reverend Mother hung a medal around her

neck, and her favorite nuns kissed her. They assured her that prayers would be constantly offered up for her preservation, and Evelyn, driving along the roads to London, imagined these pious invocations intervening between her and sin, coming to her aid in some moment of perilous temptation, and perhaps in the end determining the course of her life.

JOHN MOORE

(England, 1730–1802)

ZELUCO (1789)

This story produced a powerful impression at the time of its publication, and edition after edition was exhausted. It has left an abiding mark on literature, at least indirectly, through the poetry of Byron, who in certain of his moods fancied himself a Zeluco. He says, in the preface to *Childe Harold:* "The outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco."

UR hero, sprung from a noble Sicilian family, was born in Palermo. Even in childhood he manifested certain vicious tendencies, but these were checked and would probably have been overcome by his father and others who superintended his education, had he not lost this parent in his tenth year. He was left under the guidance of a mother who believed him endowed with every good quality and applauded the blusterings of petulance and pride as indications of spirit. His temper, becoming more and more inflammable in consequence of this indulgence, burst into a blaze on the slightest provocation. One day when a pet sparrow failed to perform to his satisfaction some tricks he had taught it, he seized it, and, with an oath, squeezed the little bird to death. His tutor punished him severely; whereupon the mother, declaring she would not have her son's vivacity repressed by a narrow-minded pedant, at once dismissed the honest schoolmaster.

After this Zeluco renounced all application to letters, as being useless to men whose fortunes are already made. He was extraordinarily handsome, and knew it. He therefore compensated himself for his neglect of learning by assiduous application to dancing, fencing, and other accomplishments of

the same class. After his entrance into society his mother's lavishness enabled him to gratify his love of pleasure, and the seeds of every kind of vice, which had been early implanted in his breast, developed rapidly. Yet he enjoyed himself very little, and he looked forward with fretful impatience to the period when the law should place him in untrammeled possession of his fortune, as he imputed the wretchedness he really felt to the scanty allowance granted by his guardians and to his not being of age. At last the day so long sighed for arrived, and he was put in possession of his entire estates. Then might be witnessed the progressive depravity of this darling son of an indulgent mother, the horrible features of villainy, and the inward misery inseparable from vice, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances. He gave a free rein to his appetites, gratified them at the expense of every moral duty, went on from crime to crime, thinking the last act of wickedness would insure happiness, but always finding, to his mortification, that his misery increased with his guilt. It would be as tedious as disgusting to dwell on the sorrows of the hitherto innocent maidens he had heartlessly betrayed, the mothers he had plunged into agony. His own mother, at last aroused to a sense of his utter depravity, had expired in despair a few months after he attained his majority, broken in health and robbed by him of her dowry.

At last, bankrupt in character and fortune, he resolved to enter the Spanish service, where he thought he was sure of promotion, as he had an uncle high in favor at the court of Madrid. After several duels and gallant adventures he embarked with his regiment for Cuba. Zeluco, although possessed of reckless valor, had not the generous ardor of the real soldier. He thirsted more for promotion and gain than for military glory. Having heard that his commander was a very strict officer, he determined to acquire his favor by distinguishing himself as a disciplinarian. To achieve this he made the lives of his soldiers unendurable. At last a cruel punishment inflicted on one of them for a trivial mistake came to the ears of his commander, who, however strict, was just and kind-hearted. Zeluco was publicly censured in a lecture on the true nature and real humanity of military discipline, and, smarting under the rebuke, he

left the army, to the great joy of the regiment to which he belonged.

By an act of unexampled treachery he had managed to win the affections of a wealthy widow, betrothed to his greatest friend and benefactor, and had gained such influence over her that she transferred to him all her estate, real and personal. Then his pretended love for her vanished, and he treated her with such neglect, contempt, and insult that she died at the end of two years. Thus freed from what he considered the only obstruction to his happiness, he determined to bring his estate to the highest pitch of improvement, then sell it and return to Europe, where he believed his wealth would enable him to enjoy every pleasure that his heart could desire. In the prosecution of this plan he treated his slaves with unheard-of cruelty, some of whom expired under the exertions he forced them to make, others under the punishments he inflicted for the slightest remissness. Many of the West Indian slave-owners were noted for their barbarity, but none of them for such capricious savagery as Zeluco. One of his horrible deeds will serve as an instance. A certain negro, named Hanno, refused the office of executioner. He was ordered to be lashed severely for several successive days, after which he was carried to his wretched pallet in a dying condition. An Irish soldier, who had a great esteem for the unfortunate slave, forced a Franciscan monk to come with him and give him absolution.

"But is he a Christian?" the monk asked. "You see he is a black."

"Black or not black," answered Patrick, "his soul is whiter than a skinned potato. I'll be d— if he is not as pretty a Christian as your heart can desire."

After the priest had done everything to secure Hanno "a snug berth in Paradise," the Irishman said: "Now, my honest fellow, you can tell the devil to go to h—. By G—, you are as sure of heaven as he is of the place down below, where he'll roast for all eternity."

At which poor Hanno murmured, "I hope he will not suffer so long," to the great scandal of the priest, for it seemed to imply a doubt of eternal punishment.

On the soldier's return he met Zeluco, who said to him:

"How is the d—d scoundrel now?"

"The d—d scoundrel is in as good health as all who know him can wish."

"Why, they told me he was dying!"

"If you mean Hanno," retorted the soldier, "he is on his way to heaven, but as for the scoundrel who murdered him, he'll be d—d before he gets there."

Zeluco spent a few more miserable years in the West Indies. Then, conscious of being the object of the scorn and hatred of all who knew him, and jaded by a life of comfortless voluptuousness, decided to return to Europe. Having sold or leased his estate, he remitted all his money to his native country, where he expected that his wealth would produce that happiness which, so far, it had not procured him.

Soon after his arrival in Palermo he began to live in a most magnificent style. His mode of life and the high opinion entertained of his riches secured him a numerous acquaintance and the warmest professions of attachment, in which he had not the slightest belief. Yet the favorable opinion he entertained of his own symmetry and beauty inclined him to believe that the partiality expressed for him by several ladies was quite sincere. Pleased at the attention he received from both sexes, he passed his time more agreeably than in the West Indies. But before long his temper, naturally insolent and overbearing, rendered him odious to all the respectable members of his society. He therefore embraced a proposal from a Sicilian nobleman, more distinguished by rank than by character, to accompany him to Naples, where he set up a domestic establishment more splendid than even that in Palermo. As he played deep and with seeming carelessness, he was considered an acquisition by a certain class of fashionable society.

As he had now acquired considerable skill in concealing his shameless orgies from persons of respectability, he managed to be accepted as a guest in some noble and virtuous families. Among those who for a time were deceived as to his real character was an amiable and benevolent widow, Signora Sforza. His liberal contributions to her charities won her favor, and at her house he met the Neapolitan widow of an officer lately deceased in the King of Prussia's service. Not being able to live

at Berlin in the splendor that was congenial to her, she had returned with her daughter Laura to her native land, where she had inherited a small estate. Another motive for abandoning Prussia was that she had claims on the Neapolitan Government, which, although just, would never be satisfied unless she won the support of a Minister. Zeluco, when informed of her narrow circumstances, proffered his services. He was on an intimate footing with the Minister. With the help of the nobleman who had come with him from Palermo, who was the Minister's special friend, he succeeded in having Madame de Seidlits's claim fully satisfied. Naturally, her gratitude toward him was strong and deep.

But he was not thinking of Madame de Seidlits; he was thinking of her beautiful daughter Laura. He used all his efforts to ingratiate himself with the latter, but without success. This lady had more penetration into character than any of her sex with whom he had hitherto been acquainted. The arts that had rendered him agreeable to other ladies made no impression on her. His fulsome compliments to her beauty disgusted her; she had received too many of them not to estimate their worth. Zeluco's intentions were at first by no means honorable, and, profuse as were his panegyrics on her loveliness when alone with her, he always stopped short when her mother appeared. This did not escape Laura's penetration, and one day, when Madame de Seidlits entered the room, she said:

"You need not, Signor, fly away from the subject upon which you have been expatiating so eloquently. Praises of my beauty are as agreeable to my mother as to myself."

At this remark sudden flashes of rage swept across his face, succeeded by a good-humored smile. But Laura had noticed the alterations in his countenance, and took care to let him know she had. When he withdrew, Madame de Seidlits spoke of him with all the partiality of gratitude. Laura assented, but with coolness. There was something in his conduct that displeased her and conveyed a faint suspicion of his motives. She would have been more contented if the benefit conferred on her mother had come from another hand.

Laura's father had a son by a former marriage, who was now a captain of dragoons in the Prussian army. This gentle-

man's most intimate friend was the Baron Carlostein, a man of rank and fortune, whose life he had once saved. The impression that the Baron had made on Laura's heart, while she was a young girl, had caused her to reject more than one lover before she left Germany. The same impression, though now considerably weakened by time, tended to inspire her with indifference, and often with dislike, toward Zeluco. In this preference her judgment was not directed by external appearance, for in the general opinion Zeluco would have passed for a much handsomer man than Carlostein.

Meanwhile the complaisant manner in which Madame de Seidlits behaved toward him proved to Zeluco that he enjoyed her good opinion. He perceived also that she had a taste for show, and suffered from the want of those superfluities which custom has rendered almost necessaries in a certain rank of life. He resolved, therefore, to begin his maneuvers by putting her under a pecuniary obligation. On an evening when her daughter was absent, he presented her, with as much delicacy as he was capable of, a note for a large amount. A deep flush mounted to Madame de Seidlits's face, and she rejected his offer with some anger and haughtiness. But as she had no suspicion that it was dictated by base motives, and as she was certainly under a great obligation to him, she expressed, after receiving a cleverly worded apology, a wish for the continuance of their friendship.

Zeluco was soon on a better footing than ever with Madame de Seidlits, of whose daughter he grew more and more enamored.

When he learned that a Mr. N——, an Englishman, was frequently in the company of the mother and daughter, his jealousy was aroused; he waited on Madame de Seidlits and asked her daughter's hand in marriage. This occurred after a long internal struggle, for one of his maxims was, that no one should marry a woman except for her wealth. Few things could have been more agreeable to Madame de Seidlits than this proposal, for such an alliance would place her beloved daughter in that state of affluence and magnificence which would so well become her. Zeluco was persuaded that Laura would eagerly accept his offer; yet he was somewhat humiliated at the

thought that, to reach his end, he must take the detested road of matrimony.

His amazement when Laura very politely, but firmly and resolutely, rejected him, was beyond expression. On his return home his fury was vented in the most awful execrations. Still, he was determined to win her at any cost. He continued his visits, but altered his manner. Instead of complimenting Laura, he spoke with penetration and address of the amiable qualities of her mother, and Laura could not help feeling some good-will toward a person who conversed, naturally and judiciously, on such a theme. But though he not only had the mother on his side, but two priests, connected with the family, whom he had won by his hypocritical professions, the rejection of his repeated offers damped his hopes and filled him with demoniac rage.

Meanwhile, the Honorable Mr. N—— had returned to Naples, and, as he was a friend of both Carlostein and his brother, Laura took great pleasure in his conversation. He was a man of sense, integrity, and benevolence. Their mutual esteem and affection would probably have warmed into tenderness but for the intervention of the young gentleman's servant, an honest Scotchman named Buchanan, to whom his master's growing attachment gave the greatest concern. Buchanan was a rigid Presbyterian and a Whig. All Laura's good qualities could not compensate, in his view, for the fact that she was a devotee of the Scarlet Woman of Babylon. His strong attachment for his master prompted him to write to Mr. N——'s aunt, Lady Elizabeth, who had placed him in his present situation. He also wrote to a certain baronet, the young man's uncle, then in Rome. The Baronet was alarmed, and requested his nephew to visit him in Rome, as he himself found it impossible to go to Naples. Fond as Mr. N—— was of Laura's company, he could not allow his uncle, to whom he was under many obligations, to return to England without waiting on him. He therefore set out for Rome, accompanied by two footmen and Buchanan.

As for Laura, when she heard that her mother had had losses that reduced her to such straits that she had to sell her jewels—an act she had carefully concealed from her daughter—and

when she saw her health rapidly declining owing to her misfortunes, and especially to her dread of leaving poverty to her beloved child as an inheritance, she decided to bestow her hand on Zeluco. She informed him by letter of her changed sentiments, at the same time telling him that the greater part of her mother's fortune had been lost by the failure of a bank in Berlin. After the marriage Laura appeared in all the brilliance of dress and equipage which the ostentatious taste of her husband exacted. She was universally admired, and the vanity of Zeluco was satisfied. But tranquillity is incompatible with treachery and fraud, and, if his vanity was assuaged, his jealousy tortured him and, before long, tortured Laura.

Some time after the marriage Captain Seidlits, accompanied by Carlostein, went to Naples, both for the purpose of congratulating his sister on her marriage and of aiding his stepmother in her pecuniary difficulties. Delighted as Laura was with this visit, she experienced in the presence of Carlostein an uneasiness that she could not account for.

Mr. N—— also, accompanied by the faithful Buchanan, had again taken up his residence in Naples at the request of his uncle, who, now that Laura was no longer dangerous, did not wish to curtail his nephew's tour.

Like Mr. N——, Captain Seidlits had also a Scotch servant, a Highlander named Targe, and a fierce Jacobite. Naturally the two Scots were on the most intimate terms until politics for a time divided them. One day Targe denounced the Buchanan of two centuries ago as a forger and a calumniator of the most beautiful and virtuous lady that every lived, Mary Queen of Scots. To which the indignant Buchanan of to-day retorted that she was Bothwell's harlot and her husband's murderer, while his own illustrious namesake was the most honest of men. The results of the dispute were an adjournment to a neighboring garden, a duel, and a grievous wound for the unfortunate Lowlander. Targe was dismayed and almost heart-broken at the condition of his friend, helped him to his chamber, and was then setting out for a French surgeon. But Buchanan refused to be attended by anyone but a countryman, and as a Scotch surgeon's mate was stationed about twenty miles away, he declared he would wait for him.

"But is the young man skilful?" said Targe.

"I know not," answered Buchanan. "But his father is a minister of the Gospel, and the son must know his profession. It will be a comfort to me to be cured by a sound Presbyterian."

"You'll have to pay him, Presbyterian or no Presbyterian."

"Assuredly; but it has always been my maxim, and will be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews."

Fortunately the young Scotch surgeon arrived before the patriotic Lowlander had bled to death, and he made a rapid recovery.

As soon as Laura's loveliness became familiar and began, of course, to pall on his jaded senses, Zeluco sought in venal beauty the pleasure which he had no longer in the chaste charms of his wife. In the mean time, the opportunities that Carlostein had of conversing with Laura daily were rapidly changing his esteem for her into love, while she, although conscious of a real friendship for Mr. N——, experienced for Carlostein far more interesting sentiments. Laura was alarmed at an attachment that was gradually gaining on her, and did her best to forget this virtuous young man, who was such a contrast to her abominable spouse, while Carlostein concealed his passion from her and from the rest of the world, and this so successfully that even the jealous Zeluco never harbored a suspicion of him. It is not impossible, however, that the sentiments which Carlostein and Laura entertained for each other would have been discovered by Zeluco had not his insane jealousy fixed itself on another object, the half-brother of his wife, Captain Seidlits. His suspicions were further inflamed by the arts of his last mistress, a young woman named Nerina, with a most innocent and angelic countenance and an utterly depraved heart. This shocking idea had taken such hold of him that, when Laura was delivered of a son, he never came near her, or even asked how she was.

When the boy increased in vigor and beauty, this, far from pleasing Zeluco, rendered him frantic; for Nerina was constantly insinuating that the likeness of the child to his uncle was becoming more evident every day. At last his heart glowed with such deadly rage that he resolved upon a plan that would satiate his vengeance and at the same time secure his safety.

One day, however, he forgot his deeply laid scheme. He had visited his unhappy wife and denounced her in such furious language that the child, alarmed by his loud and threatening voice, screamed.

"Peace, incestuous bastard!" exclaimed Zeluco, grasping the infant's throat with frantic violence.

"Ah! monster, you murder your child!" cried Laura, and sank into insensibility. The child never breathed again.

Then Zeluco's jealous frenzy changed to abject fear. To those who had rushed to the chamber, he said that the boy had expired in his mother's arms, attacked by sudden convulsions. Laura, after she had been restored to consciousness, could not contradict him. Her mind appeared to be a blank; she remembered nothing.

Shortly afterward Seidlits and Carlostein returned from a visit to a neighboring city. Their horror at the condition of Laura may be imagined. She spoke constantly of a wicked fiend, who "grasped" her baby; but no definite meaning could be gathered from her expressions. Zeluco's constant terror lest she should say anything that would create suspicion of himself rendered his hatred of his wife more rancorous than ever, and a hint from Nerina that he might get rid of her safely if he used laudanum was not lost upon him.

Meanwhile Laura's bodily health greatly improved, although her memory and understanding continued impaired. One day, she happened to be with her brother and Signora Sforza in a chamber, and her attention was absorbed in gazing at a picture of "The Massacre of the Innocents." Her eyes were especially riveted on one particular group. This consisted of a mother struggling with a fierce soldier, who with one hand aimed a poniard at her infant, while with the other he grasped its throat.

"Look! look!" she cried wildly, pointing to the assassin, and was seized with convulsions.

Afterward Signora Sforza and Captain Seidlits returned to the apartment. The face of the murderer in the picture resembled that of Zeluco. This aroused their suspicions; but they resolved to take no steps until they had further light on the mysterious occurrence.

After hovering for a long time between life and death, Laura

recovered her health and senses. She wrote a letter to her husband in which she demanded a separation, saying that, if he refused it, he must take the consequences. He consented and offered a settlement, which she promptly refused. But Zeluco's career of vice and crime was soon to draw to an end. He received a wound in a duel with Carlostein, which, after months of suffering, resulted in his death. He did not die unrepentant, and, by a will in which he did full justice to the virtues of his wife, he bequeathed her the greater part of his fortune. After the lapse of a year Carlostein and Laura were united in marriage, and with Laura's mother they settled in Berlin, where they long enjoyed the happiness their virtues deserved.

THOMAS MOORE

(Ireland, 1779–1852)

THE EPICUREAN (1827)

This romance, the only prose work by Thomas Moore, was first published anonymously. In 1839 the author brought out a poetical version of the same story under the title of *Alciphron*. The *Epicurean* purports to be the translation from an ancient Greek autobiographic manuscript discovered in the "monastery of St. Macarius, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron," in Egypt, and its author poses merely as its translator.

N the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian I was chosen by the Epicureans of Athens to be the heresiarch of that sect. Though but twenty-four years of age, I was an adept in the philosophy of our school, which, already far removed from the precepts of its founder, had come to be little else than a plausible pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure. Christianity had made rapid progress through the Empire; paganism, thoroughly alarmed for its prestige, defended itself with recurrent persecutions, while we held that the sole wisdom was to trouble ourselves little about such matters and to enjoy the only life there was: the present.

Upon my election, it was my first aim to strive to outdo my predecessor in the brilliance of our annual festival, celebrated in honor of our founder's birth; and I devised, to enrich the occasion, everything that could delight the eye or ear.

At last the ceremonies and festivities were over, and I was left alone in the luxurious gardens.

From my first moments of conscious thought, I had always had a dread of death and annihilation that my very passion for pleasure had served to deepen, and now, on the night of my

greatest triumph, these gloomy thoughts overwhelmed me with redoubled power.

At last a feeling of lassitude came to relieve the burden, and I slept at the base of a statue of Venus; but my sleep was not dreamless. I found myself in fancy standing on a desolate plain, while, far in the distance, the light of a single taper glimmered. It came nearer, and its bearer, a venerable man, looked upon me and said:

"Thou who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest."

Though rejecting belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams. Who could tell, I reasoned, but that in Egypt, the land of mystery, might lie the amulet I sought?

Thus speculating, I arranged my affairs and set sail for Alexandria in the summer of the year 257 A.D.

Of my voyage nothing need be said, of my sojourn in Alexandria little, save that I was welcomed with all the enthusiasm my rank and fame commanded; but the novelty of the scene soon wore off and the gloomy thoughts returned.

Standing before the Pyramids of Memphis, I exclaimed: "Must man alone, then, perish? Must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure?"

That evening the Festival of the Moon was to be celebrated on an island in the Nile, and I decided to witness it. On all sides were gaiety and beauty; but what attracted me most was a choral dance of young maidens, one of whom was of such surpassing loveliness that, for the first time in my life, I became conscious of a love that was more than passion.

The dance was soon over, the girls were gone. Hurrying from the temple to the shore, I flung myself into my boat, crossed to the spot where stands the necropolis of Memphis, and wandered among the tombs. Another small craft, containing two veiled females, had passed me as I rowed, but I had thought little of it until, coming to a small pyramid, I saw again the two figures. They disappeared, evidently within the structure. Filled with curiosity, I, too, entered, and, following along intricate passages, I came to a small chapel, where I beheld the very maid that had enthralled me bending mournfully over a lifeless female form enshrined in a case of crystal. She kissed

fervently a small cross of silver that lay over the bosom of the dead. Then, feeling my presence there to be a sacrilege, I went quietly away.

When morning came my first impulse was to fly from this dangerous spot, but a still stronger bond held me fast, until night once more found me in the City of the Dead. I resolved to enter the pyramid again and to explore its depths. I had penetrated beyond the small chapel when a deep well appeared to bar all further progress; but, discovering iron steps projecting dimly at intervals, I pursued my way and reached the bottom. Iron gates here confronted me, but they yielded to my touch, clanging together behind me with astounding din.

I now found myself beset by appalling horrors and perils. Flaming groves surrounded me, dark and terrible torrents had to be crossed, stairways vanished beneath my feet, leaving me suspended in the air, clinging to an iron ring that hung at the end of a chain, while furious winds lashed me hither and thither. The chain was drawn up just as my hold seemed about to be broken.

Around me now lay an enchanting garden, and an aged hierophant approached and said:

"Aspirant to the mysteries, welcome!"

Having allowed me time for repose, he began to instruct me in the wisdom of ancient Egypt. Again I beheld ineffable wonders, but perils no longer menaced me, now that the prescribed trials had been passed. Even my young priestess of the Moon stood for the third time before my eyes, but when I would have gone to her the arm of the priest held me back. Then, leaving me before the veil that concealed the sanctuary of Isis, he exhorted me to thoughts that might accord with the spirit of the place until the final revelation might be made.

Through all these adventures, doubts and fears of many kinds had thronged my mind. I could not believe that these priests possessed the secret of life, else why did they themselves die? and I realized that I, the head of a sect hated by them, had placed myself in their power.

The mystic splendors seemed again about to burst forth, when a figure stood before me and, placing a ribbon in my hand, whispered:

"Follow, and be silent."

I obeyed the summons and was hurried along through many new paths. I felt that my guide was the girl whose beauty had led me thither, and when we at length reached the open air I found we were on an island in the midst of Lake Mœris.

She seemed then for the first time to recognize me as him she had seen in the temple, but her agitation was such that I realized we were in serious danger and that further flight was necessary. So, hurrying to the Nile and hailing a boatman, we began, at her entreaty, the ascent of the river.

Why was it that, loving her as I did and feeling that I, too, was beloved, I could not address to her the words of gallantry in which I was so well versed?

As we journeyed, she read much from a small volume which she seemed to value highly. Her name, I found, was Alethé, and she soon told me of her life. Her mother, Theora, had been of Greek descent, and had been led by the eloquent Origen to embrace the doctrines of Christianity; but, her husband having died and Origen having been forced by persecution to flee, she had become a priestess of Isis as the only refuge of a defenseless woman. Her religious convictions, although sincere, were not bold enough to defy persecution; and, dying, she bemoaned the fact that her daughter, though secretly taught in the true faith, must yet fall heir to her mother's office and life.

From that moment it had been Alethé's one desire to escape from the haunts of superstition and flee for protection and teaching to Melanius, a venerable man who (Theora had told her) dwelt in the Mountains of the Saïd. The girl said that Orcus, high priest of Memphis, had planned to entrap me, and that she had been used, as was the custom in such cases, as an allurement: all the priestly machinery of phantasm and illusion had been put in motion for my deception and, had these failed to impress me, I never should have been allowed to go forth alive. Her own resolution had been taken. She decided to use the opportunity to save me and herself as well.

Her story finished, we continued our flight. A new feeling had taken possession of me. I was alone with a beautiful girl whom I loved and who, I knew, loved me, and yet the deepest respect, nay, adoration, impelled me to guard her, even from

myself. I had hoped to divert her from the object of her journey, but, failing in this, I determined to accompany her, even if it was necessary to feign my conversion to Christianity.

"The same God shall receive us both," I exclaimed. "Thy faith, Alethé, shall, from this hour, be mine; and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise and delight at these words was like a delirium; and we took our way to the little company of Christians who made their dwelling with Melanius.

This aged man received us with joy, and, from his teachings and in that society of pure souls, my heart began to turn in very truth to the faith I had feigned. Here, at last, was the eternal life which my dream had promised me, and with it betrothal to her I loved.

From these visions of serene delight we were aroused by tidings of a new persecution of the Christians that seemed to bring to Melanius and Alethé only renewed composure or even a lofty joy. The arrest of my friends soon followed, and the noble Melanius breathed his last, happy amid his tortures. My beloved Alethé refused bravely to burn incense to the gods. It seemed possible that the sympathy her beauty inspired and my influence with the Roman officers might have saved her, but the implacable Orcus would hear of no mercy. A reprieve was all that could be gained. By orders of the priest, however, a chaplet of coral, such as Christian maidens were wont to wear on the day of martyrdom, was bound round her brows, and she returned to the prison whither I had been conducted by a friend.

She had thought me dead.

"My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou comest to call me from this world I am ready," and she pointed to that ominous wreath and dropped her head on my knee.

I implored her to comply with the vain ceremony and avert her doom, but she shrank from me with more of sorrow than reproach.

"Not all the torments," she exclaimed, "not even this burning pain in my brow could be half so dreadful to me as the thought that I leave thee, without—"

Her head sunk on my arm. I saw she was dying. The

band of seeming coral was a compound of deadly poison, the hellish invention of Orcus lest his victim should escape him.

Alethé kissed the little silver cross she carried, and held it anxiously to my lips. Seeing me, too, kiss the holy symbol, over her features came a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my soul. So she expired in my arms.

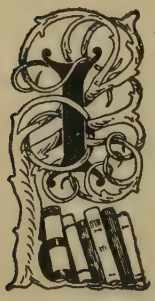
Here ends the manuscript, but a note on its cover tells how Alciphron, an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity, lived in the desert and died under the persecution of Diocletian.

HANNAH MORE

(England, 1745–1833)

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE (1809)

This, the most popular of Mrs. More's works, was published anonymously at first, and the author's name was not appended till the fourth edition. It is intimated in the preface that the book grew out of notes taken of the circumstances that arose and the conversations that occurred in a journey from Westmoreland to Hampshire, over the ground covered by the story. The conversations recorded constitute the larger, and in the author's view the more important, part of the work, and are connected by a slight texture of narrative "that barely seems as a ground into which to weave the sentiments and observations which it was designed to introduce." A principal motive for undertaking the work was to furnish readers of the circulating library with something that would raise its tone and in some measure counteract its corruptions. There were already, the author said, good books enough for good people, but the wants of readers of this class had not been attended to. This book was received with enthusiasm, and passed through eleven editions in nine months, and a twelfth edition was under way, while booksellers were complaining that copies could not be supplied fast enough to satisfy the demand. It enjoyed a corresponding popularity in America, where four editions (of a thousand copies) succeeded one another as fast as they could be printed, and thirty editions were published in the author's lifetime. This success is cited by Sir Leslie Stephen as showing the advantage, from the worldly point of view, of writing orthodox didactic works. No name other than the fictitious one of "Cœlebs" is given to the hero of the story. His friends are represented as calling him Charles.



AM not quite twenty-four years of age, and am come of an old and respectable family having a considerable estate in one of the northern counties. My father, a pious, affectionate parent, an enlightened companion, and a Christian friend, died of a lingering illness about a year after I completed my studies at the University of Edinburgh, and I was left with my mother, her only child. She was anxious that I should marry, and, when speaking of the kind of woman she wished me to choose, warned me against being misled by the captivating exterior of anyone who might be deficient in sense or conduct;

yet she said that I must not indulge in romantic ideas of perfection, but look for consistency; not for education in accomplishments, but for the training that would tend to build up a stable character and form a friend, a companion, a wife. My father had advised me to seek a woman whose character, disposition, and education would tend to promote domestic happiness. He particularly wished that I should not dispose of my affections irrevocably till I had visited his earliest and best friend, Mr. Stanley. My own ideal of a wife was formed upon Milton's description of the character of Eve in her state of innocence, as inclining her "to study household good, and good works in her husband to promote," and his appreciation of conjugal obedience as "woman's highest honor and her praise."

I decided to obey my father's injunction, and, leaving my ancestral home at the Priory, set out to visit Mr. Stanley in Hampshire, taking London on the way, where my father had many choice friends, in whose cultivated society I hoped to increase my knowledge, improve my conversational gifts, and qualify myself better for selecting a suitable companion for life.

In London I visited Sir John Belfield, my father's next best friend to Mr. Stanley, who was esteemed for his mental gifts, his correct morals, and his discriminating selection of associates. Sir John and Lady Belfield proved to be persons of much worth, candid, generous, and sincere. They saw the errors of the world in which they lived, but had not resolution enough to emancipate themselves from its shackles. They were accustomed to spend their evenings at home in profitable occupation, and made me welcome with them, and I found their house very pleasant. They were often visited by persons of the fashionable world, through whom I was introduced to many women of that class and to their daughters. Among these were some bright, attractive young women who had been taught various accomplishments and showy arts, but whose education on the solid side seemed to me deficient and their training in religious principles and in works of useful activity and benevolence defective or mistakenly directed. Mrs. Fentham, wife of a government officer having a liberal salary, was capable of interesting herself, entering into conversation upon any subject that might be the topic of the moment, but wholly artificial and

free from original thought and spontaneous action, holding as her only criterion what the world would say. She was fond of showing off the accomplishments of her daughters, who had elegant figures, and were well bred and apparently well tempered, but were not trained for any practical or useful work.

Lady Denham was rigidly exact to the letter in the observance of stated religious duties, but forgetful of the spirit, and of what was unwritten. She would overlook the suffering around her own doors and plead when called upon to help relieve it that she had exhausted her charity-purse; and the next moment would spend extravagantly for opera-tickets to Signor Squallini's benefit. Lady Melbury was warm-hearted and liberal, but sentimental and inconsiderate, and addicted to play. She would give extravagant orders to tradesmen for the sake of patronizing them, without thought of provision for payment, and without comprehending the embarrassment she was causing them. Through one such order for laces she had brought the father of Fanny Stokes, a young woman of fine education, to ruin and prison, where he died; and Fanny was obliged to support herself and her dying mother by making and selling artificial flowers. Lady Melbury was shocked when she found what she had done. Fanny, after her mother's death, was employed by Lady Belfield as governess to her daughters.

Mr. Barlow, rector of Mr. Stanley's parish and an old friend of Sir John Belfield's, called at his house while I was there and assured me of the cordial welcome I would receive at Stanley Grove. He had nothing but good to say of Mr. Stanley, who was, he said, a blessing to him as a friend and to the parish as a benefactor—a man whose principles and bearing enabled him to command religion even to those who disliked it in others; who possessed great power over the minds of his acquaintances, a happy art of conciliation without flattery, and a delicate tact in conversation. Mrs. Stanley was in every way worthy of the husband whose happiness she made.

When I arrived at Stanley Grove I was made to feel at home at once. A considerable company of the neighborhood had been invited to dinner, and the conversation at the table was animated and rational. I observed that Mr. Stanley lost no fair opportunity for suggesting useful reflections. Without pressing re-

ligion unseasonably into the service, he could make the most ordinary topics subservient to instruction, and it was evident that piety was the predominating principle of his mind.

Of his daughters, the eldest, Lucilla, nearly nineteen years old, bore herself with the simplicity of nature and the refinement of good breeding. She had easy grace and intellectual beauty, a lively countenance, and was sensible and delicate in conversation, showing sound judgment, neither studious nor negligent in dress, faithful and careful in attention to her five younger sisters, to whom she was largely a guide; and in the home so lively, so playful, so desirous of amusing her father and mother when alone, that they were seldom so gay as in their family party. She had begun to assist her mother in household duties when she was sixteen, and was now assuming a considerable proportion of them. She kept the family accounts. In her daily round she spent the early morning hour with her books, and then looked after family matters and the preparation of breakfast. Having spent an hour after breakfast in reading with her father, she assisted in teaching the children; and she often devoted the latter part of the day to charitable visits. One day in the week was regularly set aside for visits by her with the children to the poor in their homes. On Sunday, before church, she visited the village school and bestowed rewards upon the more deserving pupils. Before I had been a week at the Grove my precautions vanished, my panoply was gone, my heart was conquered; and yet I had not consulted Mr. Stanley.

Phœbe, the second daughter, about fifteen years old, was likewise amiable, possessing solid and admirable qualities, with a joyous temperament, strong virtues, and a warmth of tender feelings that kept her affections in more lively exercise than her judgment. She was already beginning to take her part in the responsibilities of the household. The four younger children were gay, lively, and sweet-tempered, with individual qualities that contributed severally to enrich the common stock of domestic happiness.

Dr. Barlow, the rector of the parish, a frequent visitor at Stanley Grove, by the uniform consistency of his life and character often brought to my mind the ideal of the country parson as described by George Herbert. He was a ripe scholar, faith-

ful in pastoral visitation and in instructing his people at their homes and from the pulpit, and successful in winning and holding their confidence and love. With him and Sir John and Lady Belfield, who came down for a long visit, and the cultivated people of the neighborhood who occasionally dined with us, the after-dinner conversations were very interesting and profitable, taking the form of intelligent discussions of various topics of human interest, of religious, moral, and social questions.

I was greatly disturbed by a report that Lucilla was to be married to young Lord Staunton, a relative of our neighbor Mr. Carlton, but who did not visit at Stanley Grove. I arose early the next morning after an uneasy night and went out into the garden. Mr. Stanley was there and invited me to sit down with him. Seeing that an opportunity had come to me that was too inviting to be thrown away, I diffidently and hesitatingly spoke to him of my tender admiration for Miss Stanley, and asked permission to address her.

"We will talk of this some other time," he said. Then, seeing that I was distressed, he continued: "Content yourself for the present with the assurance of my entire esteem and affection. This is a very early declaration. You are hardly acquainted with Lucilla."

He did not know that Lucilla had any other attachment, and himself had no sentiments opposed to my interests. I had indeed a double hold upon his heart, by my personal merit and by his friendship for my father.

"Remain here for another month, to examine your own heart and endeavor to obtain an interest in her. We will then resume the subject."

I might set my mind at ease as to Lord Staunton; for when the competition is for the happiness of life and the interests of virtue, a lord opposed against a man is but a man. Mrs. Stanley met me after the interview with affectionate smiles.

We spent a day visiting among the neighbors, with some of whose lives were associated stories which Mr. Stanley had used in illustration of the moral lessons set forth in his conversations. The first was upon Mr. Reynolds, who had married a woman of station and training inferior to his, with the result that they were at cross-purposes respecting matters of the household, and

the discipline of the children was destroyed. Another, Lady Aston, a woman of sincere piety tinctured somewhat with superstition, had conceived of religion as necessarily associated with an ascetic discipline. Through the presentation of more cheerful pictures and the kindly attentions, example, and counsel of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and Dr. Barlow, a wholesome change had come over their views, and they had learned to know religion as an experience of happiness, sweetness, and light, and had engaged in parish work. The story of a third family, that of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton, furnished an illustration of the power of religion in a wife to subdue a previous attachment to a worthy object and conquer the jealousy and aversion of an un-Christian husband, win his love, and draw him to a truly Christian, affectionate life. We found at their house a happy family indeed. Mr. Tyrrel, an old college friend of Mr. Stanley's and Sir John Belfield's, who came sometimes to Stanley Grove, had independent religious views, and his persistent and bold presentation of them gave opportunity for lively discussions of religious principles and their relations to practical and social life.

The eighth birthday of one of the little girls, Katie, was marked by peculiar observances, which illustrated some of Mr. Stanley's themes of education. Katie was allowed, for her good record in the class, to present her mother with a nosegay, culled from her own little garden, to be worn at dinner. It was the day for her to put away her story-books, as she had laid aside her picture-books the year before, and to begin to read what men and women read. This renouncing of the baby-books, besides other ceremonials on particular occasions, was made a kind of epoch, distinctly marking periods in their lives and their entrance upon a new stage. The children received but a few books at a time, in the expectation that they should read them attentively and comprehend them before they turned to new ones. Lucilla took delight in gardening, in which she had become skilful. Besides her own considerable garden-lot, each of the children had a smaller plot, stocked with choice varieties, of which they were taught to take care; and the ambition was encouraged in all to excel in raising the finest flowers, the best use of which was found in giving pleasure to others. Lucilla had a plot occupied as a nursery of fruit-trees, from

which she supplied plantations for the older servants and deserving girls from her school when they were married. Mr. Stanley reasoned that if parents from principle denied their daughters the pleasures of the dissipated part of the world, they should substitute other pleasures; and that if the girl had a strong inquisitive mind, it might be directed to pursuits calling for vigorous application and the exercise of the mental powers. He studied the temperaments of his girls to find out their strongest talent or propensity, and tried to cultivate that in such a way as to promote this exercise and direct it in safe channels. Under this discipline Lucilla had become a Latin scholar, Phœbe had cultivated a mathematical talent, and the younger children had made some progress in music, natural history, and botany, and sketching from nature.

Lady Belfield, Miss Stanley, and I were together one morning, looking over the places for a conservatory which Sir John Belfield purposed to build on his estate of Beechwood, in Surrey, with little Celia, who had clambered on my knees, asking me to tell her a story. Lady Belfield was called out of the room, and we others were left alone. Celia told me that she had heard that my new curricle had come down and I was going away, and protested against my leaving them. I asked her whether she would not go with me.

"Oh, I should like to go," she said, "if Lucilla could go with us. Do, dear Charles, do let Lucilla go to the Priory. She will be very good, won't you, Lucilla?"

My opportunity had come, and, though the month appointed to me for consideration had not yet expired, I poured out my whole heart to Lucilla. She referred me to her father and mother, in a manner and with a look that indicated that if they gave their consent she would not be averse to my suit. I sought Mr. Stanley, to confess my precipitancy and ask him to approve of my proposal. He replied that he had taken a warm interest in me almost ever since I had been in being, and in a way more direct and personal than I could suspect; and taking from a drawer a package of letters on which I recognized my father's handwriting, explained that as soon as Lucilla was born my father and he had simultaneously formed a wish that their friendship might be perpetuated by a union of their children.

The training and the aspects of the life of both Lucilla and me had been shaped with a view of inducing such a community of tastes and motives as would draw us toward each other when we met. It had been arranged that we should not see much of each other till we were grown, or become intimately acquainted till we were of marriageable age; so that whatever affiliation might be brought about between us should be spontaneous and developed under conditions assuring it to be genuine and permanent. An experimental visit had been contemplated to be made just after I came out of college, but was prevented by my father's death. To show how this policy had been adhered to, Mr. Stanley gave me to read the package of my father's letters, and also his own letters—a correspondence of which, for almost twenty years, I was the little hero.

I was now desirous of an immediate union, but Mr. and Mrs. Stanley wished to have time for preparation before giving up their daughter; and it was agreed that I should return home and look after my estate for three months before coming to claim her.

Mr. Tyrrel was stricken with apoplexy before I departed from Stanley Grove, and during his illness he underwent a religious experience, was convicted of the errors of his past life, and avowed faith in the salvation of Christ. By his request, communicated through Dr. Barlow, I paid him a visit. I found him contrite and penetrated with that deep humility in which he had been so deficient. He told me that he had made a deed of gift of two thousand pounds to the eldest two daughters of Mr. Stanley for their charities, and also of a large sum for charitable purposes at the discretion of his executors, and asked for my service in leading his nephew to a knowledge of the better life. In London, on my way home, I learned from Lady Belfield that Lady Melbury, thoroughly repentant of the wrong she had done the Stokes family, had abandoned all dissipation, had begun to lead a sober, religious life, and was making restitution to Fanny. We had already learned at Stanley Grove that Lady Denham's daughter had eloped with Signor Squallini, and that Mrs. Fentham and her daughters had been left without means of support by the death of Mr. Fentham, and the young women, though educated for show rather than for service, were seeking

places as governesses, while the gay people who had courted them knew them no longer.

When I entered my house at the Priory I dedicated the whole of my future life—all I am and all I have—to its Divine author. Here, while I continue to correspond with Mr. Stanley and Lucilla, I am to spend my three months of waiting till the time for the blessed event to take place when Miss Stanley shall resign her name and I shall resume mine.

JAMES MORIER

(England, 1780–1824)

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN

This novel has done for Persia what *Gil Blas*, by Le Sage, did for Spain, it has given us one of the most remarkable and entertaining pictures of national life and character in the entire range of literature, and one of the very few books on the Orient that has shown a correct grasp of a subject that Europeans and Americans generally fail to understand. The fact that it is pitched for the most part in a humorous and satirical key does not detract from its essential value. Morier passed many years as Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires in Persia, where he studied several Oriental languages and gathered the information used for the following story.

MY father, Kerbeloi Hassan, was a well-to-do barber of Ispahan, where I was born. When I was sixteen I had already learned much of the barber's trade, for which I was destined. I had also acquired reading and writing and some general knowledge, including quotations from the poets, from a pious priest who was one of our customers and had taken a liking to me. As the shop was near the great royal caravansary, or inn, of Ispahan, it was frequented by wealthy foreign merchants as well as local, who sometimes gave more than the usual price on account of my entertaining repartee.

In this way I became acquainted with Osman Aghâ, a Turkish merchant of Bagdad, bound to Mesched, near the northeast frontier, for goatskins of Bokhara. He made such glowing offers, if I would accompany him, that my father at last consented, and gave me a case of razors which might come handy. My mother accepted the inevitable with tears, and gave me a box of unguent as a universal panacea.

Of course we traveled with a large caravan, the leader and most of the company being armed and profuse in boasts of what

they would do if any roving band of Turkoman freebooters should presume to attack us. Before setting out my master sewed his gold in his garments, of which fifty ducats were in his skull-cap under his turban. This he did before me, which proved later of some advantage to me, when the dreaded Turkomans swooped upon us and carried us off into captivity to their camp. Osman Aghâ was stripped of his finery, and the skull-cap was tossed into the corner of the chieftain's tent as of no value. While we were in this forlorn condition, Osman having been sent into the near mountains to pasture camels, the favorite wife of the chief, taking an amorous pity on me, sent me slyly a warm meal of roast mutton, and, learning that I was a barber, decided that she needed bleeding, for all barbers are surgeons as well in my country. She coyly hesitated, then agreed to the operation, the other wife jealously looking on. When the blood began to flow I said that it was not a good omen to let it drop on the ground, and, having discovered the skull-cap among the rubbish in the corner, I seized and held it under the blood.

When the affair was over I carried off the cap to empty the blood and bury it, as I said. When the matter was forgotten I went back, ripped out the fifty ducats, and hid them in my bosom.

Perceiving my capacity and my ready acceptance of captivity, the chief decided to make a raid through Persia to Ispahan, taking twenty precious ruffians with him and traveling by night. He knew all the roads, both mountain and desert, but saw that I might be very useful in the streets and caravansaries of Ispahan, though he pleasantly informed me that any treachery on my part would be instantly fatal. I made no objections, as I might find opportunities of escape.

I piloted them into the city and caravansaries, at the risk of my life, on one hand, if I should betray them, and on the other from my fellow-townsmen, if recognized. We got away, however, with much booty in money, after a number of the people had been hurt or slain, including my father, who ran out at midnight to see what was the matter, and was knocked over by his son Hajji, although apparently not permanently hurt, as he lived several years after this. When we were several miles out of the city, the Ispahanese being too scared to follow us, we

stopped and roasted a lamb and divided the spoils. To my great regret I had to hand over a fat bag of gold I had managed to attach to my person. This, however, won the approval of the chief, who said: "Hajji, my son, by my soul, by the head of my father, you have done bravely, and I will give you one of my slaves for a wife. You shall have twenty sheep and a tent. We'll have a wedding, and an entertainment, and you shall be something in our tribe." I may add that thus far my fifty ducats continued practically intact and undiscovered in my bosom.

But as I was constantly on the lookout for a way of escape, I was rejoiced when we reached the edge of the desert to see a cloud of dust, which proved to be a Persian prince with a large armed escort bound to Meshed. The robber troop thought fit to put spurs to their mettlesome steeds and retire, while I advanced toward the Persians on the plea of discovering whether they were friends or foes. Naturally I was captured, nothing loath, until some of the prince's servants stripped me to the bone and left me not one of my fifty ducats. I made such an outcry as to reach the Prince, who, on learning how I had been robbed, caused the man who had taken my ducats to disgorge after a thrashing, and then kept the ducats himself! So much for all the good I got from the money I had stolen from my captive master, Osman Aghâ.

On arriving at the holy city of Meshed I took to selling water, a precious article there. But the Meshed folk found the stuff I peddled in leather bags unfit for drinking. Therefore I took up the practise of medicine, and, as the people knew even less about it than I, I made a living until they found me out. Then I purchased a little poor tobacco, and mixing this with all sorts of filthy compounds, keeping a little that was slightly better for the pilgrims to the shrines of the saints, who generally knew what good tobacco is, I did very well until I made the mistake of selling some of the poorer quality to a connoisseur, who flew into a furious rage and hauled me before the Cadi, or police judge, who thought my case deserving of the bastinado. Up went my feet in the air and my soles were beaten almost to a jelly. A kindly old fellow took pity on me and nursed and fed me until I was able to get about again.

"Hajji," said he, "these people are not fit to appreciate talents like yours. I am tired of them, too. Let us go to Teheran. There they know a good thing when they see it. I know one or two wise men there. Please God, the fortune we deserve may be waiting for us in the capital of the Shah."

"*Inshallah!*" I replied; "God willing, your hopes will be justified!"

Having by careful economy saved twenty tomauns, I managed by riding and walking—and accepting without hesitation free offerings of cold victuals from such wayfarers as the Prophet (on whose name be peace!) had vouchsafed to me—to reach Teheran with the twenty tomauns still in my pocket. I had contrived to gain surreptitious possession of a letter in the wallet of a courier, introducing the bearer to a court poet of substance and renown. This letter gave me standing and influence. One should not analyze too closely the gifts of Providence, while one constantly marvels to see how the links of destiny lead from one to another throughout life!

The poet procured for me a place as assistant to the court physician. It brought me no salary, but I was permitted to get such scraps as I could from the kitchen and such vails as my master's patients might feel inclined to give me. The outlook was not encouraging, and I was about to look for something more promising, when I happened toward twilight to see, over a breach in the wall which separated the roof terraces of the men's apartments from those of the women, something which put all other thoughts out of my mind. It was Zeinab, a handmaid of the doctor's wife. To describe her most unusual charms would require a poem. Looking up from her needlework, she happened to see me, and without delay drew her veil over her face, but it caught on something and before it was entirely drawn her unspeakably beautiful eyes were fixed on mine, which showed that her chiding entreaties did not exactly interpret her sentiments. We fall in love quickly in my country and there is no half-way about it, especially because opportunities to do so are rare and perilous.

Still going on with her work, she said: "Why do you look at me? It is criminal."

"For the sake of the sainted Hoseïn," I exclaimed, "do not

turn from me! It is no crime to love; your eyes have made roast meat of my heart; by the mother that bore you, let me look in your face again!"

In a subdued voice she answered: "Why do you ask me? Have you no shame to talk thus to a maid?"

At this moment, by a singular accident, the veil fell, as if by chance, and I had a long, full view of her features. I was lost in amazement at her beauty. My passion was increasing when the shrill voice of her shrewish mistress was heard calling "Zeinab!"

My charmer gathered up her belongings, but ere she went below she said to me in a low tone: "Be here to-morrow night!"

When the morrow came I did not fail to meet her, nor for several nights did either of us fail to be there and to pass a good part of the night together, recking little of consequences that must follow the indulgence of our mutual passion. Nor would it have been different, perhaps, if we had known how soon we should have to pay the price of love.

For, soon after this, the Shah sent word that he was about to honor his faithful servant the court physician with a royal visit. Everyone knew what this meant, an honor no subject desired or could avoid. It implied immense, costly preparation, the invasion of the mansion by the royal cooks and other servants, the offering of a very substantial present of money to the exalted guest—one of the national forms of tribute—and the inspection of the host's *anderoon* (or harem), his wives and female slaves and children, a privilege allowed exclusively to the sovereign. The selection of one of the host's daughters for a slave on such an occasion was deemed a very high compliment, however the host might secretly curse and smite his brow.

The Shah came as arranged, with all the pomp of the realm, and the woman he chose and ordered to be taken to the royal *anderoon* at the palace was Zeinab! Our last interview was a sad one, although I fancied she displayed less interest in our attachment than usual. Doubtless the poor girl was absorbed by the great change in her fortunes, and perhaps began to realize possibilities that might prove serious, at least for her.

Soon after this event the Shah set out on a semi-hunting and

semi-military excursion, attended by a vast retinue of soldiers, hunters, secretaries, servants, and notables of high and low degree, all gaily appareled and mounted on spirited steeds. I was so fortunate as to accompany the expedition as assistant executioner to the Lord High Executioner, called *konkar* ("blood-drinker"), an official of great importance near the court where accusation, trial, sentence, and execution occur often and are arranged in half an hour.

As we approached the capital, toward the close of the journey, the Shah sent heralds in advance to announce his coming and to order his new concubine, Zeinab, to be in readiness to welcome her royal lord and master to her arms on the coming night. With great anxiety I looked forward to this event, and not without reason, as was proved in a few hours.

His Majesty, the father of scores of children, and with several score of wives and female slaves in his *anderoon*, was not without experience in such matters. It was no surprise to me to learn, therefore, that, as deputy executioner, my services were required at the palace at midnight, with several assistants. Having been found by the King of kings to be in a situation that was to his Majesty an affront of the first magnitude, Zeinab's fate was sealed at once. It was my awful duty to carry her forth and execute the mandate of the King without delay. I was so overcome that my senses seemed to have left me. It was with the utmost anguish I dragged her forth to a terrace without the palace, and while my assistants held her fast, plunged the knife into her bosom, while her dying shriek rose high above the howl of the storm that was raging over the city. My emotion was such as to attract the attention and suspicion of my companions. But I realized in time that my own head was now in danger, and, having separated from the others, I hastened to depart for the holy city and refuge of Koom, where one in danger may find lodging and safety so long as he remains within the precincts of the great mosque, which is the tomb of kings and of saints.

I was none too soon, as I had barely got within the chain that protects the asylum when one of my assistants at the murder of Zeinab dashed up on horseback and showed a warrant for my arrest and return to Teheran. The chief priest of the shrine

sternly refused to give me up, and the horseman finally had to return, baffled and without his prey.

There I remained for several months, receiving my rice and mutton and sleeping on my rug in the sanctuary, and earning the reputation of great and humble piety, until the Shah arrived on a pilgrimage to Koom, the sacred city. The chief priest laid my case before him with great effect; suggesting that if I had foreseen the exalted destiny to which Zeinab was intended my conduct would have been altogether different.

"We have eaten dirt because of this dog and son of a dog," replied the Shah reflectively; then, seeing the justice of the priest's reasoning, and that the affair was after all too trifling to demand further attention, he said: "You are forgiven; *burro, burro!*" ("Get out, get out!")

"*Bechesm!*" ("On my eyes be it!") I replied, with a low obeisance, and immediately dashed out and away for Teheran.

There I met with various further adventures too long to narrate here, although amusing or thrilling, until I became involved in one that again put my life into immediate jeopardy, as I became too hastily engaged in a fanatical riot against some of the Shah's Christian subjects. Having learned of my father's death at Ispahan, and that he left considerable property, I carried out a purpose I had had for some time and fled to that city. I found the news to be partially true; he was dead, but my mother swore that as for property he had left nothing to speak of. Having learned from various sources that her statement was false, she being already under the influence of a man who sought the treasure by marrying her, I resorted to magic. In this way, and by the fright she suffered in consequence, I recovered some of the money. Having news at that time that the officers of justice were on my track, I gave her a present and set out for the frontier, which I crossed just in time, and finally reached Bagdad in Turkey.

There, by chance, I ran against my old merchant friend, Osman Aghâ, whose fifty ducats I had carried so long. In the course of years he had escaped from the Turkomans and was again doing a prosperous business in his native city. He welcomed me with great joy, invited me to eat at his house, where his homely daughter fell in love with me, an affection which I

failed to reciprocate, and then advised me to go into the making of pipe-stems of cherry-wood, which were in demand at Constantinople. When the supply I ordered was ready, Osman Aghâ and I started for the city of the Grand Turk, the sight and magnificence of which overwhelmed me.

My life there was fairly prosperous for one who had but little real trading experience. But I often needed the advice of my good friend Osman Aghâ, who was sincerely attached to me notwithstanding that, as a true Persian, I was bound to despise those sons of the devil, the Turks.

At this time a piece of what promised to be a singularly happy stroke of good fortune came to me unexpectedly. I was taking a quiet smoke and a cup of coffee at one of my favorite resorts one afternoon when an elderly woman, evidently a familiar house-servant, approached and said she had something very private to announce to me. Her mistress, the Fattimeh Hanum, a fair and wealthy widow, had seen me from her window and had fallen in love with me. If I responded to the sentiment I should be welcome on the following evening. The old woman would show me the way; we could then give the question careful consideration, and, if mutually satisfactory, a mollah, or lawyer, would step out from an adjoining chamber and make us one. As such affairs are not uncommon in the East, I lost no time in promising to be there. A fair widow was indeed a stroke of fortune, but that she was also wealthy, that was what gave me very uncommon happiness.

The widow made particular inquiries as to what I could advance in turn in the way of wealth; much as she desired me, it was only fair that I should do my share. But I was equal to the occasion. Leave a Persian to make use of language suitable to every emergency! I had untold means; caravans were on the way with my goods all over Asia, and fleets of argosies were heading toward Constantinople. The winds, weather, and other obstacles made me a little short of ready funds, but, *Inshallah!* that was a mere trifle.

The lady seemed satisfied; the mollah soon married us, and the old domestic was on hand to prepare the bride.

All went well for some days. The lady advanced me money, with which, out of the vanity of my soul, I purchased a horse of

price and showed off in the bazaars, where my old colleagues in trade mobbed me out of envy; they went further, and put the brothers of my bride to looking up my record. They found that all that I had said was wind. I had neither fleets nor caravans nor any invested wealth. They came to their sister's house early in the morning. She was so overcome that she slapped me on the mouth with her slipper, and her brothers bawled: "Are we to be juggled and bamboozled by a Persian dog and son of a dog?"

"But," said I, in extenuation, "I did not ask to marry her. The proposal was hers."

Their only reply was, "Take that and that!" as they cuffed me on the ears, tore my new embroidered raiment, and kicked me into the street.

I went to the Persian ambassador for redress. While I was telling my story he smote his thigh, and rolled over on the sofa in uncontrollable convulsions of laughter.

I was not sure that I enjoyed being made game of; but was comforted with the words that followed. "You must admit, Hajji," he said, "that you are not entirely without blame. You were not among Persians, but among Turks, who are thick-headed sons of Shaitân, and so are they all, English, Hindoos, French—all of them born in stupidity. May their fathers grill in eternal fires! As for getting redress, these Turks are too obstinate to understand the meaning of an argument. But I'll do something better than that for you, Hajji. I am sending a delegation to our illustrious Shah to arrange the details of the first Persian legation to England. You shall accompany this legation as special secret clerk and director. I shall write a good word for you to his Majesty, on whom be peace! You can leave the rest with Allah. Here are a few tomauns wherewith to buy suitable uniform."

At these words I kissed the hem of the ambassador's tunic, and my soul soared to the seventh heaven.

The Shah was pleased to overwhelm me with graciousness. He seemed to have forgotten all about my share in the tragedy of poor Zeinab; and I was appointed to ransack Persia for tribute to meet the expenses of the legation.

Mounted on an Arab steed superbly caparisoned, and with

several attendants, one of the first places I visited was my native city, Ispahan, where my old kinsfolk and acquaintances regarded my elevation with amazement. "*Barikallah!*" they ejaculated, "and so Allah has showered mercy and splendor on this our Hajji." Subsequently I accompanied the legation to England, and other parts of Europe. And here I leave the reader with thanks for his kind attention.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(England, 1834–1896)

CHILD CHRISTOPHER AND GOLDILIND THE FAIR (1895)

But one edition of this romance was printed by its author, and this was completed at his famous Kelmscott Press at Hammersmith, on July 25, 1895, and issued on September 25th following. In 1900 an American reprint was put forth, which was finished on November 24th of that year, and was limited to 450 copies. It had been William Morris's original intention to write this tale in four-foot trochaic couplets, and the work was so begun, but before completing the seventeenth line he changed his mind and resorted to prose.

OF old there was a land that was so much a woodland that a minstrel thereof said a squirrel might go from end to end, and all about, from tree to tree, and never touch the earth: therefore was that land called Oakenham. The King of Oakenham was a great warrior, who when nearly forty wedded the daughter of one of his foes, and loved her so dearly that for a year he went not to battle. It then chanced that three kings were leagued against him, and his thanes besought him to lead them forth against the enemy, which he did. Quickly were his foes put to flight; but one of the vanquished cast a spear which brought the King to earth, and he knew that he must die of the wound. He sent, therefore, for a priest and for his cousin, the Marshal, and bade the Marshal to care for the child his wife might soon bear. If it were a man-child the Marshal was to cherish and teach him all that a king should know; and if it were a maiden the Marshal should have her wedded worthily. Moreover, the Marshal was to rule till the child became of age to be king. The Marshal swore to do all that had been commanded, and in a little while the King died. When the King's body was brought back to the

city of Oakenham, the Queen for sorrow fell in labor and in the birth of a man-child she died, but the child lived and throve. So there was one funeral for King and Queen, and the child was named Christopher.

And now the Marshal summoned the lords and wise men and told them what the King had commanded and how he had committed to him the ruling of the realm till the child should be of age. Then all declared that he should be their lord, and so likewise responded the great folk-mote which the Marshal had called. So the Marshal throve, and lacked nothing of a king's place save the name. But presently the child was sent to the strong house of Lord Richard the Lean, a dozen miles from the city, for his health's sake, and in a year more Lord Richard left his castle and went elsewhere; but of this little heed was taken and few thought of the King's son. Christopher was now no longer puny, but a stout child, and though nowise treated like a prince he was well beloved by man and maid. At first, by the Marshal's will, a messenger came once a year from Lord Richard, telling of the child; but when five years were over the Marshal bade tidings be sent every three years, and when Christopher was twelve the Marshal sent word to Lord Richard that he should send no more messengers, for if the child thrived it was well, and if not matters were no worse.

Meadham, a country to the south of Oakenham, at this time was ruled by King Roland, whose wife was dead, leaving him a daughter four years younger than Christopher, named Goldilind. And when she was twelve and King Roland's end drew near he sent for his wise men to come to his city of Meadhamstead, and asked them to whom he should leave the ruling of his land till Goldilind should be eighteen, and they answered, Earl Geoffrey, of the Southern Marches. So King Roland sent for Geoffrey, who swore that he would be all that the King could wish. And furthermore Roland bade Geoffrey to wed Goldilind to the fairest and strongest of men, and to no one else. So King Roland died, and in his stead Earl Geoffrey ruled for a time so well that all praised him, though he was not much beloved.

Twenty miles from Meadhamstead dwelt Dame Elinor Leashowe, a shrewish elderly gentlewoman, and in her care

Geoffrey placed the Princess Goldilind. In her house Goldilind remained a year and a half until Earl Geoffrey came to Leashowe to do her obeisance, and to say that since Leashowe was not great enough for her state it would be better for her to give to Dame Elinor the castle of Greenharbor, and its six manors, and dwell at Greenharbor with her. So Goldilind did as Geoffrey suggested, though not without some misgiving, and Dame Elinor did the maiden homage for the gift. A month thereafter the Earl sent a company to bear Goldilind to Greenharbor, including men-at-arms, a peevish-faced lord as Burgreve of Greenharbor, a chaplain, and three serving-women.

Goldilind mistrusted what was toward, but told no one of her misgiving, and in five days more her company arrived with her at Greenharbor, a grim, gray castle with gates and towers, and after a little she knew for certain that she had been brought hither to be imprisoned. Howbeit, it was still a prison courteous; she was still served with obeisance; she might go from chamber to hall and chapel, to and fro, yet seldom alone, and if she went out of the castle there were folk to watch her everywhere. In the next two years she went out of gates more than once alone, as the prisoner who strives to be free, and as the prisoner brought back was she chastised when she came within gates again. Everywhere was Dame Elinor's will supreme, for she hated Goldilind, who ever grew more beautiful, and at last there was hardly a day when the dame did not in some wise torment and grieve the Princess. Nevertheless, Goldilind made the best of it, and but for the old Burgreve she might have fared worse than she did at the dame's hands; and thus passed Goldilind's days till her eighteenth summer.

Now this same summer Rolf, the Marshal, dreamed that he saw a fair, tall woman leading by the hand a goodly youth, and the woman said:

"I am the Woman of the Woods, and this lad is my King and thy King and the King of Oakenham. Wake! and look to it what thou wilt do!"

Thereupon he waked and went to the castle of Richard the Lean, of whom he inquired softly about the lad that was sent to him when a babe and who was some byblow of the late King of Oakenham. Richard responded that there was now no talk

of the lord's kinship to the late King, but that he had thriven and was liked of all. So the youth was sent for, and when he came the Marshal scowled upon him, which the goodly youth noted not. Then the Marshal said to him:

"They tell me thou art of mickle guile in woodcraft; wilt thou then bring me home a catch seldom seen?"

And after the youth had promised to do his best the Marshal declared that on the morrow he would send his squire, Simon, to go with him on this same hunting. He then gave the youth a ring, but by mistake it was a ring given to him by the old King which had on it the first letter of his name, Christopher. That night the Marshal talked privately with Lord Richard, and afterward with Simon his squire.

All next day rode Christopher and Simon together, and at night they slept in the wood. About midnight Christopher, hearing someone moving near him, sprang up, sword in hand, to find Simon with his sword drawn also. And Simon made stammering excuse about the horses, whereupon Christopher said that he would watch a while. On the morrow Christopher asked where they were bound, and Simon answered: to the Long Pools. So they rode their ways; but Simon knew that the youth was aware of what he was minded to do the night before. At the Long Pools they had much talk of the outlaw, Jack of the Tofts, and his seven sons, and Simon said that his errand was to Jack of the Tofts, and when he learned that Christopher and the outlaws were friends he besought the youth to be his warrant when they should arrive at the Tofts. So Christopher promised, after telling Simon that he had guessed his last night's purpose, and bade the squire to go before. But hearing voices soon Christopher hastened forward, and as he did so Simon thrust a dagger into his side and fled.

With the stroke the youth fell from his horse, but was quickly succored by David the Red, Jack's youngest son, who chanced to come near with his companions, and was borne on a litter to the Tofts, while Ralph Longshanks and Anthony Green were despatched to find the felon squire. But the twain fell not in with Simon, who gat safe to Oakenham and there told his tale to the Marshal: how he had smitten Christopher, and, as he deemed, slain him. The Marshal, however, doubted whether

Christopher were slain; but because he thought himself a match for Jack of the Tofts he made Simon a knight and lord, and within the next month a folk-mote of Oakenham was called, whereat the Marshal was chosen King. So he sat on the Hill of the Folk-mote, and that night there was once more a King of Oakenham.

At six weeks' end Christopher was healed of his hurt, and Jack of the Tofts called him foster-son, and all loved him, but especially David, his troth-brother. And it was Jack's will that Christopher should go with David and Gilbert, and Gilbert's wife Joanna, to his stead of Littledale, a two-days' journey, and there they abode for a space in great happiness.

May had come, and Goldilind was still enduring the malice of Dame Elinor, when one morning as she walked in the garden she espied the postern gate left open by a messenger, and passing out she mounted the messenger's horse, which was tied without, and rode away northward till nightfall. And while she listened to the horse grazing near her she fell asleep on the grass and woke not until broad day.

After a little, as she was about to mount her horse once more, she saw not far away a tall youth who spoke to her and to whom she said in reply:

"Bring me not back to Greenharbor."

But he told her not to fear him, and when she said she was hungry he gave her bread and cheese from his scrip. Though he had seen many fair women, she seemed to him the loveliest of all. Then he told her he was named Christopher and sometimes in jest called Christopher King, and at last he led her to Littledale, where he brought her bread and wine and told her of his chief friends—Gilbert, Joanna, and David. She smiled as she ate and listened, and they soon knew each other's heart.

Whiles they sat in Littledale together, armed men came thither whom for a time Christopher withstood, till one knight held parley with him, saying they were but come for their Lady of Meadham. Now would Christopher have shouted and fallen on, and gone to his death there and then, but Goldilind said she would speak what was needful to the knight, to whom she declared that the young man had been kind to her in her fatigue and hunger, and she desired he should be set free and that they

might lead her back to Greenharbor. Accordingly, they took her back, but they bound Christopher and carried him along likewise, and because of his love for the damsel he submitted to be bound.

At Greenharbor next day Earl Geoffrey visited her and did her homage, and him she told how she had been ill treated at Greenharbor, and how, deeming she must die, she now had courage to withstand him to his face and accuse him of his malice toward her. Then did the Earl say that while he would not have her push him from his place, he had in no wise willed her death or injury, and he besought her to tell him what harm had come to her in Greenharbor. And she told him of Dame Elinor's cruelty, whereat he was very angry. Then did he question concerning Christopher, and she answered in truth; but when the Earl knew that the youth was one of the outlaws at the Tofts he declared that the lad should be hanged. Then did she turn pale, and begged his life of the Earl, who granted it in seeming, yet who had indeed spoken of the hanging but to try Goldilind. Afterward he had speech with Christopher and was pleased with him and set him free, and it was decreed that the youth and Goldilind should wed, and this was done. And thus the Earl thought to keep Meadham for himself, its Queen being espoused to a youth of no fortune.

So the twain went forth from Greenharbor toward Littledale, and on the way they met David, Gilbert, and Joanna, who kissed her and said she should be their sister; and Goldilind reddened for pleasure and for joy that she was so much prized by them all. Then went they all to the Tofts, where folk made much of Goldilind and Christopher, and Jack cried out:

"Men in this hall, I bear you tidings: the King of Oakenham is amongst us to-night."

Then was there angry clamor; for the name of Rolf, King of Oakenham, was to those woodmen as the name of the Great Devil of Hell, so much was he their unfriend, till Jack cried out that Christopher was the King of Oakenham, and that other a dastard. So the angry clamor became rejoicing, and one William of Whittenham, a graybeard knight, declared that Christopher was the living image of the King he had served in his youth, and after him came Christopher's old nurse, who bore

testimony in like sort. Thereat all folk laughed for joy and cried out: "Child Christopher, our King." And for that word, when he came to the crown indeed, was he called Child Christopher.

So Jack and all his house declared themselves King Christopher's men, and he and all his sons, save David, kissed Goldilind's cheek. But David knelt humbly and kissed her hand. Then no long time after did they all wend to Hazeldale, where tidings met them that the host of the Baron of Brimside drew near. And there was a river between the two companies, and in it a small island, and it was presently determined that two champions should encounter each other on the island: Christopher and the Baron. So these twain fought with swords till the Baron fell wounded. But his hurt was not deadly, and he proclaimed himself King Christopher's man and ordered his company to declare themselves likewise, and thus it was. Moreover, he sent his captain, Oliver Marson, to swear all the folk of Brimside liegemen to King Christopher. Now did tidings of the allegiance of Brimside spread fast, and ere the three banners of the Tofts and Brimside and Oakenham might have come to the town of Woodwall, many folk abode the issue of battle before joining the host of Christopher or that of the Marshal.

The hosts presently met on the plain before Woodwall, and the Marshal's men could not abide the onset, and some fled while others were slain. Then did the captains of Christopher question their captives whether any would serve King Christopher, and a mighty shout arose of "All! One and all!"

As the host with the newcomers went forward, the Mayor and Aldermen of Woodwall came to meet them, bearing the keys of the town, and King Christopher entered Woodwall in triumph. When next morning was, the tale of the host was taken, and they all went out of gates toward the city of Oakenham, and coming to the walled town of Sevenham they rested in peace that night, and many folk joined them. But they heard not of any foeman coming against them, and Jack marveled, for he and all men else expected the traitor Marshal would have made head against them ere this. The next night they rested at a little thorp and at midnight came one who said he bore a gift to Christopher.

The voice was not altogether strange to the King, and when the man's hood was thrown back he knew him for Simon the squire. Then did Simon draw from his bag the head of the Marshal, new cut off, saying:

"Hast thou seen him before? He was a great man yesterday, though not so great as thou shalt be to-morrow."

Then did Christopher reproach Simon for his evil deeds, whereat Simon said:

"What wouldst thou have done with him hadst thou caught him?"

Said Christopher: "I had slain him had I met him with a weapon in his fist; and if we had taken him I had let the folk judge him."

Said Simon: "That is to say, that either thou hadst slain him thyself, or bidden others to slay him. I ask thee, King, for which deed thou wilt slay me, for not slaying thee, or for doing thy work and slaying thy foe?"

So Christopher was minded to forgive the squire and send him forth out of the realm, and he gave him gold, which Simon flung on the ground. And when Christopher said, "What more dost thou want?" the squire cried out, "This!" and leaped upon the King with his knife. Christopher was unarmed, but he bore down the traitor and killed him with a mighty blow of his hand. Then did the King bid his man-at-arms bind the dead man on a horse, and with him the head of the Marshal, and set the horse and its burden well on the highway to Oakenham.

On the morrow the man-at-arms came and told the King how he had taken horse and load five miles on the road to Oakenham, and that by this the horse must have reached the city gate. Thereafter Christopher told Jack of the Tofts that Rolf the Marshal was dead, and what else had happed, and then did they all wend to Oakenham, where the barons and knights knelt to him before the city and named him King, and the Burgreve gave him the city keys. So the gates were opened, and Christopher entered, and no word was said of Rolf the Marshal. And when Christopher and Goldilind were alone in their chamber he said to her that he had no kindred left, and therefore she must take their place and be to him father, mother,

brother, sister, and all kindred. Likewise spoke Goldilind, saying that he was to her in the stead of all kindred.

Now began good days for Oakenham, for Jack of the Tofts abode at Oakenham and gave Christopher such wise counsel that all went well in the kingdom. His seven sons went back to the Tofts, though Christopher was fain to have David abide in the city and urged him thereto with many words. But David would not, saying that he loved the Queen more than was meet, but that if he returned to the Tofts or journeyed overseas he could forget his longing. So Christopher smiled kindly and said no more of the matter, and they parted.

Five-and-twenty years later, when Child Christopher was still a mighty king and Goldilind was still beautiful, and sons and daughters were theirs, came there to the Yule feast at Oakenham a chieftain whom none knew; and he strode up the hall and said:

"Hail, little King Christopher!"

Then the King knew him for David the Red, and greeted him with a glad cry, and so did his father, now waxed very old. So David abode thereafter with his friend, and when his father Jack was dead the King gave his earldom to David, who never sundered from him again, but was with him in peace and war, in joy and in sorrow.

When Child Christopher's kingship was a scant month old, an outland lord came to the court and did obeisance to Christopher and Goldilind, but declared his errand was to the Queen alone, saying that he was no more Burgreve of Greenharbor, but Sir Guisebert of the Green March, and a suitor for her grace and pardon. The twain looked on him kindly, and Sir Guisebert said he was a friend of Earl Geoffrey, of Meadham, where all things went now awry, and the Earl desired Goldilind to occupy for a time her throne at Meadhamstead and thus restore peace.

And when Goldilind feared some craft of Earl Geoffrey, Sir Guisebert swore on his salvation there was no guile, and they were undone save Goldilind came unto them. So it came to pass that Christopher, Goldilind, and Jack of the Tofts, with seven hundred spearmen, rode to Meadhamstead, and when they sat at the banquet in the hall, where Goldilind was in the

high seat as Queen of Meadham, a tall man came up to the dais and knelt before Goldilind, saying:

"Here is my head to do with as thou wilt, for I have been thy dastard, and I crave thy pardon, if so it may be, for I am Geoffrey."

Then looked Goldilind kindly on him and forgave him all wrong which he had done to her, and made him Earl to rule over Meadham once more. So all were blithe together, and when it was time to return to Oakenham Goldilind promised hereafter to spend one month of each year in Meadham. This did she, to the great joy of her people, and there at Meadhamstead was her second son born, who came to the kingship while his mother was still alive, and was well beloved of his folk.

Good thenceforward was the life of Child Christopher and Goldilind. To no man did Christopher mete out worse than his deserts, nay, to most far better he meted: no man he feared, nor hated any save the tormentors of poor folk. And when he died, a very old man, one year after Goldilind his dear, no king that ever lived was so bewailed by his folk as was Child Christopher.

LOUISA MÜHLBACH

(CLARA MUNDT)

(Germany, 1814–1873)

HENRY THE EIGHTH AND HIS COURT (1851)

This is one of the least known of this popular writer's works, as it found little favor with the German public in comparison with her masterpiece *Frederick the Great and His Court*. But it has been translated into most of the modern languages of Europe, and is credited with being a fairly accurate portrayal of the cruel monarch's life and character.

ONE day in the year 1543 King Henry the Eighth of England declared himself the happiest man in his kingdom, for he had just been united to his sixth consort, Catherine Parr, the youthful widow of Baron Latimer. At last the sacred ceremony was completed. The two spiritual dignitaries, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, then, in accordance with court etiquette, led the bride to her apartments, in order to bless them. Catherine, though pale and agitated, had yet sustained her part in the various ceremonies with true queenly bearing, and no one suspected the baleful depression within her breast.

The Queen entered her boudoir, the two bishops awaiting her summons in the drawing-room, and a long pause followed. Gardiner had stepped to the window, watching the tempest-driven clouds with his peculiar, dark smile about his thin-lipped mouth. Cranmer stood by the wall on the opposite side, lost in sad reflections. In this manner he had already conducted two wives of the King to the marriage altar, and he had also attended them as they ascended the scaffold. The frown faded

from his brow, and, with an air at once dignified and friendly he approached the Bishop of Winchester.

"I come to your Grace," said Cranmer, in his gentle voice, "to say, that should the Queen choose you as her spiritual confessor, there shall be no rancor in my heart against you."

"Your Grace is very noble, but a subtle diplomatist," replied Gardiner. "Whom she will choose is well known to yourself."

"You would insinuate thereby that I have made her Queen; but, as in many matters, your Grace has been falsely informed."

"Perhaps," said Gardiner coldly, "but it is certain that Catherine Parr is an adherent of the Reformation; she leans to the cursed heretics against whom the Holy Father at Rome has hurled his crushing anathema."

"You forget," replied Cranmer, with a smile, "that this anathema was hurled against our King also, and that even you have recognized Henry as the head of our Church."

Gardiner choked back his rage, feeling that he had gone somewhat too far.

"Wo to her if she is against me!" he murmured.

"And shall you call it being against you if she does not choose you as her confessor?"

"Shall you call it being for me?" asked Gardiner, with a malicious smile.

"Poor Queen!" murmured Cranmer, turning away. "Then may she choose you."

At this instant the door to the royal chamber opened, and Lady Jane, daughter of Earl Douglas and first maid of honor to the Queen, appeared.

"Her Majesty," said Lady Jane, "requests the presence of Lord Cranmer in her cabinet."

"Poor Queen!" murmured Cranmer again. "She has just made an implacable enemy."

Lady Jane waited till Cranmer was gone, then kneeling before the Bishop of Winchester humbly said: "Grace, your highness, grace! She was resolute. The Queen is a heretic."

"Then is Catherine Parr lost!" replied Gardiner. "You, the true handmaid of the Church, shall lead her to the scaffold."

The King was alone with his bride. He was about to press

her more closely in his arms when suddenly, from without, was heard the roll of drums, and a cry arose in the antechamber:

"Mercy! your Majesty, mercy!"

"Who dares interrupt us?" cried the King angrily.

"I dare!" said a young lady, who, pale and with distorted features, hastened in and prostrated herself before him.

"Anne Askew!" exclaimed Catherine, amazed.

"Mercy, mercy, for those wretched ones who are suffering yonder!" said the young maiden.

The King's florid face broke into a grim smile, which made Catherine tremble.

"Anne Askew," said the King, "is your second maid of honor?"

"Yes, sire."

King Henry strode past the kneeling girl and threw open the doors of an adjoining hall, in which the courtiers were waiting. Beyond, through the windows, glared the ruddy sky, illuminated by the burning fagots on which the condemned were paying the penalty of having denied the King's Church. Prominently among the crowd of courtiers stood the two bishops, Cranmer and Gardiner.

"My lords," said the King to the two priests, "we have called you that you might, with your words of wisdom, rid this young girl of the devil that possesseth her."

She shook off the touches of the priests:

"Begone, you hangmen! Mercy, King, mercy for those poor wretches!"

"Behold," said Henry, "the maiden accuses us of injustice."

"Wo, then, to you!" exclaimed Anne Askew. "You know not God, who is love and mercy."

The King's florid countenance turned purple, and his breathing came hard.

"Death by fire awaits you, Anne Askew," he said. "No mercy for the traitress who vilifies and scoffs at her King."

At this very moment one of the King's cavaliers appeared on the threshold of the royal chamber. He was a young man of regal aspect, clad in a coat of mail glittering with gold. As he bent his knee, he said, in a full, pleasant voice:

"Mercy, Sire, mercy!"

The King stepped back in amazement.

"Thomas Seymour!" said he, "you have returned, and your first act is again an indiscretion."

"I have returned," said the young man, smiling, "to report having taken from the Scots four men-of-war. As I entered, I heard you pronounce a sentence of death, and I saw this young girl, standing alone, forsaken by all these noble courtiers." And he cast a contemptuous glance over the crowd about him. Catherine had listened to the young Earl with throbbing heart.

"You are mistaken, my lord," suddenly said another voice, and a second cavalier advanced. "Sire, I also beg mercy for Anne Askew."

"Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey," exclaimed the King, "do you, too, dare to intercede for this girl?"

"Sire," returned the young man, "I will not allow Thomas Seymour to think he is the braver."

"Oh," said Seymour, "I willingly allow you, my dear Earl of Surrey, to follow my lead."

A hot flush suffused the face of the Earl, and his hand touched the hilt of his sword.

"Silence!" interposed the King. "I command you two to be reconciled."

The two cavaliers reluctantly took each other's hands. The King's brow was clouded, for he observed that the sympathy of most present was with Henry Howard.

"These Howards are dangerous," he said to himself. "I must watch them." And aloud, he continued: "Now, good night, my lords!—the feast is ended, and we need rest."

Lady Jane Douglas was alone in her room with her father.

"My daughter," said he, "you must study well the King's character. Catherine Parr must be removed from our path, and this is your task. Then you shall be Queen, and influence this fickle monarch to return to the only true path of righteousness. This is the task entrusted to me by the noble Loyola, when he was here to found the Society of Jesus in England, and left me master and general. You see, Jane, I am your master as well as your father. You must lead the Queen to her destruction; you must induce her to love the Earl of Surrey."

Jane's face lost every vestige of color, and she reeled as if stabbed in the breast.

Her father gently kissed her forehead and left her.

"My God!" she murmured, while tears streamed down her face, "I must inspire the Queen with love for the Earl of Surrey, and I—I love him."

The day after the festivities the officials of the new household were appointed. Even the voice of the master of ceremonies trembled as he read: "—To the place of High Chamberlain to the Queen, his Majesty appoints my Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey."

A murmur of approval went up, and the King's brow clouded.

"To the place of Master of Horse, his Majesty appoints my Lord Thomas Seymour, Earl of Sudley."

It was well that the King's gaze was on his courtiers, for had he observed the Queen he would have seen the smile that lighted up her countenance.

Seymour approached, and kissed the Queen's hand.

"My lord," said she, "you will at once enter on service for me. Take the fleetest of your coursers and hasten to Castle Holt. Carry this letter to Princess Elizabeth from her gracious father, and she will follow you hither. Tell her that I yearn to greet her from her exile with a sister's and a friend's heart. Hasten, my lord."

Two years passed, and Catherine Parr had always kept in favor with her husband. She had been cautious and cool. It was a bright spring day. She stood waiting the announcement that her horse was ready for a ride to Epping Forest. Suddenly the door opened, and a small, masculine figure entered, dressed in motley, contrasting strangely with the man's white hair.

"Ah, the King's fool," said Catherine, with a merry laugh. "What brings you here, John Heywood?"

"I come, Queen, neither as fool nor as poet," answered the King's fool, "but to kiss your feet for having saved my son's life—my bastard son, for whom I could not intercede, but whom you saved from the stake. You have in me, your

Majesty, an humble slave. I come also to warn you of the enemies that surround you. There is a conspiracy afoot."

The Queen's face flushed, and she was about to answer, when Lady Jane appeared to announce that all was ready for the ride.

She left the room, and a moment later Earl Douglas joined his daughter.

"Does the Queen love Henry Howard?" he asked.

"He loves her," Jane replied, her face colorless as a winding-sheet.

"But does she love him?"

"She soon will."

"Then is Catherine Parr doomed."

All was quiet that night in the palace of Whitehall. Suddenly a figure tripped softly through the dimly lighted corridor. She was wrapped in a black mantle, and a veil concealed her face. She passed down a spiral stairway, into the summer-house. She clapped her hands, a door creaked in the darkness, and she felt strong arms about her.

"Ah, Catherine—"

"Call me not Catherine, Henry. How I hate that name, to remind me of my bonds."

"I name you Geraldine, and as Geraldine I will praise you before the world. Oh, why are you so cold to me when we meet elsewhere? Never a look, never a smile."

"Listen, Henry; before the whole court I will give you a token of my love. On the day of the tournament, when you have read your sonnets, I shall present you with a rosette from my own dress. And now the dawn breaks—let me go."

She rushed back to her room.

"Oh! oh! what agonies are these," she moaned. "He holds me in his arms and showers on me kisses meant for her."

On the morning of the day of the tournament John Heywood stood behind the draperies in the embrasure of a window. Earl Douglas had made a sign to Gardiner, who quickly joined him from the group of gossiping courtiers.

"Shall we attain our end to-day?" asked the Bishop.

"It shall be done," whispered Earl Douglas. "Henry Howard believes he has met the Queen nightly in the darkness of

the greenroom. He believes she has promised to give him a rosette to-day before all the court. Lady Jane has done her work well. She has persuaded the Queen to bestow this mark of esteem on him. In that rosette, under the clasp, will be hidden a note signed Geraldine. I have told the King, and all is ready for the sword to fall."

The Bishop's thin lips widened in a hideous, sinister smile. Then the two conspirators separated.

John Heywood remained a moment, with throbbing heart. Then he hurried off, direct to the Queen's chamber. Catherine was alone in her boudoir when the door opened.

"Oh, the King is coming," said she, walking to the door to greet her husband.

"Yes, the King is coming, for the fool is already here," said John Heywood, as he entered. "I bring you a letter, Queen."

"From whom?"

"I know not, but I give it not free. I sell it, Queen. Let us trade—give me the rosette on your shoulder and I give you the letter."

"Nay, John," said the Queen, smiling; "ask anything else."

"Then lend it to me only," persisted the fool, with a humorous grin. "I am generous; make the trade, and afterward I make you a present of your property."

With a quick motion the Queen tore the rosette from her shoulder, and handed it to John Heywood.

"Now give me the letter, John."

The exchange was made, and while the Queen was absorbed in the reading of her letter, John removed the note from under the clasp.

The entire court had assembled, and had watched the tournament. King Henry, as he sat beside his consort, never had appeared more affable. Behind the throne stood John Heywood. Henry Howard had been summoned by the King to read his sonnet, and the noble Earl advanced with his portfolio. Under his smiling exterior the King boiled in anger.

The Earl read: "Complaint, because Geraldine never shows herself to her lover unless covered by her veil." A murmur of applause greeted the ending of the poet's reading, and then

followed a momentary pause, an ominous silence. But now the Queen rose and beckoned to the Earl of Surrey.

"My lord," said she, "to the poet is due a mark of our esteem. Accept this rosette; it entitles you to wear the Queen's colors."

At this moment the King rose, and with an imperious gesture held back the Queen's hand.

"Allow me, my lady," said he, in a voice quivering with rage. "Let me see this rosette and convince myself it is worth presenting to the noble Earl."

The King's hands trembled as he undid the clasp. The Earl of Surrey had half drawn his sword, ready even to strike down the King in defense of the woman who, he thought, loved him. The King rose and spoke:

"Hear me, all, and you, Kate. The Queen has been wrongfully accused, and I acknowledge my grievous wrong. Impose on me a penance, Kate, for I have injured you."

"That you forgive my accusers, King," said the Queen, looking proudly down on the cowering culprits.

"You are a noble woman, Kate, but let them beware, they who accuse you again," and he cast a contemptuous glance at Gardiner and Earl Douglas.

The conspirators had failed, but, inspired with the fanaticism of their faith, they waited only till chance should offer them an opportunity to try once more to remove the heretical Queen from her sphere of influence over the King. With her removed, Lord Douglas, the Jesuit General, doubted not that the King's next choice of a consort would fall on his daughter, Lady Jane. And he judged that this second opportunity lay open when the King was confined to his chamber with gout.

In spite of his pains, Henry attended a court ball. John Heywood, ever observant, watched the King keenly, and from his gaze the corpulent monarch could not hide the occasional twinge of agony that passed over his brow. Never had the King appeared happier, never kinder. He patted the Queen's cheek; so had he patted Anne Boleyn's cheek the same day of her arrest. John puzzled his brain; who was the condemned? Instinct caused him to observe Earl Douglas, and for this he was well rewarded.

He saw the Earl approach his daughter, and caught his whisper to her:

"Hasten, Jane, and change your dress."

Never had John Heywood seen Lady Jane so pale as she approached the Queen and begged permission to retire from the feast, because a severe indisposition had suddenly overtaken her. John crouched behind the throne in time to overhear Earl Douglas's soft-spoken remarks to King Henry.

"Sire," said the Earl, "it is late, and the hour of midnight draws nigh. Your Majesty knows well we must be in the green summerhouse at twelve."

"Yes, yes, at midnight," muttered the King, "we shall be there and unmask the criminals."

Bidding the Queen and his courtiers good night, the King withdrew with Earl Douglas. John Heywood thought for several minutes, then stole his way softly to the Queen's chamber. Outside in the corridor he secreted himself behind a pillar and watched. Thus he saw the Queen retire, bidding her maids of honor good night at the door. And again John was alone, watching.

Half an hour had passed when he heard the swish of a skirt, and he saw a figure passing softly down the corridor. He started, for the figure was in the Queen's brocade and was closely veiled.

He followed, recognizing Lady Jane. She glided down the corridor, not to the staircase, but farther down to the end.

"She is going to the greenhouse," whispered John Heywood. "Oh, now the whole devilish plot is clear to me. The Queen's dress, the Queen's diamonds, and everybody knows how like the Queen's is her voice. But they do wrong to reckon without the fool."

Meanwhile, King Henry, a black, gnawing rage giving him the energy to overcome his crippled condition, had accompanied the Earl to the greenhouse.

"Wo unto you, Douglas," said he, "if your proofs fall short of your promise."

"Patience, your Majesty. By yonder door is Henry Howard's entrance. We will betake ourselves to the boudoir here,

in which is an easy chair for your Majesty, where you will be able to hear every word of his tender protestations."

They took their places in the adjoining apartment, and extinguished the candle. A long, gravelike stillness followed. Now a door opened, then closed again.

"Geraldine," whispered a voice. A light footstep was heard, and the rustle of a dress.

"Here I am, my Henry," said a low, soft voice.

"The Queen!" muttered Henry. He heard their tender whispers and their kisses, and all the agonies of a jealous wrath filled his soul. He could restrain his fury no longer.

"This hour is ours," whispered Henry Howard.

"Yours!" yelled the King—"but the next is the hangman's."

A shriek burst from Geraldine's lips, and then was heard a dull fall.

"She has fainted," said Earl Douglas to himself. The door of the anteroom opened, and four soldiers appeared bearing torches. With a hasty glance, the King surveyed the room; the Queen had fallen with her face to the floor, and Henry Howard was kneeling beside her.

"Arrest him!" roared the King. "Henry Howard, you and your Geraldine shall mount the scaffold together. Go! this is the last time we meet on earth."

"Perhaps," said the Earl of Surrey, rising, and facing the King proudly, "but there above we shall meet again, where you, King Henry, shall not be judge, but the condemned criminal." And he strode out with the soldiers.

"Sire," whispered Earl Douglas, as the King was about to approach the prostrate woman, "rest not your eyes again upon her. Leave her to my care. Here in this room are pen and paper."

"You are right; she is not worth a second glance. Give me the paper."

King Henry was about to write the fatal document condemning his Queen to the Tower when a door opened, and he turned suddenly. A figure entered, and the King stared in astonishment. He turned to the still prostrate woman, then again to the door.

"The Queen!" he gasped.

"The Queen!" exclaimed Douglas in terror.

"Yes, the Queen," said Catherine, with a haughty smile.

Again the conspirators were foiled, but again the noble Queen saved her enemies from disgrace. Hers was the influence that restrained the King from banishing Earl Dudley from court.

But to the poor Earl of Surrey was no mercy given. And as he mounted the scaffold and laid his head upon the block, a woman burst from the crowd and drove a dagger into her breast as his head rolled to the floor. The horrified executioner lifted her lifeless form—it was Lady Jane Douglas.

Time passed, and thinking herself secure, the Queen became overconfident. Only she dared contradict the King, and in her self-confidence she failed many times to see the cloud that crossed his brow.

She had dared to beat the King at a game of chess. They were playing when Bishop Gardiner entered.

"King Henry," said the crafty priest, "you are in danger from the Queen."

The King's brow wrinkled in a frown at the ambiguous words.

The Queen retired, leaving Henry alone with the Bishop.

"Sire," said Gardiner, "what avails it that I ferret out these accursed heretics who deny the divine anointment of your Majesty, when an influence here in the palace counteracts all my efforts?"

"And whose influence," demanded the King angrily, "dare be exerted in behalf of traitors to our royal person?"

"The Queen's," said Gardiner boldly; "for she, Sire, has declared her sympathy for the Reformation."

"Then, by the holy woman who bore us," roared the King, "we shall keep our oath; all heretics shall be destroyed."

"And God will bless you," said the pious priest.

"So be it!" and Henry strode to his desk and inscribed the warrant. The priest put the precious missive into his pocket, and left the room in unholy glee. The King, utterly exhausted, fell on his couch, and for the first time in many days slept soundly.

And while he slept, the Princess Elizabeth stole into his room.

Seeing the King was asleep, she was about to withdraw, when a paper on the floor caught her eye, and she picked it up.

Even the pockets of bishops may have holes in them. Elizabeth read the document, her hands trembled, her face paled in horror. She hastened out and flew straight to the chamber of the Queen.

Some hours later the King awoke, greatly refreshed from his sleep. Never had he felt in better humor.

"Ah, is that you, Kate?" he exclaimed, as he beheld the Queen's rosy face before him—"my heart's treasure."

"Sire, I am unhappy," said Catherine. "I have a confession to make."

The King's face fell as he remembered the warrant.

"Sire," she continued, "I must confess that while you spoke with Gardiner, I stole a pawn from the board, and so won the game."

The King burst into a happy laugh.

"And was that all, Kate?" he cried gleefully. "You are forgiven, sweetheart. Come, let's out into the garden."

Never had the Queen been so lovely. Like two lovers they sat in the garden, murmuring words of affection.

Suddenly was heard the tread of mailed soldiers, and Gardiner and Earl Douglas appeared at the bottom of the garden, followed by a file of guards. A scowl of rage appeared on the King's brow as he rose and hobbled forward to meet them.

"My lords," said he, "what means this intrusion? Seek you heretics in the King's garden?"

"But, your Majesty," stammered the Bishop—

"Begone!" roared the King, "and let me never see your faces in London again. Enough of your foul plots to undermine our confidence in our Queen! Away! let us never meet again."

The two withdrew, stung by the laughs of the courtiers, and that evening they left London.

Only a few days later King Henry lay on his deathbed, clasping the hand of Catherine Parr, the last of his six consorts.

Catherine married Thomas Seymour, Earl of Sudley, and died soon afterward, a sorrowful and neglected wife. For Sud-

ley had believed she would mount the throne as regent. He never forgave her his disappointment. Three months after her death, Sudley himself mounted the scaffold.

By Catherine's wish her papers were given to John Heywood, and he afterward published them and so handed them down to posterity under the title *Lamentations of a Sinner.*

BERLIN AND SANS-SOUCI: OR, FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FRIENDS (1866)

This romance, which went into many editions, has been very widely read, both in the original and in translation. The names used are all historical, and there is some foundation for each incident. Von Trenck was a German adventurer, who was a cousin, not a nephew, of the Austrian Von Trenck. Barbarina was a celebrated dancer, and her portrait for a long time was to be seen in Berlin. All visitors to Berlin are familiar with the little palace of Sans-Souci and its orangery, the scene of Frederick's literary reunions and the place where, in a somewhat embarrassing manner, he was wont to call on his courtiers to forget that he was a king.

ON PÖLLNITZ entered the apartment of Fredersdorf, the King's private secretary. Von Pöllnitz was a courtier and a hypocrite who had changed his religion in order to marry a Nürnberg heiress; but he had failed in his hopes, and, returning to Berlin after a year's absence, besought the secretary's influence with the King.

"None are influential with the King—save his dogs," said Fredersdorf. "He shaves and dresses himself. The choicest food has no effect upon his humor, and the favor he refuses before champagne he never grants afterward."

"Well, then, I will apply to his chief four-footed favorite—Signora Biche. She always loved well the odor of chocolate in my pocket. But, Fredersdorf, there is one who might discover the weak point in the King's armor."

"Who?"

"The Barbarina."

"Ah! The great dancer."

"Yes. For her sake he has carried on a diplomatic contest with Venice, and now has literally torn her away from Lord Stuart McKenzie."

"True," Fredersdorf replied thoughtfully. "For ten days

the King has waited impatiently for the arrival of this beautiful dancer, and he commanded that as soon as she reached Berlin it should be announced to him."

"I tell you, the King will adore the Signora Barbarina," said Pöllnitz. "I shall visit her to-day and make the arrangements for her first appearance. I am well content, for I see before me a land of promise. I will make myself the indispensable counselor and friend of Barbarina; I will teach her how to melt the stony heart of the King and make him her willing slave."

At this moment the soft tones of a flute penetrated the ear.

"He plays an *adagio*," said Fredersdorf; "he is in a yielding mood. Seek an audience, Von Pöllnitz; you will get what you wish."

The King granted Von Pöllnitz's request and reinstated him in the office of High Chamberlain—scornfully, however, for he knew that a greater scoundrel never breathed. He added to the favor the humiliating condition that the nobleman should run no more in debt, and followed up this order by a public proclamation that no one in the land should lend the High Chamberlain money, on pain of forfeiting the right to collect such loans by law. This order Von Pöllnitz, to whom debt and profusion of money were the very breath of life, pretended to take as a compliment, as the same proclamation had been made sometimes for princes of the blood; but secretly he writhed under it, and his villainy was put on its mettle as never before.

The King of Sweden wished to marry the beautiful Princess Amelia. The Princess Ulrica, determining that her younger sister never should wear a crown before herself, adopted a ruse and fostered in the girl's mind a resolve not to marry against her religion. The grand ball in honor of the King's public acknowledgment of his nephew as his heir was approaching; at this ball the Swedish ambassador would be present, and every act of the two Princesses would be significant in relation to the proposed match. The Princess Amelia, acting under her sister's suggestion, refused the roses her maids of honor offered her while dressing for this event, and flung them out of her window. As fate would have it, the Baron von Trenck, just arrived at Berlin, handsome, young, accomplished, together with the wary Von Pöllnitz, was passing, and the roses struck him full in the face.

Von Pöllnitz did not lose this opportunity of opening an intrigue, and showed an interest in the Princess which later developed into a passion. The Princess repelled the Swedish ambassador by her capriciousness, turning, from sheer coquetry, to Von Trenck, who was only too ready to interpret this to a real interest. And such, too, it speedily became. Thus the wily purposes of both Ulrica and Von Pöllnitz were fulfilled. The former won her Swedish crown, while the latter became the confidant and intermediary of the love-affair between a princess of the blood and the young officer of high rank, who was, by a fatal connection, a nephew of the Austrian Von Trenck who had raised his regiment of five thousand Pandours to ravage the country for Maria Theresa.

The Barbarina came, and the evening of her first dance at the court theater was a gala occasion. Not a personage of distinction was missing. The glowing beauty and incomparable art of the famous artiste never had shown to such advantage. When she ceased dancing, however, the audience was cold, still, benumbed. All eyes turned toward the King, who seemed plunged in a moody stupor. The flattered and petted dancer refused to come on the stage again, even at the King's express command.

"Sire," said the messenger, returning, "the Signora will not dance. The King, she says, has no power to compel her."

"Where is this person?" said the King. "I will go to her."

Without disclosing his identity, the King presented himself before Barbarina, furious at the slight put upon her beauty and her art. They talked, and the proud monarch beheld the proud artist in her scorn of the stupid, uncomprehending throng.

"I understand you now," he said; "you heard no bravos; therefore you were angry. But etiquette would not allow them to applaud while the King was silent."

"I will dance no more," she said; "your King cannot force me to it."

"Perhaps he was drunk from rapture," he said. "But you will dance again this evening. If you do not, you are lost."

"Why?"

"It will be said the King sent you away; that you have failed."

Barbarina sprang to her feet.

"Come," said Frederick; "I promise you that this time the King will applaud."

Barbarina consented with an enchanting smile, and then the King revealed his identity. The dancer was neither astonished nor alarmed, but said coolly: "Sire, I do not ask for pardon. I should not have acted otherwise had I known who it was that dared intrude on me."

Frederick smilingly led her back to the stage, and led the applause following her next dance in a way that satisfied her proud spirit.

In the establishment of Barbarina as favorite of the King another blow was struck at his neglected Queen, Elizabeth Christine. The match with this gentle and long-suffering Princess had been made by the tyrannical Frederick William while his son was the Crown Prince. Frederick never had acknowledged the marriage except in name, and his mother, Sophia Dorothea, continued to hold the first place in his love. Frederick banished Barbarina's lover, Lord Stuart McKenzie, who had followed her to Berlin, and exacted from her a contract promising to remain in Berlin for three years and not to marry during that time. Her house on Behren Street became the resort of men belonging to the court, and her portrait was painted and hung in the royal gallery.

Bitter and infuriated at her sister's perfidy in accepting the crown that her diplomacy had caused Amelia herself to renounce, that Princess was all the more ready to encourage the love that Von Trenck dared offer. Her hopes that the King would smile on the lover of his favorite sister were flattered by his marked approval of the officer. He advanced him rapidly in the army, and made him presents of horses from his own stable. This hope, however, had no foundation. When it was whispered to the King that Von Trenck had dared to raise his eyes to royalty, traps began to be laid for the venturesome youth. Colonel Jaschinsky, his commander, was jealous of his rise. He lost no chance of exposing Von Trenck's absences from parade, owing to his attendance upon the Princess. Frederick at last gave him a veiled warning, of which Von Trenck, intoxicated by love and success, showed himself to be uncomprehending.

"Now, Monsieur," said the King, in conclusion, observing his incomprehension, "you are warned, and cannot complain if a wild tempest bursts over you. Adieu!"

"A heart of steel, a head of iron," said the King to himself, as Von Trenck left the room. "He will be very happy or very wretched. Alas! I fear it would be better for him if I had dismissed him." A sad smile played upon his lips. "Poor Amelia!" said he. "Poor sister! They have chosen you to be assistant Abbess of Quedlinburg. A miserable alternative for the Swedish throne, which was in your power. Well, I will sign this paper."

Frederick was completely unmanned by these painful thoughts. "Poor human heart!" he said. "Why has Fate made you so soft?" Then, his mood changing, he rose, and proudly erect, exclaimed: "Away with such cares! I have no time to play the amiable father to my family. My kingly duty and service call me with trumpet tones."

War was declared, and the answer to Maria Theresa's manifesto was sent. On the borderland stood the Convent of Camens, most of whose monks were Austrian in sympathy.

"It is rumored that the King has gone himself into Silesia to look after the Austrians. What if he should pay us a visit?" said one monk to another.

"General Wallis, who is near, would demand him as a prisoner, and he would be held as ransom till Silesia should be given up."

"But you forget that Abbot Stursche is devoted to the King of Prussia."

Somewhat later two figures stood before the door of the convent. The taller was in the act of ringing, when a voice called: "Do not ring. I will come myself." The door opened and a monk came out. "I am the Abbot Stursche, and wholly devoted to the King of Prussia," said he.

"Do you know the King of Prussia?" said the elder man sternly.

"When he does not wish to remain incognito," was the answer.

The Abbot ordered high mass in the choir of the church,

and forbade the monks to speak under severe penance. Many were the wondering glances cast at the figure of a visiting abbot, clad in rich robes and reverently kneeling at the altar. Long the two Abbots knelt and long continued the mass—as long, in fact, as the fierce Colonel von Trenck and his Pandours continued to search the monastery. When they disappeared, the young companion had disappeared with them.

One hour later the monastery coach rolled away from the door. In it sat the two Abbots.

On leaving the coach the visitor extended his hand. "I shall never forget this bold and noble act," said he. "I wish no one to know of it, but you and your monks may always count on my favor." Then the King, for it was he, turned toward the city. He had advanced but a short distance when he was joined by his young companion. "Whence do you come?" he inquired sternly.

"From Glatz, where the Pandours carried me prisoner."

"You were released without ransom?"

"Colonel Trenck laughed when his nephew was introduced to him as the King of Prussia."

"You are then Trenck's nephew?"

"Yes, Sire; but a Prussian."

The King was not pleased, and although he recognized the young man's loyalty, a shadow fell between them.

Von Pöllnitz was in debt, and in such straits that he applied to the King for money. This application was refused, and, to prove the King's poverty and economy, he was favored with a midnight visit to the sloop where all the royal silver was being taken away to be melted in order to pay for the campaigns. The High Chamberlain saw that no help for his poverty would come from that quarter. The time was ripe for his utilizing his knowledge of the loves of the Princess Amelia and Baron von Trenck, of which he kept himself wholly informed. He took Jaschinsky, one of Frederick's colonels, into his confidence, getting money from him, and then informed the King to what lengths the Princess Amelia had gone, even to pledging herself to marry Von Trenck and none other. He gained nothing by this, for Frederick forbade him ever to mention the subject

again. The King, however, recognizing that Von Trenck's ambition would take no warning, resolved upon desperate measures. He placed him under arrest until the order for marching was given. The misery of the Princess availed nothing. He told her he knew all, and commanded her presence and gaiety at the balls and *fêtes* that preceded the campaign, and, liberated just in time, Von Trenck marched away with the troops, without one word of farewell to the Princess, who loved him to the death.

Later, amid the fearful horrors of battle, when Frederick's dearly won victory resulted in agony and starvation for the troops, Colonel Jaschinsky handed Von Trenck two letters. He did not fail to observe the handwriting on the smaller of these, and by a clever ruse managed to get it into the King's hands without Von Trenck's knowledge of its loss. This passionate love-letter from the Princess sealed the officer's fate. Frederick commanded his imprisonment in the fortress of Platz, and made the pretext treachery, on an accusation worked up from his relationship with the chief of the Pandours by the faithless Jaschinsky and the worthless Von Pöllnitz. There was therefore now no outlook for the young man except in flight. This the Princess, together with her maid of honor, began plotting for.

Barbarina continued to be the King's favorite, and was admired and sought by all the men in Berlin who could aspire to the honor. One day, however, she put her power to the test by demanding the removal of a rival, whom the stage-director had appointed to appear in a rôle she considered to be hers exclusively. In doing this she met the impenetrability of the King where she had felt sure of the allegiance of the man. He refused her demand, and in an ensuing quarrel he broke with her. This break, in spite of her repentance and misery, was final.

After this the King became more than ever stern, inaccessible to influence and devoted only to his subjects' welfare. The man's heart was dead, but the King's intellect and will were clearer and stronger than before. The close of the war saw him a power among the nations, and he gave himself to affairs of

state, to constructing fine buildings, and to the intellectual pursuits in which he had delighted from his youth. His ambition was to be not merely a great king, but a great writer; and at the close of a long day, devoted to attending personally to statecraft, he would work well into the night, composing verses, which he sent for correction to his friend, the philosopher Voltaire. French was the language of kings, and in French he aimed to shine. His dream had long been to found a home of letters, and at last he found himself able to convert this dream to a reality.

After Barbarina's last wild dance, in which she had called upon her adorer, the Marquis Cojecci, to solace her wounded pride with some public mark of his devotion, the King and his friend, the Marquis d'Argens, drove in a simple equipage to Potsdam to see the King's little palace there, just completed. The Marquis was a genial, kindly man of the world in whose devotion the King felt complete confidence. He alone was trusted in all times and at all places, and he never betrayed the trust. The two walked thoughtfully up the alleys, through the orangery, and on the terraces of the charming place.

"Forget, D'Argens, this day, that I am King. Enter my paradise, and, I pray you, encourage a solemn and prayerful mood."

"Do you know, Sire, I have a feeling of oppression and exaltation combined, such as the Grecians may have felt when they entered the Delphian valley," said D'Argens, as they strolled arm in arm.

"Well, I believe that many oracles will go out from this height to the world. My holy father and friend, I have brought you here to baptize my Weinberg."

With flashing eye D'Argens gazed round upon the magnificent and enchanting scene. Here was the grand basin of marble, surrounded with marble statues. Further were the lofty terraces adorned with orange-trees. High on the summit of the terraces stood the little castle of Weinberg, beautiful in its simplicity, with a glittering crown upon its cupola.

"O God! grant that my King may be happy in this enchanted spot!" cried D'Argens.

"Happy!" said Frederick, with a slight shrug; "say rather content."

The two entered the house, and talking of the pleasures of Reason, examined the treasures of art that Frederick had amassed. The King pointed to a statue of Flora, visible from one of the windows.

"There, D'Argens, I will be buried, when the cares and disappointments of life are finished," said he. "That is my tomb, and seeing it often, I may accustom myself to the end which must come."

D'Argens's eyes filled with tears. "O Sire! may this marble lie immovable and the grave beneath it be a mystery for many long years!"

The King shook his head, but peace was written on his features.

"Why do you wish that?" said he, and pointing to the grave, he added: "When I lie there—*Je serais sans souci!*"

"*Sans souci!*" said D'Argens, deeply moved.

The King took his hand smilingly. "Let us seek even while we live to be without care, and, as evidence that I will strive for this, this house shall be called *Sans-Souci.*"

Four years passed away. It was the year 1750, the most glorious and happy in the life of Frederick the Second. He stood upon the terrace of his little palace of Sans-Souci and gazed upon the beautiful panorama spread out before him.

"Wondrous beautiful!" he said to himself. "I think Voltaire will find the sun as warm at Sans-Souci as at Cirey, and we can be happy without the divine Emilie—" He was interrupted by D'Argens, who announced that Voltaire had arrived at Berlin. The King was radiant with delight. About to welcome the long-desired presence of the worshiped poet, Frederick could hardly contain his joy, and yet he felt a premonition of sadness. But presently the figure of Voltaire stood at the threshold.

This man, with small, contracted chest, with a back bowed by old age or infirmities; this man, with the wondrous countenance, of which no one could decide whether it was the face of a satyr or a demigod; whose lips were distorted by the most frightful grimaces or relaxed into the most enchanting smiles—this was Voltaire!

A comedy of wits ensued, relieved by the naïve expression of the deepest human feeling. Their friendship continued three years, the length of the cynical Frenchman's stay at Sans-Souci. In correcting the King's poems, with a venomous delight in ridiculing each mistake; in saving the large allowance granted him by Frederick's liberality; in storing away pounds of wax candles, which his weak eyes forbade him to use, and selling them to swell the fortune he was bound on gaining; in selling also the tea and sugar saved from the King's table; in stirring up spite and scorn among the courtiers, demanding the dismissal of all rivals in the literary sphere, particularly Maupertius, the genial and learned head of the Berlin Academy, whose supremacy in that institution of the King's Voltaire could never forgive, the cynical philosopher, whose works had been the inspiration of Frederick's life, made his occupation of the castle one long time of intrigue and petty annoyances. Frederick bore all with varying patience, forgetting in his love of learning the meanness of the man behind the genius of his former idol; and thus Voltaire grew more and more insupportable. His avarice knew no bounds.

The final annoyance came on the occasion of a court function, when all were to exercise their wits in writing verses.

Voltaire had been a warm admirer of the Princess Amelia ever since her brilliant success in acting in his *Catiline* at a distinguished performance in which the courtiers had taken part. The court was in mourning, and Voltaire, who could not be persuaded to expend the necessary money for a mourning coat, appeared in one borrowed unknown to the owner, from the valet of a neighbor, altered and made smaller to suit his meager figure. His passion for the Princess Amelia found expression in a verse of daring and unsuitable nature. This verse came to Frederick's hands, and he himself wrote a response, which he folded and handed to the philosopher. On reading it, the latter turned pale with rage and mortification, and although he managed to superficially forgive the insult, it was the beginning of the end.

The Princess Amelia's love for Von Trenck never had varied. Brilliant and charming, she appeared at all the court

functions, but her heart was in the prison of her beloved. Once, indeed, had she succeeded very nearly, by means of gold and superhuman exertions, in effecting his escape. But he was recaptured and condemned to greater privations. The Princess had a new maid of honor, one who sympathized with her, and whose own lover, Lieutenant Scheldt, was an officer of the prison where Von Trenck was confined.

The King ignored the episode as far as Amelia was concerned. The King of Denmark lost his Queen, and fixed upon the Princess as his second choice. The King called her into his private room, and commanded her to marry him. She refused, and he gave her four weeks to reconsider her decision. She spent this time in weeping, and her whole appearance suffered, particularly her eyes, which became pitifully inflamed. Meckel the physician prescribed a powerful remedy, the inhaling of fumes from a burning drug, giving the Princess a solemn warning not to bring her face too near the basin. At the end of the four weeks she was interviewed again by her brother.

"What is your decision?" he inquired.

"I never will marry the King of Denmark," was her calm reply. "I have taken an oath never to marry, if I cannot wed the man I love."

"You will obey," said the King.

"I never will marry the King of Denmark," replied the Princess, and with these words she left his presence.

That night she had the basin prepared for the treatment of her eyes as usual, and dismissed her attendants, saying she would administer the remedy herself. She approached her mirror, and, addressing it with a curious smile, whispered: "Farewell, thou whom Trenck loved! Farewell, farewell!"

The next morning loud shrieks and groans were heard in her bedroom. Her attendants found her stretched across the bed, with disfigured face, her eyes swollen and rigid, bloody and starting from the eyeballs. Her lips were pressed close together, and she could only murmur inarticulate sounds. When the physician came he exclaimed: "Ah, the unhappy one! She approached too near the fatal liquid!"

When the King, stricken with sorrow, entered the room, the

Princess made signs that she wished to write. They handed her a coal from the hearth, and she wrote, in great, irregular letters, upon the wall:

"Now I will not wed the King of Denmark!—now I never shall marry!" then fell back upon her pillows with a hollow laugh.

The King sank on a chair near the bed and, clasping his hands over his face, abandoned himself to despair. He comprehended all. A boundless sorrow for this young woman, so strong in her love, came over him. He bowed his head and wept bitterly.

Von Trenck obtained his liberty, to learn that stronger walls separated him and his beloved than man could build or courage break.

Voltaire was faithful to his purpose; he made use of his residence in Prussia to increase his fortune and to injure and degrade all for whom the King had any partiality. The King had forbidden investment in Saxon bonds. Voltaire sent an agent to buy all he could raise money for, and when the opportunity came he borrowed more money and tried to outwit his former agent. His rascality and ingenuity knew no limits. He tried in vain to set the King against D'Argens, and finally gave his whole attention to Maupertius, who had just published his *Lettres Philosophiques*, in which he had undoubtedly made some assertions susceptible of ridicule.

Voltaire's reply to these, under the pseudonym of "Dr. Akakia," was written in his bitterest and most venomous style, and the King, while appreciating the wit, asked Voltaire to destroy the manuscript, on the plea of not wishing the dignity of the head of his academy to suffer. Voltaire swore by the most solemn oaths to destroy this, and never to write it again. He then threw it into the fire. The King was suspicious at this destruction on the part of this Prince of Vanity, and his suspicions were verified, for Voltaire had previously sent a copy of the work to Leyden to be published and scattered broadcast.

The great King was not to be outwitted. He collected the edition, and in the public square of Berlin made a grand bonfire of it, and caused his condemnation of the writer to be read.

Voltaire watched this performance from a window, calm and smiling. He saw the executioner throw great piles of his book into the flames. Higher and higher they blazed, but still the writer smiled. Suddenly, a powerful voice cried out: "Look at the spirit of Maupertius, which is dissolving into smoke! How much wood is burned in vain! Akakia is immortal. That which is born for immortality never can be burned." So said Voltaire, and stepped back into his room.

A few days later Voltaire asked permission to take leave.

"Ah, Monsieur Voltaire, you are resolved, then, to leave us?"

"Sire, indispensable business and the state of my health compel me to do so."

The King bowed slightly. "Monsieur, I wish you a happy journey." Then, turning to the old Field-Marshal Ziethen, he resumed conversation with him. Voltaire made a profound bow, and entered the post-chaise that was waiting for him.

So they parted; their friendship was in ashes, and no after-protestations could bring it to life. The great King and the great poet parted, never to meet again.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER SON (1867)

The author of this story wrote a large number of similar historical novels between the years 1850 and 1871, so that the *Marie Antoinette* comes at a period about midway in her literary career. The work gives an interesting, though somewhat inaccurate, picture of the most terrible events of French history. The portion of the story relating to the escape from prison of the young Duc de Normandie, who would have been Louis XVII, appears to be without foundation, as most authorities agree that the boy died in the prison, though an interesting theory, which found many believers, was put forward in the mid-nineteenth century that the unfortunate Dauphin was rescued and taken to America, where he was brought up by a man named Thomas Williams, who always called the youth his son, Eleazar Williams, the latter becoming in maturity a missionary among the Indians.

ON the 13th of August, 1795, the Queen Marie Antoinette had left her fair Versailles and loved Trianon for one day, and had gone to Paris to show herself and her children to the discontented people. As they drove through the unfriendly throng, a remark of little Teresa that she did not like the people because they were dirty and ugly was overheard by Simon the cobbler, and he called to them gruffly: "We are dirty because we work for the King." To appease him, a gold piece was passed out, but though he accepted it he did not change his attitude. Like all the common people, he hated the "Austrian woman," as they called Marie Antoinette, and her appearance this day had but served to rekindle their enmity and accentuate her frivolities.

Simon walked away cursing, and fell upon a singular man who proved to be exactly of his mind. This man's name was Marat. He was able to tell Simon a great deal that was adverse to the Queen's character, for Marat was a determined opponent of the royal régime. He meant to win all to his way of thinking.

"There shall go by no day," he declared, "in which I and

my friends shall not win soldiers for our side." Simon was immediately his sworn ally.

When Marie Antoinette returned to Versailles, she received a visit from the Princess Adelaide, the aunt of Louis XVI, who had come to protest against the continuance of her frivolous conduct at Versailles and Trianon. She demanded a private audience, in which she presented a letter from her sister, Marie Louise, prioress of the Carmelite Convent; but Marie Antoinette refused to accept it, for on a previous occasion she had read a similar one, which determined her never again to receive and read letters from this source. She knew very well that this letter was an appeal for her to mend her ways, to give up the gaieties of Trianon, the effect of which on the famine-pressed people was to drive them to desperation. Nothing moved the Queen, and the interview ended in an angry speech from her as she left the room. The ire of the Princess Adelaide was equally roused, and she declared vengeance on her own account on the "Austrian woman." Marie Antoinette was universally regarded as an alien, and all she did, good or bad, was placed against her. She proceeded to her beautiful and costly playground, Trianon, where all was still merry in spite of the sufferings of the people. The wheel of the toy mill was dashing merrily round, and the King himself for this day was playing miller with the white cap on his head. He was a kind-hearted man, deeply in love with his beautiful wife, but circumstances beyond his control were shaping the destinies of France even while he played at miller. The schoolmaster and the mayor were personified by nobles; in fact, a complete masquerade had been prepared, to please the Queen on her approach. Everything was play at Trianon; while the people without were verging on starvation.

After a time the royal miller withdrew into the mill to rest himself from his efforts, and there he was sought by the Premier, the Baron de Breteuil, who had arrived hastily on a special errand. The King had resumed his proper clothing and, receiving Breteuil, he heard from him that Böhmer, the court jeweler, asserted that Marie Antoinette had actually bought from him a magnificent diamond necklace for one million eight hundred thousand francs, and that Böhmer, who had been repeatedly put off, was now pressing for his pay.

"The man is crazy," declared the Queen, and she indignantly denied that she had ever negotiated for or received the necklace. She knew nothing about it, except that she had refused to buy it when approached on the subject. Investigation showed that the necklace had been bought, ostensibly for the Queen, by the Cardinal de Rohan, at the instance of a lady called Countess Lamotte-Valois, who gave him to understand that the Queen very much wanted it, and she presented a letter from the Queen to that effect. The Cardinal, believing he was doing the Queen a favor, negotiated for the jewels. When the whole matter came to trial, this Countess Lamotte-Valois, who had employed as a decoy a woman with a striking resemblance to Marie Antoinette, was shown to be an impostor, the daughter of a laborer. The proof was absolute that Marie Antoinette was entirely innocent of any knowledge of the transaction, that she had positively no connection with the case whatever; but the people, enraged against her, refused to believe.

Marie Antoinette waited with eager impatience for the result of the trial, and the first news was carried to her by a young man named Toulan, a friend of Madame Campan, the Queen's lady in waiting. Toulan's father, an aged soldier, neglected in his poverty, had obtained a pension through Marie Antoinette, and the young Toulan had sworn devotion to the Queen. She received him graciously on this occasion and thanked him, while he swore allegiance to her to his dying hour and departed. The action of the court met the approval of the Queen in all but one particular, this was the acquittal of Cardinal de Rohan, which she felt to be a distinct insult to herself.

Toulan, meanwhile, in Paris allied himself with the Republicans, in order that he might not be suspected, and thus be able to assist the Queen and her family when possible. He saw that her enemies were bent on her downfall, and he was determined to prevent the catastrophe as far as lay in his power to do so. The National Assembly met daily at Versailles, and daily the troubles of France and of the King were augmenting, while Marie Antoinette was becoming more hated by the people. Mirabeau was then the central figure of the Assembly, and he made the proposal that the person of the King should be declared inviolable. Toulan, "the soldier of the Queen," in a

loud voice cried: "The persons of the King *and Queen* shall be declared inviolable." But the Assembly adopted only Mirabeau's proposal.

And now another sorrow fell upon Marie Antoinette. The Dauphin was ill, and the Dauphin died. The little Louis Charles, the Queen's remaining son, became Dauphin just as the Bastile, on the 14th of July, was pulled to the ground by the wild mob, a symbol of the destruction of all that the little Dauphin stood for, all that ancient régime of hauteur and profligacy now bearing such fearful fruit. The Revolution had begun. The grip of the people on the throat of the monster that had oppressed them was tightening; and it now became imperative for all the intimate friends of Marie Antoinette, all her favorites on whom she had lavished fortunes, to make their escape. On the 5th of October the cry in Paris was, "On to Versailles!" uttered by the women, and the women by hundreds joined the gathering throng, and by thousands they joined it and turned their frenzied steps toward Versailles, where the Austrian woman dwelt in the palace of the French kings. And mightier grew the ominous cry: "On to Versailles!"

Toulan arrived early with the dreadful tidings, and Campan sent him immediately to Trianon, to the Queen. He found her in the gardens.

"Your Majesty, all Paris is in motion, all Paris is marching on Versailles. The people of Paris hunger. The bakers have made no bread, for they say there is no flour. The people are coming to Versailles to ask the King for bread. Ten thousand women are on the road, accompanied by armed bodies of men."

At Versailles all was confusion and consternation. Everyone had lost his senses. The King was hunting in the park, and when he came the Queen said:

"You will defend the honor of France and your crown against the rebels?"

He answered confusedly, "We must first hear what the people want," for Louis was inclined to compromise.

Not so Marie Antoinette. The only right she acknowledged in the people was the right to obey. They must obey at the cannon's mouth, if obedience came in no other way. The mob surrounded Versailles — howling, shrieking women with di-

sheveled hair and menacing gestures, wild-looking men with torn blouses and sleeves rolled up, bearing pikes, knives, and guns. Here and there members of the National Guard marched arm in arm with the rioters. There were cries for the heart of the hated Queen, there were shots, the clash of arms, the cry of the wounded. Revolution was master. The palace was broken in. It was overrun by the reckless mob, but the quarters of the King and Queen remained proof against them. Finally Louis appeared on a balcony and agreed to go to Paris with his family, as they demanded. Followed then by the hideous rabble, they set out, preceded by a still more hideous retinue, which carried with it the ghastly heads of Varicourt and Deshuttes, the faithful Swiss guards of the King. Two men carried these trophies on pikes, and between them strode a gigantic figure with a long, black beard, with naked, blood-flecked arms, his face and hands wet with blood and his right hand holding the slaughter-knife still dripping. This was Jourdan, who from cutting off the heads of the Swiss guards had won the name of "The Executioner"—a name which he understood how to keep during the whole revolution. After a journey of eight hours the frightful train arrived at Paris and the King and Queen were again in the Tuileries, virtually prisoners of the people. Here General Lafayette, who had been devoted to the royal family, swore fidelity to the monarchy in the presence of the unfortunate Mayor of Paris, who was soon to seal his loyalty with his own blood.

The winter, sad and dismal, wore away. Not only were the people the enemies of Marie Antoinette but also of the Count de Provence, brother of Louis. Other nobles followed his lead. But Count Mirabeau, the head of the Assembly, turned to them at last and became their friend.

"I shall be and remain," he said, "what I have always been, the defender of monarchy governed by law, the apostle of liberty, guaranteed by the monarchy."

He advised the royal family to withdraw from Paris, and they followed this advice; but Mirabeau died, and they were without his guiding mind. With their family the King and Queen attempted to escape; but at Varennes they were recognized, and a detachment of the National Guard escorted them back to the

Tuileries. It was a funeral of the monarchy that was celebrated the day the King was brought back.

The National Assembly was now master of France. Even the sleeping-room of Marie Antoinette was never closed to the espionage of the guard; the door of the drawing-room, close by, had always to be open, and in this drawing-room was the officer of the guard. Only in the morning when the Queen arose and dressed was this door closed, and later even this was not permitted, and the Queen had to dress behind a screen. Toulan managed to get himself appointed to this guard duty once a week, and at these times he gave the Queen all possible privileges.

Meanwhile Paris was in a ferment. Cries, tumult, insults, gibes, were every day heard by the royal prisoners. The people were closing in. On the 20th of June, 1792, they entered the palace and swarmed through the corridors. The room of the King alone was locked, and there the royal family waited with beating hearts. At last a squad of the National Guard arrived and obtained some control. The King ventured into the great reception-hall to talk to the people, and Marie Antoinette, who followed him, was insulted on every hand. The National Guard hastily drew a large table before her for protection, and with one of the guards at each end she was temporarily safe from the weapons brandished at her. Slowly the National Guard forced the rabble into the street, and the unfortunate royal family had another breathing-spell. But from this time Marie Antoinette never disrobed at night. She must be ever ready to move. "I have only one duty left me," she said—"to prepare myself to die!"

When the Tuileries were next threatened by the mob the King was urged to go to the National Assembly for protection, and he accordingly did so. The people cried, "Down with the tyrants! To death with them!" as they passed along the street. The hall of the Assembly was gained. Without resounded the crack of muskets, the wild cries of the populace, the roar of cannon. The heads of the faithful Swiss guards were carried about on the points of pikes. Within, the deposition of the King was discussed. At two o'clock in the morning the session of the Assembly ended, and the royal family were conducted to

Marie Antoinette had no more hope; her heart was shattered
(p. 435)

Photogravure after a painting by J. Müller

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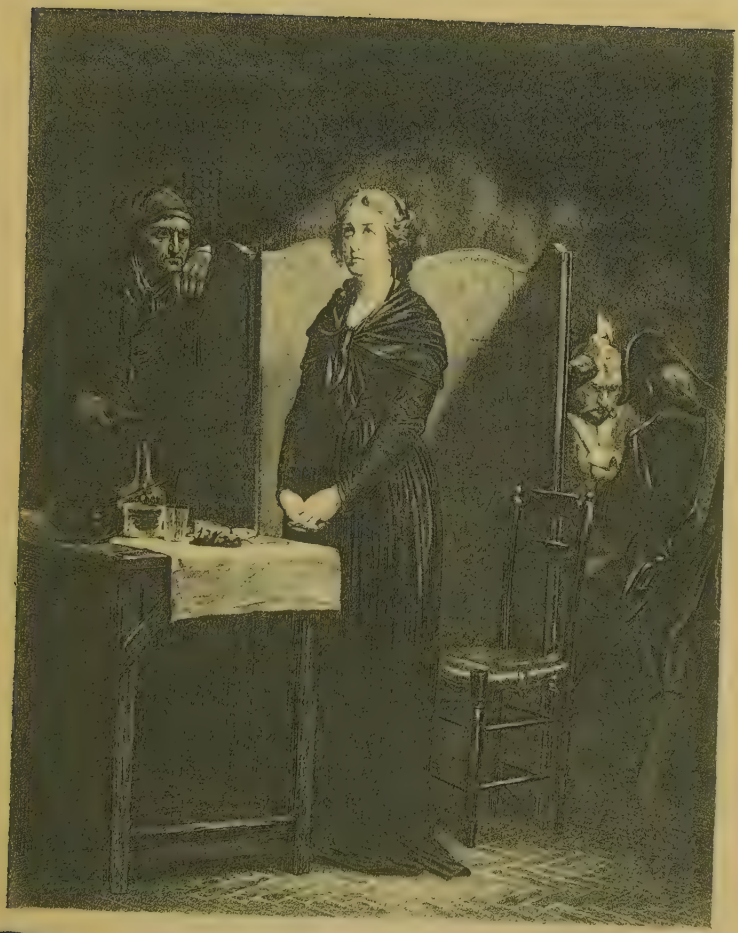

the cells of the former Convent des Feuillants, which was above the rooms of the Assembly, and which had hastily been put in readiness for their night quarters. Armed men led the way, using their gun-barrels for candlesticks.

After five days of continued suffering in these inadequate quarters, the Assembly decreed that "Louis Capet and his wife" should be removed to the Temple, perpetual prisoners of the nation. There conditions were more comfortable and the King and Queen occupied themselves with teaching the children, and Marie Antoinette mended their clothes. The next decree was that all friends and servants must be excluded, even the devoted Princess Lambelle. A few days later arose at the window a pale head encircled by long, fair hair, the livid forehead sprinkled with blood, the eyes lusterless and fixed—the head of the good Princess Lambelle, which the people had caused to be dressed by a *friseur*, to hoist it upon a pike to show to the hated Marie Antoinette.

On the 3d of September the Republic was proclaimed. "Louis Capet" was separated from "Madame Capet," and to make her lot still harder the little Louis was sent with his father. Only at meals were they now together. A charge of treason was brought against Louis by the Convention, as the Assembly was now called, and a sentence of death was passed on January 26, 1793. His head fell into the basket, and Madame Capet was a widow. Few friends remained to her, but Toulan was there, Toulan whom she had named Fidèle, and he planned her escape; but the plan was discovered and frustrated. Toulan was arrested, but made his escape. Louis Charles had again been with his mother, but a new decree placed him with a separate jailer, Simon, the former cobbler.

From this day Marie Antoinette had no more hope; her heart was shattered. Whole days long she sat fixed and immovable, without paying any regard to the tender words of her sister-in-law, Princess Elizabeth, or to the caresses of her daughter Teresa. Only for a few hours each day did her countenance lighten. These were the hours when she waited to hear the prattle of her little son as he climbed with Simon to the platform of the tower.

And through a crack she could sometimes catch a glimpse

of him, till on the 2d of August she was taken from the Temple to her last prison, the Conciergerie. Then came the trial.

Early on the fatal fifteenth of October, at four o'clock in the morning, the sentence was passed: "Death, execution by the guillotine." She remained calm. Grandly and coldly she rose from her seat and with her own hands opened the balustrade in order to leave the hall and return to prison. On the morning of the 16th of October, 1793, at eleven o'clock, she passed out to the car, and, with Samson the executioner carrying the end of the rope that tied her hands, and behind him his two assistants and a priest, the white horse drew them to the foot of the scaffold. Marie Antoinette descended and walked slowly, with head erect, up the steps leading to the guillotine. When Samson lifted high the pale head that had once been the Queen of France, the people greeted the sight with the cry: "Long live the Republic!"

Efforts were now made by the Royalists to secure the escape of the little prisoner, Louis Charles. The great Dr. Naudin, director of the Hôtel Dieu, came to see the boy, who was sick. Naudin was secretly a Royalist, and he assisted in a plan for the boy's release. It happened that the wife of Simon the jailer was overcome with remorse, and was made ill by it. Her husband was ill from confinement. Thus when he was approached with a bribe—namely, a better office and certain money—he consented. Toulan also was in the affair, for he never swerved from his devotion to Marie Antoinette. Dr. Naudin said the boy was in need of recreation, and prescribed toys. One day a large hobby-horse was brought by Toulan in the guise of a *commissionaire*, and taken into the boy's room. This horse was hollow, and contained a poor, sick boy, the nephew of one of the Queen's best supporters, Monsieur Jarjayes. The boy's parents had been guillotined, and he was deaf and suffering from an incurable disease. He was substituted for Louis Charles, who was taken out in a basket of soiled clothes when the jailer removed to his new office, the custom-house at the Porte Macon. Here the basket was transferred to another wagon, and the little King was soon safe in Vendée. Thus Toulan was successful. But Simon feared him and resolved to hand him over to the authorities, for dead men tell no tales. Under the pretext of delivering to him the locks

that had been clipped from the head of Louis Charles, Simon made an appointment to meet him at Simon's house. Here the officers seized him. He was executed, by his request, on the same day as Elizabeth, the sister-in-law of Louis XVI.

The boy that was substituted for Louis Charles died soon afterward, and the public supposed the young King was dead. But he lived a great many years, always a wanderer. For some time he resided in Paris when he was a man, under the name of Baron de Richemont. There was no place for him in the political life of France, and his lineage was disputed. He declared that he did not mean to ascend the throne, and that such an act would be a misfortune to himself and to France. He died in France August 10, 1853, at the age of sixty-eight.